The Messiah, Vol 1

Commentaries on Kahlil Gibran's The Prophet
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Chapter #1

Chapter title: A dawn unto his own day
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BELOVED OSHO,
ALMUSTAFA, THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED, WHO WAS A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY, HAD WAITED TWELVE YEARS IN THE CITY OF ORPHALESE FOR HIS SHIP THAT WAS TO RETURN AND BEAR HIM BACK TO THE ISLE OF HIS BIRTH.
AND IN THE TWELFTH YEAR, ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF IELOOL, THE MONTH OF REAPING, HE CLIMBED THE HILL WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS AND LOOKED SEAWARD; AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.
THEN THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN, AND HIS JOY FLEW FAR OVER THE SEA.
AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM AND HE THOUGHT IN HIS HEART:
HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW? NAY, NOT WITHOUT A WOUND IN THE SPIRIT SHALL I LEAVE THIS CITY.
LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN I HAVE SPENT WITHIN ITS WALLS, AND LONG WERE THE NIGHTS OF ALONENESS; AND WHO CAN DEPART FROM HIS PAIN AND HIS ALONENESS WITHOUT REGRET?
TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS, AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.
IT IS NOT A GARMENT I CAST OFF THIS DAY, BUT A SKIN THAT I TEAR WITH MY OWN HANDS.
NOR IS IT A THOUGHT I LEAVE BEHIND ME, BUT A HEART MADE SWEET WITH HUNGER AND WITH THIRST.

Kahlil Gibran... the very name brings so much ecstasy and joy that it is impossible to think of another name comparable to him. Just hearing the name, bells start ringing in the heart which do not belong to this world. Kahlil Gibran is pure music, a mystery such that only poetry can sometimes grasp it, but only sometimes.
You have chosen a man who is the most beloved of this beautiful earth. Centuries have passed; there have been

great men but Kahlil Gibran is a category in himself. I cannot conceive that even in the future, there is a possibility of another man of such deep insight into the human heart, into the unknown that surrounds us.

He has done something impossible. He has been able to bring at least a few fragments of the unknown into human language. He has raised human language and human consciousness as no other man has ever done. Through Kahlil Gibran, it seems all the mystics, all the poets, all creative souls have joined hands and poured themselves. Although he has been immensely successful in reaching people, still he feels it is not the whole truth, but just a glimpse. But to see the glimpse of truth is a beginning of a pilgrimage that leads you to the ultimate, to the absolute, to the universal.

Another beautiful man, Claude Bragdon has said about Kahlil Gibran, a few beautiful words. He says, "His power came from some great reservoir of spiritual life, else it could not have been so universal and so potent. But the majesty and beauty of the language with which he clothed it were all his own."

I have always loved this statement of Bragdon, even though not agreeing with it.

One need not agree with a beautiful flower; one need not agree with the sky full of stars -- but one can still appreciate. I make a clear-cut distinction between agreement and appreciation -- and a man is civilized if he can make the distinction. If he cannot make the distinction, he's still living in a primitive, uncivilized state of consciousness.

I agree in a sense, because whatever Bragdon is saying is beautiful; hence, my appreciation. But I cannot agree because whatever he is saying is simply guesswork. It is not his own experience.

Have you noted? -- he says, "His power came from some great reservoir of spirituality, of spiritual life, else it could not have been so universal and so potent." It is rational, logical, but it has no roots in experience. He feels that something beyond the grasp of mind has come through Kahlil Gibran but he is not certain. And he cannot be certain, because it is not his experience. He is immensely impressed by the beautiful language; each word is a poetry unto itself. But he himself is unaware of that great reservoir of spirituality. He himself has not tasted it. He has loved Kahlil Gibran but he has not lived him.

With me, the situation is totally different. Hence, there are a few things I would like to say to you before I make my commentaries on the statements of Kahlil Gibran.

First, he is certainly a great poet, perhaps the greatest that has ever been born on the earth, but he is not a mystic; and there is a tremendous difference between a poet and a mystic. The poet, once in a while, suddenly finds himself in the same space as the mystic. In those rare moments, roses shower over him. On those rare occasions, he is almost a Gautam Buddha -- but remember, I'm saying almost.

These rare moments come and go. He's not the master of those rare moments. They come like the breeze and the fragrance and by the time you have become aware -- they are gone.

A poet's genius is that he catches those moments in words. Those moments come into your life too. They are free gifts

of existence -- or in other words, glimpses to provoke in you a search, to come to a moment when this space will become your very life, your blood, your bones, your marrow. You will breathe it, your heart will beat it. You will never be able to lose it, even if you want to.

The poet is for moments a mystic, and the mystic is a poet forever.

But this has always created a very difficult question, and nobody been able to solve it.

I have a humble solution. The problem has been posed again and again, thousands of times all over the world: if the poet gets only glimpses, yet creates so much beauty, so much poetry -- words start becoming alive the moment he touches them -- why have the mystics not been able to produce the same kind of poetry? They are twenty-four hours a day, day and night in that creative state, but their words don't carry that beauty. Even the words of Gautam Buddha or Jesus Christ fall very much short of the words of people like Kahlil Gibran, Mikhail Naimy, Rabindranath Tagore. It certainly seems to be strange; because the people who have only moments create so much and the people who have the universal consciousness available to them, waking or sleeping... what happens? Why have they not been able to produce Kahlil Gibrans? And nobody has answered it.

My own experience is that if a beggar finds a gold mine, he will sing and he will dance and he will go mad with joy -- but not an emperor.

A poet once in a while becomes the emperor -- but only once in a while; that's why he cannot take it for granted.

But the mystic is not just for a moment merged with the

universal consciousness -- he is merged. There is no way of coming back.
Those small glimpses may be translated into words, because they are only dewdrops. But the mystic has become the ocean; hence, silence becomes his song. All words seem so impotent, nothing seems to be capable of bringing his experience into any kind of communication. And the ocean is so vast and he is continuously one with it; naturally, he himself forgets that he is separate.
To create, you have to be there to create.
To sing a song, you have to be there.
But the mystic has become the song.
His presence is his poetry. You cannot print it, you cannot paint it, you can only drink it.
To communicate with a poet is one thing but to be in communion with a mystic is totally different. But it is good to begin with poets, because if you are not able even to absorb dewdrops, the ocean is not for you. Or better to say, you are not for the ocean.
To you, even the dewdrop will appear like a vast ocean.
Speaking on Kahlil Gibran is a very rare, almost impossible thing because I am not a poet.
I am poetry.
I am not a painter; I am the painting. Where the painter has got lost into the painting, I don't know.
An ancient story is: One Japanese emperor told all the painters of his country and the neighboring countries that he wanted a painting which looked as if it were real: "If you have painted a door, it will not look like a painting. Everybody will be mistaken and will try to enter it. Unless a painting is so real, I do not consider it a painting. And one

who can paint such a thing, whatever he wants... even if my whole empire is his desire, he will be rewarded."
Thousands of painters came to the palace. They tried... but how can you paint a painting which will give the exact impression of the real?
But one painter said he would paint only on one condition: While he is painting, he should not be disturbed. No limitation of time should be imposed on him. And he does not paint on canvasses -- he will paint on a big wall inside the palace. And unless the painting is complete, nobody is allowed to come in. The first man to see it complete will be the emperor.
The conditions were accepted. It took him almost six years. The emperor was getting old, but he had promised not to interfere. He kept his word. After six years, the painter came and told the emperor, "You can come."
The painter took the emperor into the room. The emperor could not believe it. It really looked real. There were tall trees and a small winding foot path in the painting. The emperor asked, "Where does this path go?"
The painter said, "You can walk on it...."
And believe it or not -- I don't believe it, but it is so lovable -- the painter entered with the emperor to show him the path and they have not returned.
If you try to think of it as a historical, factual thing you will miss the whole point. It is a parable. And it is absolutely true -- not factual.
The real painter dissolves himself into his painting, and the real poet disappears into his poetry. But that kind of creativity is of the mystic -- and because the mystic disappears in his creativity, he has no time even to sign his

painting, or his poetry. The poets can do that, because for a moment the window opens, they see the beyond, and the window closes.

Kahlil Gibran has written almost thirty books. THE PROPHET, which we are going to discuss, is his first book; the remaining are rubbish. This is a strange phenomenon -- what happened to the man? When he wrote this, he was just young -- twenty-one years of age. One would have thought that now more and more would be coming. And he tried hard; for his whole life he was writing but nothing came even close to the beauty and the truth of THE PROPHET. Perhaps the window never opened again.

A poet is accidentally mystic. It is just by accident... a breeze comes, you cannot produce it. And because he became world famous -- this is one book which must have been translated in almost all the languages of the world -- he tried hard to do something better, and that's where he failed. It is unfortunate that he never came across a man who could have told him a simple truth: "You had not tried when you created THE PROPHET, it happened. And now you are trying to do it."

It has happened; it is not your doing. You may have been a vehicle. Something that was not yours... just like a child is born of a mother. The mother cannot create the child, she is simply a passage. THE PROPHET belongs to the category of a very small number of books which are not dependent on your action, your intelligence, on you; on the contrary, they are possible only when you are not, when you allow them to happen, when you don't stand in the way. You are so relaxed that you don't interfere.

This is one of those rarest of books. In it, you will not find Kahlil Gibran -- that's the beauty of the book. He allowed the universe to flow through him; he is simply a medium, a passage, just a hollow bamboo which does not hinder the flute player.

In my experience, books like THE PROPHET are holier than your so-called holy books. And because these books are authentically holy, they have not created a religion around themselves. They don't give you any ritual, they don't give you any discipline, they don't give you any commandments. They simply allow you to have a glimpse of the same experience which happened to them.

The whole experience cannot come into words, but something... perhaps not the whole rose, but a few petals. They are enough proof that a rose exists. Your window just has to be open, so a breeze sometimes can bring petals. Those petals coming through a breeze into your being are really invitations of the unknown. God is calling you for a long pilgrimage. Unless that pilgrimage is made, you will remain meaningless, dragging somehow, but not really living. You will not have laughter in your heart.

Kahlil Gibran avoids his own name by creating a fictitious name, Almustafa. That's the beginning of THE PROPHET. Almustafa is the prophet.

ALMUSTAFA, THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED, WHO WAS A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY, HAD WAITED TWELVE YEARS IN THE CITY OF ORPHALESE FOR HIS SHIP THAT WAS TO RETURN AND BEAR HIM BACK TO THE ISLE OF HIS BIRTH...

Great truths can only be said in parables.
Almustafa is just a fictitious name. Why is he called THE CHOSEN AND THE BELOVED ? Why is he said to be A DAWN UNTO HIS OWN DAY ? Because he waited for twelve years....
The whole secret of Almustafa is in the waiting.
He was not in a hurry, he was not demanding, he was not asking. He was simply waiting. To wait, one needs immense trust that whatsoever happens, it doesn't matter. If your waiting is total, your ship one day is going to come to take you back to your origins, to the sources of life, love, laughter.
Each seed has to learn only one thing: to wait for the right season for the spring to come. There is nothing that the seed can do. It cannot bring the spring; spring will come on its own accord.
And if the seed tries too much, in its very doing it may become non-receptive, closed. A seed has simply to be open, receptive, waiting... whenever the spring comes. One thing is certain in the heart of hearts of the seed: spring comes, because the seed has seen the flowers all around, the whole garden.
You have seen the flowering of a Gautam Buddha but the trust has not arisen. You have looked into my eyes, but the trust has not arisen -- still there are questions, still there are doubts, still there is mistrust.
And ordinarily, flowers don't speak to the seeds. But I'm trying... who knows? Somebody may hear, somebody may see, somebody may learn the art of awakening. That is the only religion I know of.

AND IN THE TWELFTH YEAR, ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF IELOOL, THE MONTH OF REAPING....

There are times when you have to sow the seeds and there are times when you have to reap the crop. And when Almustafa saw that the time of the year, of Ielool, had come, the time of reaping...

HE CLIMBED THE HILL WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS AND LOOKED SEAWARD; AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.

It almost literally happens in this way. If you wait and wait, your trust goes on growing, and when the trust matures in you, then you can be certain that the time has come to return to your origins. The search for God is not the search for some goal ahead. It is the search for the origins, it is the search for the space from where you have come.
Waiting means you are not asking, you are not desiring, you are not longing, you are not saying that now it is enough. As your waiting deepens, you are coming closer and closer to the origin, and the origin is at the very center of your being.
By the way, in Sanskrit, for "man" the word is purus. Purus comes from a root which means "city" -- pur. That's why you will see Kanpur, Nagpur, Jabalpur -- that pur means the city.
And you are a walled city. Just in the center of your walled city is your very origin; it is from there that you have grown. One day you have to go back to your origins.

When you came out of your origins, you were unconscious. Religion is a return journey -- and you all have come with a return ticket. But this time, going back, you will be going fully aware, alert, conscious. And this was the purpose of the whole pilgrimage: to complete the circle from the unconscious to consciousness, from darkness to light, from death to eternity. This is the whole purpose of our being here.

AND HE BEHELD HIS SHIP COMING WITH THE MIST.... And naturally, coming from the unconscious, you will always have to pass through a period which is full of mist.

If you have had at any time the experience of chloroform, then you will understand it. Because I had no experience of chloroform, I asked one of my friends, a very famous doctor. He said, "What are you suggesting? Without any operation, what is the need?"

I said, "I just want to see the circle -- from consciousness to unconsciousness, from unconsciousness to consciousness. I have seen it in myself, but I want something as an example that I can give to people, to those who are not alert, aware and conscious."

He said, "This is against our medical practice. A strange kind of thing...."

I said, "Who is talking about medical practice? And nobody is going to know about it, don't be afraid." He was perspiring. I said, "Don't be afraid -- and if you don't do it, I am going to tell."

He said, "Strange, this is blackmail!"

And I said, "This is not blackmail, this is whitemail! Say yes or say no."
He said, "You wait, because if you start telling people, everybody will believe it. So it is better that you have it."
So he took me into his surgery, he gave me the chloroform and told me: "Count from one, two, three, and go on." I went on... when I reached fifty-one, he said, "Wait! I have never seen anybody who goes beyond seven, eight, nine at the most."
I said, "Your dose is not enough. You will have to give me at least a dose of three times more."
He said, "My God... but in the first place, chloroform is no longer used. And using it three times! But I can see... the way you were repeating, and when I said, `Wait!' you immediately opened your eyes."
So he gave me a good dose. I said, "I will consider it a good dose only if I stop at nine."
He said, "What do you mean? You will also know that you are stopping at nine?"
I said, "I will know it and I will tell you when I have stopped. So don't try to deceive me."
He gave me a good dose, and I remember that I started going slower, deeper; the numbers were as if they are coming from far away, and when nine came, I said, "Okay."
He said, "You are not supposed to speak while under chloroform!"
I said, "You should have said so before; I am a very obedient patient. Your dose is still not right."
I could feel that my numbers were getting slurred. But that is not a big thing -- after three, I get slurred anyway. Under

chloroform, I was exactly, without any mistake going up to fifty-one. Without chloroform, I cannot go beyond three! Five times the dose he had to give me, but it was a good experience. As you come back, you can see the whole circle if you are alert enough. If you are not alert enough, then too, you can feel this much: when you stopped, and when again you can remember that you had stopped at nine. And as consciousness comes back, you can see that you have passed through a dark tunnel.
But this is just a toy.
In the real experience also, it happens in the same way. When you are coming out of your unconscious there will be a period which can only be called a period of mist. Everything is unclear, surrounded by mist.

THEN THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN, AND HIS JOY FLEW FAR OVER THE SEA. AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

The moment he saw that the ship had arrived, was coming closer, THE GATES OF HIS HEART WERE FLUNG OPEN. If you can wait silently, one day the guest is going to knock on your doors; the ship is going to come. It has always come, without any exception. And the proof and the evidence that you are not dreaming, that you are not hallucinating, is that suddenly for the first time you will see the gates of your heart flung open.
Up to now, what you used to say -- that "I am open" -- was only superficial. But now the joy of going back home is so

much that the strength of the joy, the abundance of the joy, flings all the doors of the heart open.
Your heart is a seed.
When it opens it doors with joy, it becomes a flower.
You have come home.
There were many dark nights and there were many anguishes and many nightmares, but all that is over. Your joy is so much that it spreads all over the ocean. It is oceanic. This is the feeling that William James called "oceanic."
Only one psychologist of this century has touched just a little bit of your inner being -- and that man is not Sigmund Freud, that man is not Alfred Adler, that man is not Carl Gustav Jung. That man is William James, whom nobody bothers about. He defined religious experience as "oceanic." It cannot be just logical; you cannot reach to the word `oceanic' through logic, through reason, through psychoanalysis. Unless this man had felt something so big and vast that he could not find any word in the language.... "Oceanic" was never used before William James; he coined the word. "Ocean" is one thing; "oceanic" is a totally different thing.
AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES....
These small things are not small; they are of tremendous importance. When you are feeling inside such an oceanic joy, it is bound to be, absolutely, that you will close your eyes, because now there is nothing outside worth seeing. You have seen the seer. Now all that is beautiful and all that is around you and that you have always desired pales down. It loses all value. The eyes are bound to be closed.

So if you see the statues of Mahavira, Adinatha, Parashunyatha -- you will be surprised: why are they all with closed eyes? They have seen the outside -- now they are seeing the interiority of their being. It is qualitatively different. It is not that it is much more beautiful, no; it is a beauty of a totally different kind.

It is so real that the people who have experienced it have also said that the world is illusory, because they have seen something far more real than the stones and the objects and the mountains and the stars....

These small things show the authenticity of the person. Kahlil Gibran is not just philosophizing; otherwise, he would have forgotten about closing the eyes.

AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES...

And a very significant thing:

AND PRAYED IN THE SILENCES OF HIS SOUL.

Millions of people are praying every day, but not in the silences of their souls. Just words -- Christian words, Hindu words, Mohammedan words, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic....

A prayer that consists of words is not a prayer at all.

A prayer consists only of silences.

And remember, he could have simply said, "And he prayed in the silence of his soul" and you would not have thought even for a single moment. In fact, that would have been more linguistically right: "He prayed in the silence of his soul." But it would have been existentially wrong, because it is not one silence within you; there are layers and layers and layers of silences.

Those who have entered, they know: there are seven layers of silences connecting to seven centers of your body. Each

center becomes silent; hence, instead of using the singular "silence", he has used a plural: silences.
And you will be surprised that he is the only person who has used silences. There are other great poets, but they have always used "silence of the soul." Naturally, they are simply repeating what they have heard from generation to generation. It is not their own experience.
Kahlil Gibran's statement, silences of the soul shows that he has not only an intellectual approach, a philosophical approach, a theological approach -- his approach is existential. He has drowned himself in those silences. He has seen that it is not one silence -- there are layers and layers of silences. And each silence has its own fragrance, its own taste, so you can demarcate.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM AND HE THOUGHT IN HIS HEART...

This is so profound that unless you have been on the path, it is impossible to make this statement. After experiencing the immense joy that spreads all over the ocean, and after entering depths of silences... a statement about sadness? He is so authentic -- and he has not edited his experience at all. It will look illogical -- after such a beautiful spiritual experience, suddenly you become concerned about sadness? But what can he do?
And I agree with him absolutely.
After reaching peaks of joy, you will have to confront sadness.

BUT AS HE DESCENDED THE HILL, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM... These are all symbolic, every word. It was certainly an uphill experience, but a poet cannot remain on the sunlit tops of the Himalayan peaks -- he has to come back. And naturally, seeing so much joy... and then the window starts closing; the flower again starts becoming a bud, the petals start closing as if after the dance, suddenly the evening has come and there is darkness all around. Coming from the hilltop into the dark valleys of life, A SADNESS CAME UPON HIM....

But his sadness -- and the sadness of all those who have realized something; it may not be the whole truth, it may be just a fragmentary experience. These words will relate to you not only Kahlil Gibran's experience but the experience of everyone who has ever been in such a space and come back down to the earth.

HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW?

He has seen -- the ship is coming. Now you can see the human frailty, the dilemma: this world is known; that ship is still surrounded in mist. And one never knows where it is going to land you.

From the moment you became my fellow travelers, has not the question arisen in your mind, time and again: "Where is this pilgrimage going to end? HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW?"

As he comes closer to the earth, as he comes closer to the outer world, as he comes closer to the flowers and the stars, a problem: HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE... WITHOUT SORROW? -- in a ship one knows nothing about. You cannot even see the ship clearly, it is surrounded in mist;

how can you see the other shore? It is absolutely invisible. And who knows whether there is any other shore? because nobody has ever returned from the other shore to give you an eyewitness account.
HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE....? -- he's torn apart -- AND WITHOUT SORROW?... and for many reasons.
NAY, NOT WITHOUT A WOUND IN THE SPIRIT SHALL I LEAVE THIS CITY.
The world of our experiences, the world of our bodily pleasures, the world of our mind, its flights...."How shall I leave? So much beauty on one side -- which is tangible; I can touch it, I can feel it -- and I'm to leave all this for something unknown, intangible, invisible." You can understand; putting yourself in his place, the heart will be torn apart. It will be almost the anguish of "To be, or not to be?" because all that you are, your roots, are here in this earth.

LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN I HAVE SPENT WITHIN ITS WALLS.

He's not unaware of the fact: "In this city, which is known to me... LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN... anguish, anxiety. AND LONG WERE THE NIGHTS OF ALONENESS. But still -- and this has to be understood by every meditator -- because everybody has lived in this world, in this body, perhaps for many, many lives, we have even become accustomed to pain. We will miss it. We have become accustomed to misery. You cannot conceive of yourself without misery, without pain, without anxiety. Then what will you be? -- because all that you have been

consists of all these things. So although they are not your longings, not your desires, the very experience of living in them for centuries and they have become your second nature.
Kahlil Gibran gives a greater psychological insight than any psychologist of our times:

AND WHO CAN DEPART FROM HIS PAIN AND HIS ALONENESS WITHOUT REGRET?

Strange seems to be the statement -- but it is not strange, it is the experience of all of you. The same pain, the same misery -- and you know that it is heavy on the heart and you are also aware that you can drop it, but you have been too long with it. A certain friendship, a certain love affair with the misery... otherwise, nobody is preventing you from dropping all your miseries.
The day I decided to drop, I dropped it. I had not even gone to ask anybody, "How to drop?" Anybody who asks how to drop misery does not want to drop it; that "how" will create more misery.
And there are, all around the world, people who are selling misery to you. Wherever there is a demand, there is a supply. You go to those people -- "I want to drop the misery how to drop it?"
They say, "Stand on your head!" Torture your body. This is yoga. But it takes lives to drop it -- go on standing on your head and distorting your body. It is good that people don't follow these misery-sellers, hawkers; otherwise, they would turn the whole world into a circus. If the whole world

becomes impressed by yoga -- what do you think? -- everywhere you will see such great scenes.

I have heard that when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister of India, he was very much interested in yoga -- particularly, standing on his head every day early in the morning.

One donkey -- he was no ordinary donkey, remember; he was the leader of all the donkeys of India -- had gone to see him, because donkeys are not represented in the assemblies and the parliament and they also have some rights! So he was on a deputation, thinking that early in the morning would be good because a person is still not tired; the whole day's problems are not there, he is fresh. And Jawaharlal was doing his shirshasana, his headstand, in the garden of his residence. Of course, there were two policemen standing at the gate.

The donkey first thought: "Should I ask or just go in?" He said, "If I ask there may be trouble," and those two policemen did not care about a donkey; if he is goes inside, there is no harm, let him go.

He went directly to where Nehru was doing his headstand. He looked into Nehru's eyes. Nehru said, "My God! What has happened to you, why are you standing upside down?" Nehru asked the donkey!

It is good that... otherwise you would find donkeys doing headstands and anything is possible because in yoga....

The moment you ask how to drop misery you know perfectly well you don't want to drop it, because there is no reason. If you don't want to be miserable, it is so simple -- don't be miserable. I simply decided. And thirty-five years have passed; I have not been miserable -- although the

whole world is trying to make me miserable. But they should remember: it is impossible. Once I have decided, I have decided.

As I was coming out of the American jails, the jailer said to me, "Strange... people enter jail and they look very good. When they come out they look very bad. But you are looking better!"

I said, "Twelve days of complete rest, no problem, no disciples... no need of any security" -- I was the most secure person inside. I told him, "Even President Ronald Reagan is not so secure. If you want him to be really secure, put him in jail! -- absolute security!"

He said, "I have never seen any man... I am going to retire soon. In my whole life's experience, you are the first man who has come out of the jail so happy."

I said, "I didn't think it would be so soon; I was planning to rest a little more."

But it was not only the jailer. My attorneys, as I came to them, said, "What happened? You are looking far better."

As I reached my residence, Vivek said, "Why don't you look so good here?"

I said, "This is not a jail. I was practicing for twelve days because I know for certain if there is any hell -- I'm going too!"

God is not going to tolerate me. His priests are not tolerating me anywhere in the world. Even if I somehow reach heaven, God is not going to allow me in. Perhaps they have already passed a resolution -- "This man is dangerous. If he comes this side, be alert!" But they need not be worried, I'm not going to their side.

So I said, "These twelve days in American jails, one jail in England for one night's experience, some experience in Greece... soon I'll be ready for a world tour! Because before you go to hell, some practice is absolutely necessary. I never go anywhere without homework!"

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS. AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.

What he's saying is almost what I could have said. How can I leave my body without you all? My ship arrived a long time ago but I am not even looking at it.
He is right. Every master will feel the same way:

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF MY SPIRIT HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS. AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THESE HILLS, AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.
IT IS NOT A GARMENT I CAST OFF THIS DAY, BUT A SKIN THAT I TEAR WITH MY OWN HANDS.
NOR IS IT A THOUGHT I LEAVE BEHIND ME, BUT A HEART MADE SWEET WITH HUNGER AND WITH THIRST.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1

Chapter #2

Chapter title: A boundless drop to a boundless ocean
9 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
YET I CANNOT TARRY LONGER.
THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK.
FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.
FAIN WOULD I TAKE WITH ME ALL THAT IS HERE.
BUT HOW SHALL I?
A VOICE CANNOT CARRY THE TONGUE AND THE LIPS THAT GAVE IT WINGS. ALONE MUST IT SEEK THE ETHER.
AND ALONE AND WITHOUT HIS NEST SHALL THE EAGLE FLY ACROSS THE SUN.
NOW WHEN HE REACHED THE FOOT OF THE HILL, HE TURNED AGAIN TOWARDS THE SEA, AND HE SAW HIS SHIP APPROACHING THE HARBOR, AND UPON HER PROW THE MARINERS, THE MEN OF HIS OWN LAND.
AND HIS SOUL CRIED OUT TO THEM AND HE SAID:
SONS OF MY ANCIENT MOTHER, YOU RIDERS OF THE TIDES,

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS.
AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING, WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.
READY AM I TO GO, AND MY EAGERNESS WITH SAILS FULL SET AWAITS THE WIND.
ONLY ANOTHER BREATH WILL I BREATHE IN THIS STILL AIR, ONLY ANOTHER LOVING LOOK CAST BACKWARD,
AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU, A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS.
AND YOU, VAST SEA, SLEEPING MOTHER,
WHO ALONE ARE PEACE AND FREEDOM TO THE RIVER AND THE STREAM,
ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE, ONLY ANOTHER MURMUR IN THIS GLADE,
AND THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU, A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

Almustafa says, "... I CANNOT TARRY LONGER. THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK."
This is the experience of all those who have become awakened to their reality, who are realized spiritual beings. Their work on themselves is complete; they need not tarry any longer in the dark valleys of life. But they tarry as long as existence allows them.
The reason is transformation: the moment you know yourself, your passion -- the same energy that was dragging you down and down -- becomes a new force. Hence the word compassion -- passion has become compassion, lust

has become love. Passion has a thousand and one problems; compassion has only one problem.

I am reminded of Gautam Buddha. It is said... the words are not important but the meaning is the most beautiful and the most significant one can experience. When Gautam Buddha became enlightened, it was a full moon night. For the first time he faced a new question. He had faced many questions -- and because he was able to dissolve all those questions, he was not even aware before that this question, the last one, would also arise at a certain moment in the journey towards the stars. It was compassion.

As he became enlightened, all his own worries, anxieties, disappeared as if they had never existed before, as if he had been asleep and it was just a nightmare. Now that he was awake, all those dreams were not there. But a new thing -- so new that he had not even dreamt of it -- suddenly became his whole being.

Compassion is the name of that state. The whole energy that was involved in passions is purified, refined. It no longer goes downwards -- it opens its wings and is ready to fly. But what about those millions and millions of people who are still wandering in darkness, in blindness? Can he simply be so selfish that he can forget all about them? Friends and enemies, lovers and those who hated him, people who nourished him all his life and the people who wanted to destroy him. But when compassion arises, the difference between the friend and the enemy disappears. Now it is just a whole caravan of humanity -- fellow travelers.

Should he look back or just go ahead and disappear into the universal bliss? He has come to the point from where there

is no barrier for him. He can move and fly like an eagle into the open sky of truth, beauty, goodness -- satyam, shivam, sunderam.

But what about those who are left behind? They may have hated him -- they have hated him; efforts were made on his life many times. But the moment compassion arises, one feels compassion even for those whose whole effort was to destroy the man, to destroy his message, to destroy him so entirely that his name disappears, forgotten. But still... they are human beings, facing same anxieties, the same problems, the same jealousies; suffering in the same hell.

The story is that Buddha stopped at the gate of paradise, for which he had been working his whole life. The door opened. There was music, celebration, because only once in a while the door opens. Only once in a while there is a man who rises to such heights that paradise has to rejoice. The gatekeepers asked, requested: "You have arrived! Come in." But they were surprised. He was looking sad, because he was not thinking this moment about paradise and its benedictions. He was thinking of millions of souls wandering, not knowing where to go, not knowing what to do, suffering, in deep torture.

Should he go back and forget all about the paradise and its pleasures, its eternal life, its every moment rejoicings? He has achieved it with great arduousness. Now that he has found it, and now that paradise is celebrating to receive him -- should he enter the gate? But that will be utter selfishness, ugly -- not worthy of a man like Gautam Buddha.

He told the doorkeepers, "Please, shut the doors again. I cannot come in. I will wait until the last human being has

passed into paradise. I am going to be the last human soul and these doors will not be opened again once I enter. It may take eternity but it does not matter. I see millions of sad faces, hearts full of tears, people who have never known a smile -- their whole life is just hellfire.

"No. Please close the doors. I am afraid -- if the doors remain open, in some weak moment I may be tempted to enter."

Buddha still stands outside the gate of paradise -- because we are all still groping -- for us and for millions of the past and for the millions of others who will be coming.

This may be just a beautiful story but it contains pure truth, unpolluted.

Almustafa is in the same situation. His ship has arrived, yet i cannot tarry longer.... He wants to be still in the world. He has loved the world, although there were dark nights... but there were beautiful sunrises too. And there were thorns but there were beautiful roses too. Although there were people who have tried to kill him, there were people who were ready to die for him any moment. Just a word from him would have been enough. Thousands of people have said to him, with their total heart and being:

Buddham sharanam gachchhami: I go to the feet of the awakened one.

Sangham sharanam gachchhami: I go to the feet not only of the awakened one, but also to the commune that has arisen around him, all kinds of seekers.

Dhammam sharanam gachchhami -- not only to Buddha, not only to his commune, but also to his message.

There were these people also.

Buddha remained at the gate -- perhaps the same situation arises in every mystic's life. But existence has certain cosmic laws. It never makes any exceptions. That's why I said it is a beautiful story, signifying a tremendously meaningful truth. Don't forget: existence cannot allow exceptions, Buddha or no Buddha. If you have arrived, you have arrived. I know from my own experience: there are no gates to paradise and there are no gatekeepers... yet i cannot tarry longer.

Almustafa wants to tarry a little longer but it is against the rules of our very life. He has to go; he will have to go -- with a deep sadness in his heart.

He has achieved blissfulness, peace, silence, serenity. He has blossomed in thousands of flowers. His spring has come... but others are still seeds. Millions have even forgotten that they are seeds, that they have a potentiality, of growth. Hence, every realized soul would like to tarry a little longer just to say that which is almost impossible to say... but at least that which cannot be said can be shown; perhaps not in words but in silence.

He would like to tarry a little longer so the people living in darkness can at least see what is possible to a man -- his aroma, his presence -- to tarry a little longer so that a few can drink from his eyes, from his presence, from his grace. Now that he is capable of becoming a bridge between these two worlds which are unbridgeable, the rules do not allow it. However much he wants to tarry a little longer, he will have to go:

THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME, AND I MUST EMBARK.

It is impossible, when the universe calls you, to say no. You are part of it.

Your heartbeats are not different from the heartbeat of the universe. You are not separate. You are separate only in your ignorance. As you become enlightened, as your interiority becomes full of light, there is a great shock and surprise waiting for you: "My God, now I can help but the universe is calling me. Unwillingly, reluctantly... but I will have to go. I must embark."

This is a totally different kind of sadness. You all have known sadness that was selfish. You have lost something -- a beloved, a friend, a mother, a father. Your sadness has always been of losing something that you never wanted to lose. Your sadness is the sadness of the bankrupt.

But the sadness Almustafa is talking about is not your sadness. Even your moments of happiness are lower, far lower than the moments of sadness of a man who is standing at the door -- because the whole situation has changed. He is not sad for himself. Now he is no more. He is only bliss, he is only ecstasy; the question of sadness does not arise.

His sadness is for others. He can do something, but the ship is coming and the sea is calling and existence accepts no exceptions -- he will have to embark.

Joy in the heart for what has happened to him, and tears in his eyes... because he will be leaving all those with whom he has lived long, suffered long. He has been almost one with them.

FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.

His trouble is twofold: he cannot stay anymore, the rules are against it. And he cannot stay even if existence makes an exception, because staying neither in this world nor in that world will put him into a limbo.

FOR TO STAY, THOUGH THE HOURS BURN IN THE NIGHT, IS TO FREEZE AND CRYSTALLIZE AND BE BOUND IN A MOULD.

There are only two ways -- either to go back and live the life that he never wanted to live, for the sake of others, or to go ahead and enter into a new life, a higher life, a life that knows no death. But if you remain between the two, you will be crystallized into a mould; you will be turned into a stone statue.

Life is movement, it is a flow. It is a river, it is always moving. The moment it stops moving, it becomes dirty, muddy, starts dying. Flowing, it remains fresh and young and excited and adventurous because it does not know what is going to happen in the next moment.

Existence knows only flowing -- always moving, never stopping. To stop is another name of death. In any direction, in any dimension -- the moment you stop you are dead.

Hence I am against the idea that God is perfect. If he is perfect then Friedrich Nietzsche is right, that he is dead. Perfection means death. Once something is perfect, there is nothing left to be done, nowhere to go, no possibility of any

more growth. Because all the religions of the world have made their gods absolute, perfect, that is the reason why Nietzsche is saying that God is dead. But Nietzsche was only a philosopher -- of great intelligence, but no meditation.

I say unto you, it depends on you whether your god is going to live or to die.

Go on moving, then your god is alive.

Stop and your god is dead.

It is almost like a bird on the wing: if the wings go on moving, the bird is alive. If the wings stop moving, the bird will fall down on the earth, dead. Movement is synonymous with life. Anything permanent, unmoving is synonymous with death.

Only death never moves.

Life knows no other law than movement.

I have always loved a beautiful, ancient story. A great king dreamt that a black shadow was standing before him. Even in his dream, he felt a great fear. Somehow he managed to ask the shadow: "Who are you and why are you here in my dream?"

The shadow said, "I have come with a purpose. I am not your enemy, don't be afraid. I've come to warn you that tomorrow, as the sun is setting, you will die. So do anything that you can to avoid death.

"It is unprecedented," the shadow said. "Never is anyone informed by death beforehand. It does not come with an appointment; it simply comes and you are no more. But you have been such a beautiful man and such a nice king, loved by millions of people. You have never invaded any country, you have never gone to war. You have done no

violence to anybody. Just thinking of this, for the first time, I am going against my own discipline. I am informing you. You have almost a whole day to protect yourself -- do something!"

No one can sleep after such a dream. The king immediately asked his security to be on alert. He had an old servant who was almost like his father, because his father had died very early and this servant had raised him and protected his empire, and when he was of the right age, crowned him as the king. Naturally, he called the old man.

He said, "I have seen such a dream... I have tightened security measures. What else can be done? Time is very short, I have never seen time moving so fast."

The old man said, "Security measures will not help. If death can enter even in your dreams, what can these people do to prevent it? It is better that you call immediately all the wise people of the country, astrologers, philosophers, learned scholars, great priests. Seek their advice. I'm just an old servant."

Immediately all the wise people from the capital were gathered. They came with their scriptures and they started arguing with each other. Night was gone, the sun had risen. And once the sun has risen, the sunset is not very far away. And all those wise people -- philosophers, astrolgers and others -- were so much engaged in argumentation, in criticizing each other's view that the old servant said to the king, "Leave these people. They have never come to any agreement in centuries! No two philosophers have ever agreed on any point. With these big scriptures they have come... they will take centuries. They all have their own hypotheses, theories about death. My suggestion is, let

them discuss. You take your best horse -- and you have the best horse in the world -- and escape from this palace as fast as possible. Don't stop until sunset has passed and you are still alive."

The idea was appealing.

It is said in a proverb in Tibet: Why do dogs bark at each other continuously, day in, day out? The proverb says these are philosophers; from their past lives, they have not forgotten yet... barking at each other. They know only barking. And strangely enough, they bark at the moon. Now what concern have dogs with the moon? They are not astronauts. But they are discussing the beauty! To us it is barking, but that is their language.

They always bark at people who are in uniforms -- policemen, postmen. Strange people -- why should they bark at poor postmen, policemen, sannyasins? They are absolutely against uniformity. They cannot agree on anything, and uniformity shows agreement. That's why I have withdrawn... why unnecessarily trouble poor dogs? If you are not in a uniform, the dog will not pay any attention. You don't mean anything, you are not a philosophical question. Once you are in uniform, then it is impossible for the dog not to disagree.

So the old man said, "You know the old proverb. These astrologers and philosophers are going to be born as dogs and they will bark and they will continue for eternity in this way. Don't waste time. They are not concerned with you, they are not concerned with your death. They are concerned with their opinions about death."

The king escaped from the palace. That seemed to be a very rational approach. Death had appeared in the palace, so it

was better to go as far away from the palace as possible. He had really a great horse, and he took him outside the boundaries of his kingdom. He was very happy. The sun was setting and he came across a beautiful grove of mango trees, a silent and cool place to rest. The whole day long, they had not eaten anything. They had not even taken any care about their thirst because no moment could be lost -- you cannot die in one day if you don't drink water or you don't eat food.

But now it was almost over. Almost half the sun had gone under the horizon; the other half would be slipping soon... and then there will be night and the beautiful place he has found.

So he said, "This is the right place." He stopped, got down from the horse, patted the horse and said, "You are my greatest friend. I have never seen a horse who can go so fast." And just as he was praising the horse, the sun went down. He felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked back... the black shadow that he had seen in the dream.

He said, "I must also thank your horse. You certainly have the best horse in the world, because I was worried -- this is the place destined for your death. I was worried whether you would be able to reach in time or not. But you have come in time, and the moment you stopped... I was following you. My work was done."

Whenever anything stops... a full point is a death point. For to stay, though the hours burn in the night, is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould. You cannot tarry anymore. Once you have seen the ship, once you have heard the call of the ocean, nothing can be done.

FAIN WOULD I TAKE WITH ME ALL THAT IS HERE.
BUT HOW SHALL I?

This is such a great insight. Although in life there is misery, pain, agony, anguish -- but there are also moments of joy, moments of love. The work is difficult to sort out, everything is mixed. But life is not absolutely dark. There are in the darkness a few shining stars too. In fact, the more life is dark, the more stars shine.
Fain would i take with me all that is here... Nothing can be taken. And there is so much! ...but how shall I? The moment you pass the boundary of this life into the universal, you have to leave everything behind. You cannot take anything with you except yourself. That's why all intelligent people in the world have been only interested to know about themselves, to find themselves -- because that is the only thing you have brought into the world and that is the only thing you are going to take out of the world.
All else belongs to the world -- nothing belongs to you.

A VOICE CANNOT CARRY THE TONGUE AND THE LIPS THAT GAVE IT WINGS.
ALONE MUST IT SEEK THE ETHER.

Although the tongue and the lips gave birth to the voice, the song, the poetry... but the song cannot take with it the lips, the tongue. The song will have to leave them behind... alone must it seek the ether ... this eternal infinity of space. And alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the sun.

You cannot take your nest. You have built it, it was cozy. In rain, in winter, in summer, it protected you. But you cannot take it with you. You cannot take those who loved you, you cannot take those you had always thought that you cannot live without. It was your love nest....

Alone -- -and absolutely alone -- the eagle has to fly across the sun. There is no possibility for the eagle to carry any luggage, howsoever precious.

All these thoughts suddenly became very promiment. They were never before so. Before, he was thinking how to get out of this madhouse that we call the world, how to get out of this insane crowd that surrounds you.

But now that the moment has come and you are able, suddenly you realize -- you will be left alone, and you have never been alone. You were born in a family, in a society, in a tradition, in a religion, in a country. You have grown with millions of people around you and suddenly you have to leave everything, without any discrimination.

The idea of renunciation arose out of such experiences. If Mahavira renounced his kingdom... he was going to be the successor of his father. His younger brother tried to persuade him: "You are going to be the king. Why are you going away?"

And the answer was, "It is only a question of time. One day, one has to go alone. Tomorrow is uncertain; hence I have to go right now. And you are here to be the king -- you be the king." And he was so total in his renunciation that he renounced even clothes. He went naked.

Only three names are worth remembering. One is Mahavira of India; the other is Diogenes of Greece. And the third is Laila of Kashmir. They renounced everything, for a simple

reason: when it is going to be taken away, it is more prestigious to throw it away. When it is certain, absolutely certain to be taken away, then why unnecessarily carry the burden and the problems and the puzzles that will be created by the burden?

Out of the three, Laila is the most important because she is a woman. To be naked is not that difficult for a man. But for a woman... and a beautiful woman; Kashmir produces the most beautiful women in the world. And Kashmir loved Laila so much... it is almost impossible for a Mohammedan, and Kashmir is ninety percent Mohammedan. Laila was Hindu. But Mohammedans have a saying in Kashmir: "We respect only two words in the world: Allah -- God -- and Laila. These two words are enough." They have raised Laila to the same status as God. They have not done that even to Hazrat Mohammed, who is the founder of Mohammedanism. Laila is not even a Mohammedan but her courage, her grace, her beauty and her absolute determination not to have any possession and just to be an eagle, totally free from possessions.... Paradoxical it is, but worth remembering: the moment you renounce everything, you possess the whole universe. Then the whole sky is yours.

NOW WHEN HE REACHED THE FOOT OF THE HILL, HE TURNED AGAIN TOWARDS THE SEA, AND HE SAW HIS SHIP APPROACHING THE HARBOR AND UPON HER PROW THE MARINERS, THE MEN OF HIS OWN LAND."

Now it is becoming more and more difficult for him. First it was a ship far away, surrounded in mist. There was a possibility to decide in favor of the known and not to bother about the unknown. But as he was descending the hill, he looked back again -- the ship had almost reached the harbor, and he saw the mariners and he saw many men of his own land.

These are all symbols. Kahlil Gibran, through Almustafa is trying to say that it is impossible to choose the known once the unknown approaches closer and closer. And the moment he saw the people of his own land... now the unknown starts becoming known. Now it is not such a risk -- he knows those people, he has recognized them. Now it is not a question of choosing. By the time he has reached the foot of the hill, he knows in his heart that the time to go has come. Now nothing can prevent him. The only thing that could have prevented him was the unknowability, the strangeness of the ship. But it is no longer strange.

Those people represent experiences, experiences that he recognizes now as his true source of life -- not this world in which he was an outsider, a stranger, somehow deceiving himself that "I am not an outsider. I am a Hindu. I am a Mohammedan. I am a Christian." These are deceptions that we have created, false identities, so that we don't feel that we are in a strange place where we don't belong.

No one is a Hindu and no one is a Mohammedan, no one is a Christian. No one is a German, no one is a Japanese, no one is an American. These are false identities, props -- somehow we go on believing in them; otherwise we will feel so alone.

No one is a husband, no one is a wife. Just by sitting beside a fire and a priest repeating mantras in Sanskrit -- which neither he understands nor you understand -- and just a few minutes before, you were strangers....

In India -- and the same is true in other countries in different ways -- the basic thing is some ritual. The priest creates the ritual. The husband and wife take seven rounds around the fire and two strangers have become as if they are born for each other.

I was a professor in my university. One professor was really going through difficult times with his wife. She actually beat him. Finally, he came to me. He was not known to me but somebody suggested to him that "The man has strange ideas, maybe he can figure out something." He said, "I will not hide anything." He showed me his back, because that very morning the wife had beaten him with a stick. There was blood.

He said, "What to do?"

I said, "You are an idiot! How did she become your wife?"

He said, "How? We have taken the seven rounds around the fire god."

I said, "Take seven rounds again in the reverse order! It is so simple. Fire is not a problem; if you have gone clockwise, this time go anti-clockwise, or if you have gone anticlockwise, this time go clockwise. And say goodbye to her -- why be bothered?"

He said, "The people who have sent me to you were right that you are a man of strange ideas. I have never thought about it, such a simple solution. If seven rounds can make two persons husband and wife, then just in the reverse

order they are released." He said, "But you will have to come with me."
I said, "Why are you creating trouble for me?"
He said, "But a priest is needed!"
I said, "Then I am coming."
And he said, "Do you know Sanskrit?"
And I said, "Don't be worried. Neither your priest knew it, nor you, nor your wife. And this time it is not going to be marriage. I will do it in Hebrew."
He heard the word Hebrew. He said, "Are you a Jew?"
I said, "I am no one; I just thought if Sanskrit has made you husband and wife, Hebrew may be helpful. You have to go anticlockwise anyway."
He said, "Give me a little time...."
I said, "You will get another beating from your wife. You are asking for time so that you can ask your wife what her idea is -- she will beat you, and then I am not coming. Because if she can beat you... I am a complete stranger. I don't want to be beaten unnecessarily."
We have created friends, relationships, which are just to pretend one thing: that we are not alone. But whatever you do, it is all phony. Deep down you know you are alone. Deep down you know that even living with your wife for thirty or forty years, neither do you know her nor does she know you. You cannot even have a nice conversation for five minutes. The husband enters in the house and immediately starts reading the newspaper, just to avoid the wife.
But it is not so easy. Wives are throwing newspapers, books, turning the radio off, the television off -- "First I have been waiting the whole day, and you come home...

and to avoid me, you have managed these devices." You go to any house and you will be surprised, that if the wife is in one direction, the husband keeps his newspaper... he is not reading it, or he may have read it many times.
Whatever we do, there is no glue which can make two persons one. Even if the glue is made in Germany, it won't work.

AND HIS SOUL CRIED OUT TO THEM AND HE SAID: SONS OF MY ANCIENT MOTHER, YOU RIDERS OF THE TIDES, HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS. AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING, WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.

There is not a single human being who has accepted his situation as it is. There is a dream that things could be better, he could be in a better world. He himself could be in a better consciousness.

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAILED IN MY DREAMS. AND NOW YOU COME IN MY AWAKENING, WHICH IS MY DEEPER DREAM.

As you meditate, you will pass many layers of the mind -- from the conscious to the unconscious, from the unconscious to the collective unconscious, from the collective unconscious to the cosmic unconscious. This is your darker side, your night of the soul. And you will meet strange dreams, strange phenomena.
Western psychology is completely lost into the unconscious part of your being, the darker side of your being. They can't

see a simple, logical truth: that if there is night, there must be a day; if there is unconsciousness, more unconsciousness and more unconsciousness, there must be another wing to your life -- consciousness, more consciousness....

Meditation and psychology move in two different directions. Psychology goes on digging in the darker parts of your being and finds only dreams. It becomes psychoanalysis, just analysis of dreams.

In the East, we have not bothered about the unconscious part, because with the same effort you can move to the other side of your being, the lighter side, the day of your life where sun shines forth in an unclouded sky. From conscious to superconscious, from superconscious to collective superconscious, and from collective superconscious to cosmic superconscious... that cosmic superconscious is the moment of awakening.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: I have seen you in my nights; now I am seeing you with fully awakened consciousness. But this is my deepest dream -- to realize myself, to become myself, to be my potential. So although I am seeing you in my full awakening, it is also my deepest dream, my greatest longing, to come home. It becomes more and more difficult now to tarry anymore on this shore.

READY AM I TO GO, AND MY EAGERNESS WITH SAILS FULL SET AWAITS THE WIND.

I am just waiting for the wind to take me home -- ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind. The only waiting is for the wind, so that the sails can

be full of the wind and I can move back to my origins, to the land of my deepest dream and of my deepest awakening.

ONLY ANOTHER BREATH WILL I BREATHE IN THIS STILL AIR, ONLY ANOTHER LOVING LOOK CAST BACKWARD, AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS.
Because the air is still right now, the ship cannot move. This small time I can use. At least I can breathe my last breath as a memory of this strange world.
Only another loving look... With loving eyes I can have a backward look at the world in which I have lived, loved, suffered, rejoiced. It has been my home up to now. Now I realize it is only a caravanserai, but old beautiful memories... just one look backwards. One more breath and I am ready.

... AND THEN I SHALL STAND AMONG YOU, A SEAFARER AMONG SEAFARERS. AND YOU, VAST SEA, SLEEPING MOTHER, WHO ALONE ARE PEACE AND FREEDOM TO THE RIVER AND THE STREAM, ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE...

Kahlil Gibran certainly has a magical touch -- whatever word he touches.... There are ordinary words you all use, but once he touches them they become gold. He's saying: Every river, before it falls into the ocean, hesitates for a moment, wants to look back. The long journey from the mountains, all those experiences, good and bad....

ONLY ANOTHER WINDING WILL THIS STREAM MAKE, ONLY ANOTHER MURMUR IN THIS GLADE, AND THEN I SHALL COME TO YOU....

Just give me this much time...

A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

I am ready.
The beauty of his statement... that whatever may have happened, it was always mixed, and one never knows: there may never again be a chance to visit this strange place, these strange people whom I thought were my friends, my wives, my husbands, my children, all these trees, these mountains -- just a look, and there is time because the air is still. As the air starts filling the sails of the ship, I am ready.
He has come to a decision which every seeker of truth one day comes to.
I hope every one of you will come to the same point, where the river takes one look backwards and then melts into the ocean and becomes the ocean....

A BOUNDLESS DROP TO A BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #3
Chapter title: A seeker of silences

9 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND AS HE WALKED HE SAW FROM AFAR MEN AND WOMEN LEAVING THEIR FIELDS AND THEIR VINEYARDS AND HASTENING TOWARDS THE CITY GATES.
AND HE HEARD THEIR VOICES CALLING HIS NAME, AND SHOUTING FROM FIELD TO FIELD TELLING ONE ANOTHER OF THE COMING OF HIS SHIP.
AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF:
SHALL THE DAY OF PARTING BE THE DAY OF GATHERING?
AND SHALL IT BE SAID THAT MY EVE WAS IN TRUTH MY DAWN?
AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO HIM WHO HAS LEFT HIS PLOUGH IN MIDFURROW, OR TO HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?
SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY-LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND GIVE UNTO THEM?
AND SHALL MY DESIRES FLOW LIKE A FOUNTAIN THAT I MAY FILL THEIR CUPS?
AM I A HARP THAT THE HAND OF THE MIGHT MAY TOUCH ME, OR A FLUTE THAT HIS BREATH MAY PASS THROUGH ME?

A SEEKER OF SILENCES AM I, AND WHAT TREASURE HAVE I FOUND IN SILENCES THAT I MAY DISPENSE WITH CONFIDENCE?
IF THIS IS MY DAY OF HARVEST, IN WHAT FIELDS HAVE I SOWED THE SEED, AND IN WHAT UN-REMEMBERED SEASONS?
IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT SHALL BURN THEREIN.
EMPTY AND DARK SHALL I RAISE MY LANTERN, AND THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT SHALL FILL IT WITH OIL AND HE SHALL LIGHT IT ALSO.
THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS. BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID. FOR HE HIMSELF COULD NOT SPEAK HIS DEEPER SECRET.

The moment someone comes back to his own self -- after long wanderings into strange lands, living meaningless lives -- it is not only that he comes home; the truth of his coming home is immediately felt in thousands of hearts, far and wide.
You cannot hide the flame of truth.
Those who have eyes are bound to see it.
And you cannot stop the fragrance of your flowering from reaching those who are not dead, who are still alive, who are still sensitive, who are still open to receive.
That's what happened. As Almustafa saw his ship coming closer and closer to the harbor, as he recognized that this ship is not something unknown, but something that he had forgotten... he knows it. He recognizes the people, the mariners on the ship, and suddenly the fear of the unknown

disappears. And with the disappearance of the fear, a determination arises in him: "Now I have to go. My time to leave this dark and dismal existence, towards the eternal and the ultimate, has come."

AND AS HE WALKED DOWN THE HILL, HE WAS AMAZED TO SEE -- HE SAW FROM AFAR MEN AND WOMEN LEAVING THEIR FIELDS AND THEIR VINEYARDS AND HASTENING TOWARDS THE CITY GATES.

Nothing has been said yet. But something has reached the hearts of those who have not become stones, who can still feel, who can still love. He has not revealed to anyone that his ship has arrived and the time of departure is not far away. He was just coming to say that, "Long I have lived with you. Thousands of beautiful memories I am carrying with me, but I will have to leave you behind. I have heard the call from the ocean. The people of my land, of my birth, of my origins, for whom I have been waiting for twelve years, have arrived."

Without any indication, people started rushing towards him from different directions: leaving their fields and their vineyards and hastening towards the city gates.

It is not only that communication needs always words. In fact, the more valuable is the message, the less the words are needed. And if the message is of the ultimate home, silence is enough.

Why have these people, simple and innocent, suddenly started rushing towards him? -- hastening. They have never bothered about him. He has been with them for twelve

years, nobody has paid any attention to him. And today, when he is to leave, men and women are rushing towards him.

This has always happened. Nobody in the whole history of man has been able to hide the truth. It is like a light -- how can you hide it? It may be a faraway star to you, you may not be able to reach it -- but nobody can prevent you from recognizing it.

And remember: recognizing it is not a small matter. Your heart is touched, your being is full of joy. One of you, at least one of you has blossomed; his fragrance has reached you. Before the petals fall and the flower disappears, you have to reach quickly, at least to say goodbye, to show your thankfulness -- because his realization shows definitively that you are also carrying the same seed. Perhaps you have not searched for it, have ignored it, got lost in many many things in the world.

One person remembering himself reminds many: What are you doing here? You had not come here just to do the trivia that you are involved in. You have forgotten that this earth was going to be a discipline, a school, a training, a learning, a disciplehood.

AND HE HEARD THEIR VOICES CALLING HIS NAME.
AND SHOUTING FROM FIELD TO FIELD, TELLING ONE ANOTHER OF THE COMING OF HIS SHIP.

They have never believed him. He has been telling them again and again: "Just a little more and my spring is on the way. Soon my ship will be arriving." They have laughed at

him, they have mocked him. They have disbelieved in him. They thought him a poet, a dreamer of dreams, but they have never recognized that perhaps his ship is coming. And now they are shouting from field to field, telling one another... "We were wrong and he was right. We were many, he was alone. He could not prove, he could not give any evidence for what unknown lands he was talking about but now there is no need of any evidence. The ship has arrived.
There are skies beyond skies.
One just needs a heart strong enough to wait.

AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF:
SHALL THE DAY OF PARTING BE THE DAY OF GATHERING?"

He has been trying to gather these people all the time he has been amongst them, and nobody listened. He was an outsider, a stranger, talking about strange and mysterious things which he had no reason, no logic to prove. Shall the day of parting be the day of gathering... now that I am going to leave?
They are rushing and shouting his name, FIELD TO FIELD: "Although he was alone, he was right. We were many but we were wrong."
Truth is not a question of majority or minority.
Truth is always of the individual -- never of the crowd. And the crowd recognizes only at the time of parting -- but then it is too late.

AND SHALL IT BE SAID THAT MY EVE WAS IN TRUTH MY DAWN?

For twelve years he has labored -- insisting, emphasizing, knocking on each door -- "Don't be worried, my ship is coming..." But for twelve years people have been listening to the same thing: "My ship is coming, my ship is coming," and it never comes, and nobody knows from where, and nobody knows that there exists another shore.

How deeply he has longed to convince these people, that "This is not your real home. Shall my eve, my evening, be called in truth my dawn? My last words, my departure is going to be the evidence of my truth."

This is not only about Almustafa -- this is about all the mystics of the world. The day of departure, their evening... only when they are going to leave do people recognize. Such is the blindness of humanity; such is the insanity of the world.

But he is not complaining. On the contrary, he is immensely concerned about one thing:

AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO HIM WHO HAS LEFT HIS PLOUGH IN THE MIDFURROW, OR TO HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?

The man of realization has no complaint, no grudge. And the world has never treated these people humanely -- not even superficially. The world has always treated them inhumanely, barbarously. They crucified Jesus... and now half the world is Christian.

Nobody listened to Gautam Buddha. In the land of the origin of Buddha's enlightenment, Buddhism completely disappeared. This country goes on claiming to the whole world, that "We are the country of Gautam Buddha," and there is not a single Buddhist, even in the temple which was made in his memory at the spot where Gautam Buddha became enlightened. He was against -- as every man of truth is going to be -- the priests, because they are exploiting people in the name of religion. He was against the past because the past is past; you have to live in the present, and if the past is too heavy on you, you are going to miss this moment.

It is a small moment.

You have to be very fresh, unburdened, unprejudiced. Before Gautam Buddha, India was nothing but an pseudo-religious empire of brahmins. He was absolutely against the brahmins, the priests. He was against the VEDAS because if you look into them, ninety-eight percent is rubbish. And you have been worshipping them.

In the presence of Gautam Buddha, nobody could raise his voice because his face, his eyes, his presence was so potent that whatever he said became an eternal truth. His presence was the authority. But once he was gone, even for the temple which was raised in the memory of his enlightenment, a brahmin priest had to be given charge of it because they could not find a Buddhist. And for twenty-five centuries, even today, a brahmin priest still owns the temple. His family, for twenty-five centuries has owned it. What a contradiction!

Man is so blind -- and is always late, always missing the train. He reaches the platform but the train has left. But still... there is no complaint but only compassion:

AND WHAT SHALL I GIVE UNTO THEM WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR PLOUGHS IN MIDFURROW, OR TO HIM WHO HAS STOPPED THE WHEEL OF HIS WINEPRESS?

The concern of a man who is awakened is how to give you more... how to awaken you, how to give you eyes to see, ears to hear, a heart which feels... how to make you more loving.

SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND GIVE TO THEM?

There is not much time -- some gift.... He's not concerned about what they have done to him. He understands: whatever they have done was done in their sleep, in their unconsciousness.

A man of consciousness is not a beggar. He's an emperor, always thinking of giving more and more -- more than you can contain, more than you can understand. He goes on giving. Even as you go on crucifying these people, it is understood that what you are doing, you can only do that. Jesus on the cross prays to God only for one thing, and it is not for himself. It is for those who are crucifying him: "Father, forgive these people because they know not what they are doing."

SHALL MY HEART BECOME A TREE HEAVY LADEN WITH FRUIT THAT I MAY GATHER AND GIVE TO THEM?
AND SHALL DESIRES FLOW LIKE A FOUNTAIN THAT I MAY FILL THEIR CUPS?
AM I A HARP THAT THE HAND OF THE MIGHTY MAY TOUCH ME...?

The time is so short. He's concerned: what to do? -- he has nothing to give.
Am I a harp that the hand of the mighty may touch me... so I can go, leaving my music behind. They have not understood me; perhaps my music can awaken them.

OR A FLUTE THAT HIS BREATH MAY PASS THROUGH ME?

As far as Almustafa is concerned, he knows he is no more. He has nothing to give. But he can become a flute, a hollow bamboo so that the breath of the universe may pass through me and become a song in the hearts of the people who are rushing towards him.
A seeker of silences am I... "All my life I have been seeking silences. I have not gathered money so that I can distribute it. I have gathered silences. You can take them, but I cannot give them to you."
This is something immensely important to understand. The greatest treasure can be taken, but cannot be given. George Gurdjieff, one of the most significant men of this century, has even to say that unless a disciple is ready to steal from the master, he will not get anything. It is in the

very nature of things. The doors of the master are open; he wants to give, he tries to give in thousands of ways -- but it is not in his capacity to give to you if you are not ready to receive it. But if you are ready to see, the treasure and the doors open. The master is calling you: "Take as much as you can" -- or perhaps he is pretending to be asleep so that you don't feel embarassed.

Gurdjieff was saying something which has never been said in the long history of man: "Unless a disciple is ready even to steal from the master, he is not going to get it," because the master cannot force it. Anything forced upon you becomes a lie, becomes a bondage. You have to gather courage and take it.

"A SEEKER OF SILENCES AM I, AND WHAT TREASURE HAVE I FOUND IN SILENCES THAT I MAY DISPENSE WITH CONFIDENCE?"

He has found himself. He has found what the world knows by the name of "God." But the treasure is so vast, so big... and the seeker is no more. The person who had gone in search has found the source -- but it happens simultaneously: the moment you find the source, you are no more.

No man has ever been able to see the ultimate, for the simple reason that the ultimate can never be reduced to an object. You cannot be just an observer. The ultimate, as you come closer to it, starts pulling you with such a force and gravitation that you don't have even time to say, "I have found it!" You don't have time to shout "Eureka!" Before you say anything, you are gone. What you were

seeking is found, but the person who started the search is lost.
Either you or God -- both cannot exist together. This is the reason why we have called Gautam Buddha "Osho", why we have called Mahavira "Osho" -- because the person who started the journey is no longer there; he has found, and in the very finding he has become one with it.
And one thing very significant he says: with confidence. He wants to give but he does not find the confidence that the treasure he has found is possible to give. It has never been given, it has been always found. Each individual has to find it on his own. Nobody can give it to you, it cannot be a gift. You cannot borrow it. You have to die to find it; you have to disappear for God to appear. Your disappearance is one side of the coin; on the other side is God.
That's why he says: "I am no more. What confidence do I have? Unless these people themselves start taking, it is impossible to give."

IF THIS IS MY DAY OF HARVEST, IN WHAT FIELDS HAVE I SOWED THE SEED, AND IN WHAT UN-REMEMBERED SEASONS?

Whenever I have read this statement, it has always reminded me of myself. My whole life I have been sowing the seeds in fields all over the world... and in what un-remembered seasons? I have not waited for the right season to sow the seeds because the next moment is not certain. I may be here, I may not be here. And if this moment you are available, it is better not to bother about the spring. Let the

seed wait in you; whenever the spring comes, the seed will become a sprout.

If this is my day of harvest... Almustafa must be thinking, "Soon, in many many fields the harvest time must be coming. I may have forgotten completely"...in what un-remembered seasons.

I am reminded of one very important woman... because there have been a very small number of women who can be called important, but this woman was certainly important -- Madame Blavatsky. She founded a great movement, Theosophy. She used to travel all over the world, except Russia -- and Russia was her native land.

It happens again and again; it seems to be almost a rule, a law. Blavatsky wandered all over the earth but could not enter Russia, her own birthplace, her own land. But wherever she went, she always used to carry two bags, on both shoulders, filled with seeds of beautiful flowers. Sitting in a train, from the window she would go on throwing seeds outside the train. People thought that she was mad. People asked, "What is the purpose? You may never come again on this route."

She said, "That is not the point. I may not come but the spring will come. I may not come, but whoever passes by here will see the beautiful flowers."

Almustafa is right: if this is my day of harvest, in what fields have I sowed the seed? But people like Kahlil Gibran -- who is speaking through the mouth of a fictitious figure, Almustafa -- don't keep accounts. They don't keep account books that say in what fields have I sowed the seeds, in what season.

They are not goal-oriented, and they are not business people. They are lovers -- it does not matter whose field it is. If beautiful roses blossom... it does not matter who passes by, if the breeze brings the fragrance to his nostrils. And these people are not mathematical. They don't care whether it is day or night. They don't care whether you deserve or not. They never ask you: "Are you qualified enough to receive the seed?" No. Without remembering what seed, in what field, in what season, they go on sowing because they trust. They know only one thing: sooner or later the spring is going to come to everybody.
Every human being has to become a god -- go on sowing the seeds. Centuries don't matter. In the eternity of time, your centuries are just like seconds.

IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT SHALL BURN THEREIN.

The lantern is mine but the flame has to be divine.

EMPTY AND DARK SHALL I RAISE MY LANTERN, AND THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT SHALL FILL IT WITH OIL AND HE SHALL LIGHT IT ALSO.

The moment the awakened one speaks.... He's empty, his lantern is without a flame. But he provides his lantern, his words, his gestures, his presence, for the divine to possess him. The realized man is a possessed man, possessed by the whole. Hence his authority -- because those words are not his; those words are from the whole.

Those words are holy.

IF THIS INDEED BE THE HOUR IN WHICH I LIFT UP MY LANTERN, IT IS NOT MY FLAME THAT SHALL BURN THEREIN.

Almustafa is saying, "I am no more. Don't see me, I am only an empty lantern. Look inside the lantern at the flame. The flame is not mine. The flame is not thine, either -- the flame belongs to the whole."

It is the same flame, whether the lantern is provided by Al-Hillaj Mansoor or by Moses or by Kabir or by Nanak. It does not matter. What matters is the flame, the light that radiates from those whose ship has arrived.

THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS.... But his words are also pure honey. His words are also utterly silent. His words are also not the same words that you will find in the dictionaries and in the books. They have a certain flavor. They are coming from his emptiness. They are coming from the beyond.

THESE THINGS HE SAID IN WORDS. BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID.

Every realized soul has died with a deep sadness -- because our language is so poor; our language is of the marketplace, it is not of the temple. It is perfectly useful as far as things are concerned but it becomes absolutely impotent as you start entering deeper into yourself. In the silences of your soul... whatever is found, words cannot express it.

But much in his heart remained unsaid -- not only in his heart, in all the great hearts who have blossomed, who have

been blessed by the divine -- much has remained unsaid. In fact, the most significant has remained unsaid. For that you have to learn the language of silence. For that you have to sit at the feet of the master -- not asking anything, just silently waiting -- and perhaps, heart to heart, a synchronicity happens, a harmony, so that whatever is the dance of the master's heart starts becoming the dance of your heart.

All that is important has been communicated only through that way.

The West is very poor -- not in material things, but in spirituality, because it has not learned the art of sitting in silence with someone who is overflowing with truth, with beauty, with bliss... but cannot say it. You have to be able to hear it without it being said.

In the West, even to sit at the feet of someone will be thought uncivilized, inhuman. They don't know -- they can't know, because they can't see what is transpiring. But once in a while it happens....

One of my attorneys in America -- one of the best; he is the head of the law department at the University of California. He used to come every day to see me in all those jails where they went on taking me -- six jails in all. The first day he came to see me, I was behind the bars sitting on a chair. Outside the bars was a chair for him -- Peter Schey is his name, a very beautiful man. I felt that he was very tense physically, in his chair.

I asked, "What is the matter, Peter?"

He said, "Strange, I have never felt in my life such a thing. If you don't mind, can I sit on the floor?"

I said, "Peter Schey, you are a great attorney, dean of the faculty of law in a famous university. Why should you ask such a thing?"
He said, "That's what I have been asking myself -- but allow me. Something happens when I come to see you that I feel it is not right for me to sit on a chair, I just want to sit on the floor."
I said, "If that makes you happy, sit on the floor."
The third or fourth day he asked me: "What is the magic? Because since I have been sitting on the floor in front of you just for five or seven minutes, I feel so relaxed the whole day. I have never known anything of silence. I'm a man of law, I have never felt my heart. For the first time, I have heard that my heart also beats. For the first time, love has come to me." I said, "Peter Schey, you have become a sannyasin!"
He said, "You have stolen my words, I was just going to say that."
There are things which are invisible. You can't see the air but you can't live without it. You can't see what transpires when a disciple becomes silent sitting by the side of the master. Once he has tasted that sweetness, he may not be able to convince anybody, but that is meaningless -- he is convinced.
I asked Peter Schey, "Can you convince my other attorneys?"
He said, "That is impossible, because even I cannot believe what is happening. I don't have any logic for it, any reason for it. Perhaps your enemies are right who say, that you hypnotize people."

I said, "Perhaps they are right!" Because hypnosis, if it is done, becomes an ordinary thing -- a street magician does it. But if hypnosis happens on its own accord, then it is of a totally different category. If you are feeling relaxed and silent, no other logic is needed. If you are feeling loving... love belongs to a higher order, to the highest order of law.

BUT MUCH IN HIS HEART REMAINED UNSAID. FOR HE HIMSELF COULD NOT SPEAK HIS DEEPER SECRET.

Not that mystics have not tried to bring out their very soul... but the secret is so deep and the reach of our words and our hands is so small, nobody has ever succeeded. But to know that you have a secret which you cannot say is a great realization.

Have you ever thought that you have something within you which you cannot say? You will find that whatever you have, you can say it, because whatever you have, you have heard it. It has come from books, from the society, from the teachers, from education -- it is all borrowed. It is all superficial. You will not find a single thing in you that you cannot express.

Only a meditator goes so deep that soon he leaves language far behind. Soon he is on a virgin land never traveled by anyone -- not even by himself. It is so virgin that words which have been used by millions of people for millions for years... they must be the dirtiest things in existence! You drink tea from a cup. Just think: from the same cup millions of people go on drinking the tea. Soon they will be drinking saliva, not tea!

Words cannot be virgin. And your silences are virgin. Hence: for he himself could not speak his deepest secret. He wanted to.

The day Gautam Buddha became enlightened, the first question arose in his mind: "How am I going to say it? And not to say it looks so hard, so inhuman -- when there are millions of seekers in the world and you have found what they are seeking, at least give them a few hints, a few guidelines, a little map, a guidebook. Keeping it to yourself and not saying it is very uncompassionate."

For seven days continuously, he was troubled. This trouble he had never felt before. He had thousands of other troubles; they had all disappeared. Now there was only one trouble, one problem: How to indicate? How to wake up people and shout in their ears so that something reaches their silences?

The story is so beautiful. Up to this point I think, I realize, it is not a story, it is a truth. Beyond this, it becomes a story -- but without that story, you will not be able to understand the truth that Gautam Buddha was facing, encountering within himself.

So I agree up to this point that is an existential experience because it is my own experience too.

The story is: Gods in heaven became very disturbed. In millions of years... somebody becomes enlightened; it is such a great phenomenon that it should not remain unexpressed. What about those millions of people who are in darkness, in unconsciousness? If the awakened person cannot help them, then who is going to help them? Who is going to show them the other shore, the further shore?

Seven days they waited and they thought Gautam Buddha was not going to speak. So finally they came down with their king, Indra. They touched the feet of Gautam Buddha and asked him not to remain silent. Such a flowering, so rare, should not simply disappear without leaving footprints for others to find the source. Of course all this conversation happened in silence -- those were gods from heaven -- neither they spoke nor Buddha, but the heart to heart conversation was possible with them.

Gautam Buddha said to them, "I have been thinking for seven days of all the pros and cons. I don't see the point of speaking. People are deaf, people are blind. They can hear but they cannot listen. They see and yet they see only the non-essential. So why get into unnecessary trouble?"

I can understand him. I have been getting into unnecessary trouble every day. I could have remained simply silent and enjoyed my bliss, without being harassed by politicians, by religious priests -- almost by the whole world and I have done nothing except to make an effort to convey that which is very difficult to convey.

But I have been successful in a way. Never before has anyone been able to reach so many people's hearts.

That's why I don't take any note of their jails, their harassment, their barbarousness. They cannot even tell me why they are harassing me -- because I am a "controversial man." But who is going to tell these idiots -- have you ever heard about any great man who was not controversial? Do you think Krishna was not controversial? Do you think Jesus was not controversial, or Socrates, or Pythagoras?

Destroy all controversial men and you will destroy the whole humanity. Then there will be only buffaloes and donkeys and policemen.

If I am controversial, that means truth is controversial. That means your minds are so full of prejudice that you cannot understand simple things, but make them into a controversy. Because your minds become disturbed, your prejudices are stirred. It is better to poison Socrates and be at ease, to crucify Jesus and be at ease.

But remember: whatever evolution of consciousness has happened, it has happened by the controversial -- not by the obedient, not by the traditional, not by the orthodox. It has happened only by rebels. But a rebel is understood only on the day of departure. His evening turns out to be the morning, but it is too late.

Gautam Buddha said, "Leave me alone. I have thought about it continuously for seven days. Those who are capable of listening to me will come to me without my speaking and those who are not capable of listening to me, I can go on shouting from the housetops -- they will simply report to the police superintendent that a man is creating nuisance here. `A controversial man is shouting from the housetops and the peace and the silence of the people is disturbed.' In what peace are people living? In what silence are people living?"

Buddha was absolutely reluctant, and I can understand his reluctance. Why bother, when nobody is going to listen and everybody is going to misunderstand you? It is better to be silent. Those who are thirsty perhaps may come, may not come; it is none of your business. You have arrived, your search is complete.

But the gods were not so easily convinced.
They went and talked among themselves: "What to do? because this will be a calamity. A buddha remains silent... and this will be the greatest insult to humanity if Buddha remains silent. It will be the greatest loss to the future, to the coming generations. They will never forgive us. Because only we know that he has arrived, it is our responsibility somehow to persuade him."
They came to a conclusion -- and that conclusion Buddha could not deny. Their argument was very simple: they said, "You are 99.9 percent right. But have you thought about the few rare souls who may be thirsty, just on the verge, the boundary line and they need just a push? And what is the harm? -- you are not going to lose anything. If only a few people can come to the same realization as you, the world will remain in debt to you forever."
They said, "You cannot deny that there are a few people in the world who may be just on the verge -- but nobody is pushing them, and they are afraid of the unknown. They need someone for whom there is no unknown. His certainty, his authority will help them to take one step. And that's all -- they will be in the same state of consciousness as you are. Don't deprive us of a few enlightened beings. Humanity is so poor. Make it just a little richer, just a little more beautiful."
A moment of silence -- Buddha closed his eyes and said, "For those few I will speak, although I cannot speak the whole truth. I cannot speak the most secret but I can speak this much, so that they can move towards the farther star. I can show them the star... my finger. It is not a problem to me. I had not thought about those marginal cases."

Almustafa is speaking, I am speaking, just for those few who have decided not to remain buffaloes -- who are in search of a transformation, who want to know what this life is all about.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #4
Chapter title:
10 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND WHEN HE ENTERED INTO THE CITY ALL THE PEOPLE CAME TO MEET HIM, AND THEY WERE CRYING OUT TO HIM AS WITH ONE VOICE.
AND THE ELDERS OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID:
GO NOT YET AWAY FROM US.
A NOONTIDE HAVE YOU BEEN IN OUR TWILIGHT, AND YOUR YOUTH HAS GIVEN US DREAMS TO DREAM.
NO STRANGER ARE YOU AMONG US, NOR A GUEST, BUT OUR SON AND OUR DEARLY BELOVED.
SUFFER NOT YET OUR EYES TO HUNGER FOR YOUR FACE.
AND THE PRIESTS AND THE PRIESTESSES SAID UNTO HIM:

LET NOT THE WAVES OF THE SEA SEPARATE US NOW, AND THE YEARS YOU HAVE SPENT IN OUR MIDST BECOME A MEMORY.
YOU HAVE WALKED AMONG US A SPIRIT, AND YOUR SHADOW HAS BEEN A LIGHT UPON OUR FACES.
MUCH HAVE WE LOVED YOU. BUT SPEECHLESS WAS OUR LOVE, AND WITH VEILS HAS IT BEEN VEILED.
YET NOW IT CRIES ALOUD UNTO YOU, AND WOULD STAND REVEALED BEFORE YOU.
AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

Kahlil Gibran, in the name of Almustafa, is giving the very essence of mysticism. He is not preaching any religion, he is preaching religion as such.
In fact, the very existence of three hundred religions on the earth indicates definitively that man has missed understanding the very spirit of religion. There cannot be three hundred chemistries -- not even three; there cannot be three hundred mathematics. About the objective world, we are so clear -- that science is one, and can only be one, without any adjective attached to it. It would look so stupid to say Hindu science, Mohammedan science Christian physics, Jaina mathematics. But that's what has happened with religion.
And religion is your very soul, your very interiority, your very subjectivity. How is it possible that there can be so many religions? There can be only one: religiousness. I will

not even call it a religion for the simple reason that the moment you use a noun, the growth has stopped. "Religion" means something has come to a full stop. Religiousness means something continuously growing, flowering, bringing new spaces and new secrets, unrevealed to you, undreamed of.

Religion is the very river of existence.

It knows no beginning, it knows no end.

All the religions are against me for the simple reason that I am exposing their falsity, their fakeness, their masks.

For this reason, Kahlil Gibran has chosen a name, Almustafa, so that he can put all the experiences of all the mystics of the world -- past, present and future -- in this name. Man has limitations because he is born in a limited society, conditioned by his parents as Hindu, as Mohammedan, as Christian. Almustafa is not born of any parents. He is not born at all, he does not exist. Almustafa is simply a symbol of all those flames that have become awakened while we have remained asleep.

Almustafa represents the very central core of pure religiousness. Remember this: he is not preaching any religion. And this is one of the reasons he was not understood before the time of his departure. Everybody suspected... because he is not a Hindu, Hindus cannot accept him. He is not a Mohammedan. Mohammedans cannot accept him. He does not belong to any organized religion.

Kahlil Gibran has such great insight that rather choosing a historical person, he has chosen a fictitious name, vast and big, which need not belong to anybody. Yet everybody can belong to him.

And this is my position too -- of course, more difficult than Almustafa's. Almustafa cannot be jailed, Almustafa cannot be poisoned, Almustafa cannot be shot. Almustafa cannot be crucified, because Almustafa is just an idea. But even though he was the purest expression of the innermost experiences possible, he was not condemned. He was not stoned, but ignored -- he is a "dreamer."
But when the time of departure came and when his dream appeared as reality, everything changed.

AND WHEN HE ENTERED INTO THE CITY ALL THE PEOPLE CAME TO MEET HIM.

All the people -- without bothering about their ideologies, theologies, philosophies; without their trivial differences. This was not a time to lose. They forget that they are Mohammedans or Christians or Jews. The man is going. And what he has been saying for twelve years and nobody has believed, is now a reality. Nobody can deny it...all the people came to meet him. And they were crying out to him as with one voice.
They have missed. He has lived amongst them for twelve years, and they could not recognize. They went on finding faults with him and slowly slowly, they stopped bothering about him. He talks nonsense -- who has ever heard that a day comes when existence welcomes you? that a day comes when the whole existence dances because you have found the secret of life and death, you have found the golden key to the door of God.
They were all crying out to him as with one voice. Alas, if they had laughed with him as one voice, the world would

have been a totally different place, a beauty unto itself -- without wars, without conflicts, without discriminations. They cried together, but the time was lost.

If you are fortunate enough to find a master, don't miss a single moment. Allow him to dance in you. Allow him to laugh through you, with one voice, and this very earth can become a paradise. It is just that we are blind and we cannot see it.

AND THE ELDERS OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID.... These words go on echoing in my heart -- songs of those days when humanity was innocent, when there were no nations and man was as free as birds of a sky. Just think of a bird, carrying a passport, a visa for six weeks....

Man has been far more beautiful when he was less knowledgeable, and even more sincere, authentic when he was as innocent as a child. We are living a very corrupted, polluted, prejudiced life. Now no elders come. Almustafa still happens, but instead of elders coming, police commissioners come -- not to welcome but to serve a notice: "You have to leave this place within thirty minutes." Man has been growing old but he has not been growing up. He is not becoming more innocent. He's not becoming more insightful.

These words of Kahlil Gibran belong to the childhood of humanity. Because they said:

Go not yet away from us. Now that we have recognized you, you are going. Don't be so hard. Be compassionate. Now that we are ready to listen, you are leaving us. Go not yet away from us, because we are wandering in our darkness of jealousies, anger, fear, anguish -- and you are

going? This should be the moment of coming! Forgive us that we could not see you, although you spent twelve years amongst us.

A NOONTIDE HAVE YOU BEEN IN OUR TWILIGHT.
AND YOUR YOUTH HAS GIVEN US DREAMS TO DREAM.
NO STRANGER ARE YOU AMONG US, NOR A GUEST,
BUT OUR SON AND OUR DEARLY BELOVED.
SUFFER NOT YET OUR EYES TO HUNGER FOR YOUR FACE.

Only for the first time have we seen you. And we have seen you not just as one of the crowd; now your face has become to us the face of God. This will be unbearable, this departure. It would have been better if you had gone and we had not recognized you. But now that we have seen your face, your mystery, now that we have looked into your eyes and your radiance, now that we are touched by your presence, thousands of flowers have grown within our souls. Give it one chance more -- now we will not be the same. Because you are no more the person we used to think you were -- a little crazy, waiting for some unknown ship nobody has heard about, without any evidence, without even a letter from the other shore that the ship will be coming at a certain time, in a certain season.
But you were so innocent, you went on waiting -- "The ship is coming." Your waiting must have become heavy on the heart of God himself. In these long years of waiting, you have become a magnet. This is not the time to leave us. We

will hunger to see your face again. Where are we going to find you? Please, do not go away from us.
Such was the childhood of humanity... and such is the childhood still. A child trusts, dreams of unknown lands, hopes, is never pessimistic. If it has not happened today, it is going to happen tomorrow -- but it is going to happen.
My own motto in life has been: hope for the best and expect the worse. In either case, you are a victor. Either your hope is fulfilled or your expectation is fulfilled -- but fulfillment is yours.
And the priests and the priestesses said unto him.... The very mention of priestesses makes it clear that Almustafa is talking about those golden, ancient days when there was no question of whether one was man or woman; even a woman could be a priestess. Man had not yet become male chauvinistic. The woman was still free, had an equal opportunity.
I am reminded of a beautiful, historical fact. In the most ancient book in existence, RIG VEDA there is a woman -- Gargi. The emperor of the country used to have every year a great gathering of all the wise ones, men or women, to discuss the meaning of life. And he used to give the winner one thousand beautiful cows, their horns covered with pure gold, studded with diamonds.
Yagnavalkya was one of the greatest teachers in those days, but he was not a master... and this has rarely happened again. Gargi was a mystic, and a master. She was not interested in the reward, but Yagnavalkya and thousands of others reached early in the morning and the discussion started. Yagnavalkya was so confident of his victory that when he arrived... he arrived late, just like any politician.

And he came with five hundred disciples, just to show the emperor -- "I am not coming alone. These other people who are discussing don't have any following." He must have been a good showman.

And his confidence -- that he is going to win -- shows his ego. You have seen how Almustafa says, "And how can I be confident in sharing my truth, my experience?" Those who know, hesitate. Only idiots don't hesitate, because to hesitate you need some intelligence. And where the ultimate is concerned, mind is so small -- you cannot be confident.

Another great seer, Mahavira, used to answer a single question in such a strange way... nobody else has ever done it. A question needs one answer, but Mahavira would give seven answers, contradicting each other.

You ask him, "Does God exist?"

And his word was: "Perhaps...shayot -- maybe."

This "perhaps," this "maybe" is not coming out of ignorance. It is coming out of the infinity of the word God and the smallness of the mind which is going to express it. It can only express one aspect at one time. So he had a seven-fold logic. Aristotle is just a child in comparison to Mahavira and Aristotle is the father of Western logic. But his logic is two-fold -- yes or no. But life is a rainbow; you cannot be so certain as to say yes or no. Perhaps yes, perhaps no.

So first, Mahavira would say "Perhaps, yes. But wait, this is only one aspect; language is very poor. Perhaps no. But wait... perhaps yes and no both. But don't come to a conclusion... perhaps yes and indefinable, perhaps no and indefinable. Perhaps yes and no both and indefinable."

This is the quality of a man who wants to give you all the possible aspects. And God cannot be confined into a single word; hence he has added "indefinable." Still, there are many more aspects but I don't want to confuse you. He has already confused!

But Yagnavalkya came with such confidence... it was full noontime, the sun was hot, and the cows were standing in front of the palace, perspiring. His confidence was that of a knowledgeable person -- he was learned, a great scholar. He told one of his disciples, "Take these cows to our commune. Why should these poor cows suffer unnecessary heat? As far as victory is concerned, that is certain" -- he's taking the reward before even entering the palace.

But following him came Gargi. She was alone, sat silently through all the discussions that were going on, and when Yagnavalkya had defeated all the contestants and asked the emperor, "Please forgive me. As far as the reward is concerned, my disciples have taken the cows long before," Gargi stood up. Perhaps she might not have stood if Yagnavalkya had not shown such idiotic confidence about ultimate affairs.

Gargi said, "Wait. You have defeated everybody because they all belong to your category: knowledgeable persons. All that is proved is not that you are true; only one thing is proved: that you are more learned, more scholarly, more knowledgeable. But to be more knowledgeable does not prove that you know the truth. I have been sitting silently, watching... if somebody asserts the truth, what is the need for me even to speak? But now this is going too far. I will have to discuss with you."

Those were beautiful days. Even a woman could challenge the greatest scholar of the country. She asked just two or three questions and Yagnavalkya was flat on the ground. She asked, "You said God created the world -- why? Why did you say that? Were you a witness when he was creating the world? In either case, you will prove wrong. If you were a witness, the world had already been created; you were there and you are part of the world. And if you were not a witness, then on what grounds...?"

Yagnavalkya was shocked. Those thousands of other scholars were shocked. Even the emperor was shocked. She was right: a witness is needed; an eyewitness is needed. And she said, "Just for argument's sake, even if I accept that God created the world, I want to know: what are your reasons for believing in this hypothesis?"

Yagnavalkya said, "Everything has to be created. God is just like a potter. This beautiful and vast existence cannot come into existence out of nothing, somebody must create it."

Gargi said, "Accepted. But you have lost your victory -- return those cows."

Yagnavalkya said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "If existence needs a god to create it, then who created God? If this is accepted as a criterion -- that everything that is, has to be created.... You are saying this vast existence needs a creator. Certainly the creator must be vaster, bigger, greater than the universe. Who created him?"

And Yagnavalkya saw the point, that now it was impossible to get rid of this woman. Because God is created by God two, God two is created by God three... but where will it

end? Finally the question remains: Who created the first God? And Gargi said, "If the first God needs no creator, why unnecessarily impose hypothetical ideas? If God can be without any creator, why can't the existence be without any creator?"

Yagnavalkya became so angry; it was such a defeat -- the defeat of the confidence of the scholar -- that he forgot all courtesy and said, "Woman, if you don't stop, soon you will see your head rolling on the ground!"

Gargi said, "Is that an argument? Do you think by cutting my head you will be victorious? That will be the absolute certainty of your defeat. Just go on, bring the cows back."

And the cows had to be given back -- to a woman!

And today, most of the religions don't allow the woman any opportunity equal to man. Jainism says that unless a woman is born again as a man, she cannot find the truth; only a man is capable of finding the truth, he has the monopoly. Even truth is monopolized. Mohammedans don't allow their women even to show their faces to the world. They don't allow them in their mosques. Jews keep a separate section for women. They don't have even at least equal rights of inquiry. Hindus don't allow their women to read the VEDAS, the UPANISHADS -- that is committing a sin.

Kahlil Gibran is writing of those pure and innocent days. That's why he says, and the priests and the priestesses said unto him: let not the waves of the sea separate us now... Up to now, we were absolutely unaware of who you are. Don't go, don't let the sea separate us ...and the years you have spent in our midst become a memory.

Remain with us, give us the same eyes that you have. Show us the path that you have known, that you have traveled;

otherwise you will be just a memory, as if seen in a dream. No, don't just become a memory to us. It will be a torture, that we went on missing for twelve years continuously. It will be unbearable. Live with us, transform us, because we can see -- whatever you were saying, you have made it materialize.

These are certainly of the very ancient, innocent days when priests had not become exploiters of man, when priests had not declared themselves as mediators between man and God. They were also seekers, humble seekers.

Today's priests -- of any religion -- have fallen so low that the pope, a few months ago, declared that nobody can confess to God directly; he has to confess to a priest and the priest will convey the message to God. Without the priest, you don't have even the right to be in direct contact with existence!

Anybody can see the business in it, the politics in it, the will to power. Because what power has the priest except the pretension that he is a mediator, that God sends his messages through him? And you have also to send your prayers, your confessions through him. This is his whole business. He is no more a seeker, he has become part of the marketplace.

Because of this phenomenon, all priests are against people like Almustafa. Why are they angry at me? -- for the simple reason that I am saying it is your birthright to be in direct contact with existence. No mediator is needed. This whole business of priesthood has to be dissolved. These are nothing but suckers of your blood. They know nothing of God; all their knowledge is verbal, from the books.

And they have reduced you to such a state that you cannot even sing a song to God or to existence -- because to me, God is just a name for existence. They have taken your right of singing a song to the trees, to the stars, of dancing on a fullmoon night on a sea beach -- a mediator is needed. And those idiots don't know how to sing; they don't know how to dance.

I have heard that one Catholic bishop was very friendly with a Jewish rabbi. They had decided to play golf, so at a certain time which had been decided before, the rabbi reached the church. But one never knows how many confessors are going to come. So the bishop took him inside the cabin where he sits behind a curtain, and on the other side sits the confessor of his sins.

He said, "I am sorry. If you help me a little, I will get ready. Meanwhile, you take my seat."

"But," the rabbi said, "I don't know what this confession is."

He said, "It is nothing. I will do two or three confessions in front of you so you can understand. It is a simple process: just listen to the person and according to his sin, give him punishment -- five dollars, ten dollars...."

The rabbi said, "That is simple. Dollars I understand. You can go."

But still the bishop showed him two persons' confessions. To one he said, "Five dollars -- deposit it with the treasurer of the church."

To another he said: "Ten dollars."

And the rabbi said, "I have understood. As far as business is concerned, nobody can beat us. You can go -- get ready quick, and I will finish this whole line of confessors

meanwhile. It won't take that much time -- what is the point? The real point is dollars. Why bother listening to unnecessary stories?"

And the first man came and said: "Father, I am very much ashamed. Last time I raped a woman and promised not to do it again, but human weaknesses... I have done it again."

The rabbi said, "That's enough -- thirty dollars."

The man said, "But last time you punished me and asked for only ten dollars."

The rabbi said, "Don't be worried. Just deposit thirty dollars -- twenty dollars are in advance. But get lost."

These are the mediators between you and God. Their God is the greatest lie. They are nothing but parasites. Whenever you see a priest, find the strongest "Flit" -- they are just the mosquitos of Poona.

If this earth is no longer burdened by priests... and I am not adding to it priestesses, because these priests killed all the priestesses. In the Middle Ages, thousands of priestesses... they just changed the name; they called them witches and burned them. So now there are only priests.

But this asking of the priest and the priestesses, LET NOT THE WAVES OF THE SEA SEPARATE US NOW...

Now it is a totally different matter. We had not recognized you, we had not even bothered to think about you. We were simply ignoring you -- a man who talks off the wall, who says a ship is coming which will take him to the other shore, the real home, to the origins of life and consciousness, to God. But now that we have recognized you, be merciful, be compassionate.

AND THE YEARS YOU HAVE SPENT IN OUR MIDST... don't let them become just a memory. We want

you here, living -- because the memory will fade away and soon we will start suspecting whether we have seen a dream or there really was such a man as Almustafa.
That has been the attitude of the Western historian. It took three centuries for them to recognize that a man like Gautam Buddha is possible. If you look the old history books written by Western scholars, Gautam Buddha is just a myth, a mythology. How can such a man be real? And they were not saying it only about Gautam Buddha, they were saying the same about Jesus Christ. Three centuries ago, historians were writing books saying that Jesus Christ never existed, that it was an ancient drama which slowly slowly became a reality in the mind of man. Because how to believe in a man like Jesus? -- uneducated, poor, a carpenter's son who speaks with such authority?
No one has given words so much weight as Jesus Christ. Simple, ordinary words in his hands become diamonds, start growing wings. Even the enemies of Jesus have recognized the fact that he may be wrong, he may be mad, but one thing is certain: nobody else has spoken the way he speaks. Nobody has the heart to speak with such authority that he needs no other argument -- just his statement is enough. He pours so much energy into it. But the historians were saying, "No man can speaks the way Jesus speaks. No man can live the way Gautam Buddha lived. No one has the presence, the radiance Zarathustra had. Certainly these people are creations of great poets, not realities."
That's why the priests and the priestesses are asking: "Don't just become a memory to us. We could not recognize you when you were alive, shouting in our ears, living amongst us. The moment you are gone we will start thinking we

must have seen a dream." Otherwise, where can you find man like Almustafa?

YOU HAVE WALKED AMONG US A SPIRIT, AND YOUR SHADOW HAS BEEN A LIGHT UPON OUR FACES.

Now at the moment of departure, they don't see him as a physical body, but a spiritual phenomenon: You have been to us a spirit... forgive us; that's why we could not see you. We just saw your body. Now we have been possessed by your spirit and you are going. And now we recognize that even your shadow has been a light upon our faces.
Even your shadow has been a light upon our faces. -- what to say about you now? You are no more a shadow. You have lost your shadow, you have become pure light to us. Perhaps you were always a light and the shadow was our creation.
I was a student in the university. I have always lived in my own way, never bothering about the whole world. I used to have a long robe without any buttons. And in those days, I had also a body -- which I have been destroying for thirty years continuously, because now there is no use of the body for me.
Sohan must be here somewhere. She has seen me in those days and she used to say, "Your body looks like a marble statue." And I was going to all the debates in the country -- wherever they were happening, in any university -- representing my university. I had collected so many seals and cups that my mother's only problem was, "Where to put

all this junk that you go on bringing home? You need a separate house just for this junk!"
My professors were happy, my principals were happy. Their institutions were becoming famous because all the seals from the whole country were coming to their schools. The principal himself took me to a studio for a photograph because they wanted to release it to newspapers and magazines, showing that perhaps no student had ever collected so many seals and so many cups. He was a very proper man. Everything about him was proper -- shaving twice a day.
When we reached the studio and the photographer had arranged things, the principal looked at me and he said, "Without buttons?"
I said, "You want my photograph or your own? I am a very improper person."
But he said, "We can immediately find buttons for you... or a coat or something to cover it."
"Then" I said, "why don't you sit here -- who knows me? -- and have your photograph taken? My photograph will be my photograph -- and I have never used buttons."
He said, "You are strange. But why don't you use buttons?"
I said, "I love the cool breeze coming to my chest. I hate buttons!" I said, "Decide quickly; otherwise I am going."
He said, "No, don't go. Have it your way. But you are a strange fellow."
I said, "I am not a strange fellow, I am just myself. You are a strange fellow -- imposing your idea of buttons on me! Keep your buttons for yourself and for your children and their generations."

Times have changed. People who are in authority, who have power of some kind, will try to impose things on you. But these innocent farmers, gardeners, men and women -- they said to Almustafa:
Much have we loved you. But we are unconscious people. Only now do we remember that we have loved you always, but it was deep in the unconscious. We could not say it to you because we ourselves were not aware of it. Your departure... and so many things have surfaced in our beings. Your realization is not only your realization -- something has happened to us all.

MUCH HAVE WE LOVED YOU.
BUT SPEECHLESS WAS OUR LOVE, AND WITH VEILS HAS IT BEEN VEILED.

Veils upon veils -- even we were not aware. And now that we are aware, we can remember that even if we had been aware before, we would not have been able to give words to our love -- but speechless was our love...
Yet now it cries aloud unto you, and would stand revealed before you. Just wait a little more, just linger on a little more amongst us so that you can become a mirror to us and we can see ourselves and our hidden treasures, and our love can become an expression. If not in words, then in actions -- but give us time to show it to you; otherwise what will you think? Twelve years you lived amongst us and nobody even said once to you, "I love you." But now everything has changed.

AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

This is such a tremendously significant statement:
And ever has it been that loves knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.
There is a beautiful story. Gautam Buddha declared that he was going to die -- the same; his ship had arrived -- and he asked, "Before I leave you, do you have any questions?"
Only one man amongst ten thousand sannyasins asked a question -- with tears in his eyes -- and he was his own brother, his elder brother Ananda. Ananda had lived with him for forty-two years, day and night, almost like a shadow following him. He slept in his room, he walked with him. Nobody had been so close to him as Ananda, and only he had a question. Others said, "You have given us so much, we will not harass you with questions at this moment of separation. Just let us sit silently."
But Ananda asked, "What about me? Forty-two years I have been with you. Others, who came afterward and have not lived so long with you, have become enlightened and I am still unenlightened. And now you are going."
Buddha said, "Don't be worried. As I leave the body, within twenty-four hours you will become enlightened."
Ananda said, "I don't understand the arithmetic of it -- forty-two years with you and I have not become enlightened, and twenty-four hours without you and I will become enlightened?"
Gautam Buddha laughed and said, "Ananda, because you were so close, and you are also my elder cousin-brother,

you started taking me for granted. Only separation, only my death, can make you awake. Less than that won't do. I have tried everything, but you think -- you are with me, you are my brother and you must be taking care about my enlightenment... and being together for so long, you completely forgot. The obvious is always forgotten. That which you have, there is a human tendency to forget it. You remember only at the moment of separation."

AND EVER HAS IT BEEN THAT LOVE KNOWS NOT ITS OWN DEPTH UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

A master gives you his life as an opportunity to be awakened. He also gives you his death -- a second, and the last opportunity for you to be awakened.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Disclose us to ourselves
10 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND OTHERS CAME ALSO AND ENTREATED HIM. BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT. HE ONLY BENT HIS HEAD; AND THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR SAW HIS TEARS FALLING UPON HIS BREAST.

AND HE AND THE PEOPLE PROCEEDED TOWARDS THE GREAT SQUARE BEFORE THE TEMPLE.
AND THERE CAME OUT OF THE SANCTUARY A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS ALMITRA. AND SHE WAS A SEERESS.
AND HE LOOKED UPON HER WITH EXCEEDING TENDERNESS, FOR IT WAS SHE WHO HAD FIRST SOUGHT AND BELIEVED IN HIM WHEN HE HAD BEEN BUT A DAY IN THEIR CITY.
AND SHE HAILED HIM, SAYING:
PROPHET OF GOD, IN QUEST OF THE UTTERMOST, LONG HAVE YOU SEARCHED THE DISTANCES FOR YOUR SHIP.
AND NOW YOUR SHIP HAS COME, AND YOU MUST NEEDS GO.
DEEP IS YOUR LONGING FOR THE LAND OF YOUR MEMORIES AND THE DWELLING-PLACE OF YOUR GREATER DESIRES; AND OUR LOVE WOULD NOT BIND YOU NOR OUR NEEDS HOLD YOU.
YET THIS WE ASK ERE YOU LEAVE US, THAT YOU SPEAK TO US AND GIVE US OF YOUR TRUTH.
AND WE WILL GIVE IT UNTO OUR CHILDREN, AND THEY UNTO THEIR CHILDREN, AND IT SHALL NOT PERISH.
IN YOUR ALONENESS YOU HAVE WATCHED WITH OUR DAYS, AND IN YOUR WAKEFULNESS YOU HAVE LISTENED TO THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER OF OUR SLEEP.
NOW THEREFORE DISCLOSE US TO OURSELVES, AND TELL US ALL THAT HAS BEEN SHOWN YOU OF THAT WHICH IS BETWEEN BIRTH AND DEATH.

AND HE ANSWERED:
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, OF WHAT CAN I SPEAK SAVE OF THAT WHICH IS EVEN NOW MOVING WITHIN YOUR SOULS?

Kahlil Gibran has covered in these few words the whole spectrum of spiritual growth. First we saw the innocent people come to him -- farmers, gardeners, leaving their work in their fields, rushed towards him.

Whenever truth has arrived, the innocent are the blessed ones who recognize it. Have you ever thought about it? -- not a single rabbi ever came to listen to Jesus. Strange as it may seem -- because the days when Jesus lived were the highest peak of Jewish wisdom and Jerusalem had the most learned, scholarly rabbis of any city in the world.

The people who came to listen to Jesus were uneducated, uncultured -- farmers, fishermen, gardeners, carpenters. Amongst his apostles, none was from the higher strata of the society. None was a brahmin, none was a pundit, none was a professor.

Jerusalem was the seat of the Jewish university; people traveled from faraway lands to Judea to be educated in Jerusalem. Jerusalem was at the very peak of its youth. But none of these learned people came to listen to Jesus. The reason? -- because they believed they knew it all. They have read all the scriptures, they are acquainted with all the wise sayings of the past. Their memories were full, but memory is not intelligence.

In fact, the more knowledgeable you become, the less is the possibility of your ever becoming intelligent enough to discover yourself. Your knowledge does not give you your

real being, it only creates a pseudo ego -- and the egoist cannot go to a carpenter's son, Jesus -- who knows nothing because he has no certificates.

Only one man... and because he was the only one, his name is still remembered. He was a professor in the university; Nicodemus was his name. But even he could not gather courage enough to come to Jesus in full daylight. He was afraid -- "What will people say?" He is a professor of religion and he goes and asks questions to an uneducated young man who has never seen the scriptures? Hence he went in the middle of the night, when everyone was asleep; even Jesus' intimate apostles were asleep. He woke up Jesus, introduced himself -- "I am a professor of religion in the university; Nicodemus is my name. Please forgive me for disturbing your sleep."

Jesus said to him, "Don't be worried about it, because I will disturb your far deeper sleep. But you are a coward and on this path, cowards cannot move. It needs guts -- and the first symbol of a courageous man is to recognize that he knows not, that all his knowledge is borrowed, that he is repeating words of others, that he has never entered into silences of his own soul, that he is blind."

The very recognition is a great beginning. The moment you recognize that you do not know, you are already moving towards the path that leads to knowing. In the scriptures are only dead words; a true seeker cannot be satisfied with them. He would like to come in contact while the word is still alive, blood and flesh.

Scriptures are needed by those who cannot encounter a man like Jesus, because he is going to hit them hard to make them aware: "All that you have learned has been learned in

sleep, and all that you have been repeating is mechanical. It is not your own experience."

Truth can only be experienced. Only lies can be learned. Millions of libraries are full of lies -- beautiful lies. Not that they were always lies... once they were also alive, once they were also uttered by someone who had found them. In that moment, the word has wings. In that moment, the word is full of silence, love, beauty, truth.

But all that fragrance of the living word will disappear soon -- the flower will die, the petals will disappear into the earth. Not even a trace will be left behind. But faraway echoes will go on and on, in scriptures collected by scholars, commented on by researchers. But whatever they are doing is dissecting a corpse, and by dissecting a corpse you cannot find the soul.

What medical science goes on doing, idiots have been doing since the very beginning. In every medical college, they are dissecting corpses to find what it is that we call life. Can you think of people more blind? And they are very learned. And because they cannot find the living principle of life in a corpse, they deny it.

It is very easy to deny, it is very easy to say no. You can do it sitting in your chair, no pilgrimage is needed. But to find, to seek and search, you will have to move into the unknown without any prejudice. And all knowledge that is borrowed, creates only prejudice and nothing else.

An intelligent man puts all his knowledge aside and becomes an innocent child -- who knows nothing but who is open, available, receptive; whose eyes are full of wonder, who is mystified by small things. A seashell on the beach, a wildflower which attracts nobody, mystifies him. He is

living in a wonderland. It is not only Alice who entered wonderland; every child lives in wonderland.
And that's what Jesus said to Nicodemus. Unless you are born again in this very life, unless you become a child again, there is no hope for you.
When Almustafa saw the people coming... they were all innocent people -- not rabbis, not popes, not professors; no shankaracharyas, no ayatollahs, but simple people, who knew that they knew not. But that is the beginning of an eternal journey in which one goes on disappearing. One day one finds the truth, but one does not find oneself. The seeker is lost and the sought is found. The knower is no more, but knowledge, knowing has blossomed.
And others came also... who are these "others"?

AND OTHERS CAME ALSO AND ENTREATED HIM, BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT.

These "others" are the presidents, the prime ministers, the governors, the police commissioners -- all types of blind and deaf people. Seeing that the whole city of Orphalese is rushing towards that mad guy, Almustafa.... These so-called leaders of men are really followers of the crowd, because it is the crowd that gives them power. Wherever the crowd is going, the leader pretends that he's leading them. He goes on watching to see whether the crowd is behind him or not. All the leaders are just followers of their own followers. It is because of these people that the world remains miserable, insane, stupid.
AND OTHERS CAME... Almustafa had answered the innocent people who were telling him, "Forgive us; we had

been seeing you, yet we have seen your face for the first time. And what a calamity that this is the day of your departure -- and you have been amongst us for twelve years and we simply thought you were a dreamer of dreams. Forgive us. Don't go away, be with us a little more. Share your truth with us; now we are ready."
But then the blind, the deaf, the knowledgeable arrived. And because all the simple people and their crowd were so much impressed by the very presence of Almustafa, they also entreated him, but this was hypocrisy. Those questions were not authentic; they were not coming from their own hearts. They were just showing the people that "not only have you recognized him, we have also recognized him." They always want to convince people that "We are ahead of you."
But Almustafa is not deceived, cannot be deceived.

... BUT HE ANSWERED THEM NOT. On the contrary, HE ONLY BENT HIS HEAD; AND THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR SAW HIS TEARS FALLING UPON HIS BREAST.

Those tears are his answer to these people who are still pretending. At the moment of departure -- when the uncultured, uncivilized, uneducated and the poor have recognized -- still they cannot recognize, they cannot see. Power blinds. Knowledge blinds.
He is crying, tears are falling on his chest, out of compassion -- "What kind of people are leading the world?"

The governor of California wanted to meet me. He sent a messenger. I said, "I am available. Rather than sending you, he should have come himself. What prevents him? If I wanted to see him, I would have gone and knocked on his door; it is just the right thing to do. He should come and knock on my door. Everybody is welcome."

The woman who had come with the message said, "But he is a governor."

I said, "He may be God -- then too, if he wants to meet me, he has to come."

But power, prestige, respectability.... One president of India, Jakirhussain, sent a message with one of the oldest members of parliament, Seth Govinddas -- I was the guest of Seth Govinddas. He tried to persuade me.

I said, "Forget it. If he wants to see me and meet me, I'm available, but I don't have any business to go to the president's house."

He said, "You don't understand, he can be of immense help."

I said, "In my whole life, I have only trusted in existence, not in anybody's help."

In fact it was a problem for him, because if he had succeeded in taking me to the president, he would have obliged the president. But my simple refusal... he said, "How am I going to convey it to him?"

I said, "Repeat my words exactly, that it is the thirsty who comes to the well, it is not the well who runs after thirsty people. The thirsty person may be the president, it doesn't matter. Beggar or emperor, whoever is thirsty has to come to the well."

I have also wept, because I have also come across so many blind people. Even my own sannyasins have sometimes tried to persuade me -- "If the governor or the prime minister or the president is favorable to you, then these small guys, police commissioners, etc., will not harass you. On the contrary, they will welcome you."

I said, "I am not a businessman."

My father used to tell me many times: "You know perfectly well that it is not good to sleep and cover your head and face under the blanket. It is not hygienic."

I said, "I know. But I don't have any other time for my tears."

In the darkness of the night, covered under the blanket, I can cry and weep to my heart's content, seeing all kinds of stupidities happening all around, all over the world.

And if you tell these people, "You are the cause of making the earth a hell," they are annoyed, they are irritated. They become revengeful. Now, at least I can claim one thing, that nobody in the whole history of man has had so many enemies as I have. This is some great distinction. And I have not harmed anybody.

All my efforts have been to wake you, to deliver a message that I am carrying in my heart, to share my silence and my bliss. And people are annoyed, irritated. Almost all the countries of the world have decided that I cannot enter in their lands. I was thinking that perhaps my own country would behave in a different way, but I was wrong. Idiots are idiots. Whether they are American or Indian makes no difference.

I was in Bombay. One leader, a president of some powerful political group, wrote a letter to the chief minister and sent

a copy to me. The letter was to tell the chief minister that my presence in Bombay would pollute the atmosphere.
I said, "My God, can anyone pollute Bombay? The worst city in the whole world...." For four months I was there; I never went out even one time. I never even looked out of my window. I remained in a completely closed room -- still, you can smell... as if you are sitting in a toilet! This is Bombay.
I started thinking of how to pollute it more but I am sorry to confess, I could not find any way. It is too far gone.
And then pressure was brought on one of my sannyasins in whose home I was a guest for four months: if I'm not removed from his house, he, his family and his house, with me, will be burned.
One sometimes wonders whether to cry or to laugh.
Somebody was continuously phoning every day -- "When are you coming to Poona? I am a police officer and I am inquiring about it to give you protection." We inquired of the Bombay police, we inquired of the Poona police. They said, "We have not been phoning you. Somebody is pretending to be a police officer."
I was going to come last Sunday, but my host became so much concerned that he asked for protection from the police. On Saturday night, the police informed him, "We can give you protection up to Thana. Beyond that you will have to ask another district, up to Chinchwad; from Chinchwad you will have to ask the Chinchwad police for protection up to Poona."
I told him, "You don't be worried. Rather than asking for protection from these people... I know their protection."
He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "When I was arrested in America, I was handcuffed, a heavy chain around my waist, chains on my feet. I could not even walk. And they were afraid that people would be there all over the street, and I may raise my hands, so they put another chain that connected my handcuffs to the chain around my waist so I could not move my hands. And they rushed so madly in their car... and the reason was that people were all around and they were waving and giving me the sign of victory. Then I understood why they were in such a hurry. Photographers were all around, press people were all around, and if they see that people are greeting me and they have arrested me without any arrest warrant, it will look like the whole talk about democracy is simply nonsense. The continuous propaganda about individuality, freedom of expression, is just to deceive the whole world."
The U.S. Marshal who was sitting in front in the car taking me inside the jail, told me, "Here, you are absolutely protected."
I said, "What about you? If being handcuffed, chained, is protection -- then first give it to your president, to your governors, because their lives are in constant danger. In America, twenty percent of the presidents have been assassinated. It is not a small number. Keep all your presidents in jail! But don't talk nonsense to me."
To avoid the police protection -- because I have seen the police protection -- rather than moving from Bombay on Sunday, I moved on Saturday night. My host was not convinced, but the next morning, he was convinced because his house was surrounded by fifteen policemen with guns. He had come with me. His family informed him that "Police are surrounding the house. We are almost under

arrest, and we are telling them that Osho left last night."
And they told the police, "Your protection was asked -- but then he was leaving at twelve o'clock today. Why have you arrived in the morning, with guns? And we had asked only for six police officers, without uniforms -- why a whole regiment?"
They remained there the whole day thinking that I would leave at twelve. Finally, they thought that perhaps I was not in the house. Then the chief said to the son of my sannyasin, "Osho bluffed us."
Strange -- we had asked for protection. If we don't want it, you cannot impose it upon us -- "We will protect you whether you want it or not." Where does the question of bluffing arise?
I reached here at four o'clock in the night, and within three hours the police were here. I was asleep. As I opened my eyes, I saw two policemen in my bedroom.
I said, "I never see dreams, particularly nightmares. How have these dodos managed to come inside?" I asked, "Do you have any search warrant?" -- they didn't have -- "Then how have you entered my private bedroom?"
They said, "We have to serve a notice on you." Sometimes one wonders whether we use words in our sleep. Is this the way to serve a notice? Is this the way to be a servant of the people? All these are servants of the people; we pay them. They should behave like servants... but they behave like masters.
I said, "I have not committed any crime. I have just slept for three hours, is it a crime?"

One of them said, "You are a controversial person and the police commissioner feels your presence may provoke violence in the city."

Now these people are not even aware that I was here for seven years, and no violence was provoked by me in the city -- what more evidence do you want? On the contrary, a man from this city has tried to kill me, to assassinate me -- in front of ten thousand sannyasins and twenty police officers, he threw a dagger at me in a morning discourse. It was almost impossible to lose the case even if we wanted to lose. Ten thousand eye-witnesses you cannot find for any such case -- and twenty police officers!

Still the case was dismissed, that it never happened. These are our magistrates, this is our police. These are our police commissioners. If they wanted to keep the silence of the city, they should have thrown out that man who tried to assassinate me.

But the next day when my attorney went to see the commissioner, he was surprised. On his calendar of appointments was the name of the same man; it seemed he was behind the whole thing. And I have been here for two days, and still violence has not happened in the city.

In seven years while I was here, I entered your city only four times. I never left the ashram. And those four times were absolutely necessary. I had not gone to see a film. My father was dying in the hospital, that's why I had to go. One of my sannyasins was in a hospital in a coma, and I had to go. All four times I had gone only to the hospital to see someone who was dying -- and died. Sitting in my room, how could I have created violence in the city?

And on the notice... I said "Read it. What is my crime?" My crime is that I am controversial. But can you tell me -- has there ever been a man of any intelligence who was not controversial? To be controversial is not a crime. In fact, the whole evolution of human consciousness depends on controversial people: Socrates, Jesus, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Bodhidharma, Zarathustra. They were fortunate that none of them entered Poona.

This city is condemned, because this city murdered Mahatma Gandhi, this city tried to murder me... and they are trying to tell me that I am controversial and dangerous. They are not even ashamed. Mahatma Gandhi was murdered by the same group of people who have tried to assassinate me. For centuries to come, Poona will be remembered as a city of murderers.

Because he had no reasonable cause... otherwise, you would have seen me again handcuffed and in jail, because I have done something which is unprecedented. That police officer misbehaved. I was lying down on my bed and he throws the notice over my face! I cannot tolerate such subhuman behavior. I immediately tore up the notice and threw it away, and I told those police officers, "Go and tell your commissioner."

I know that a notice from the government should not be thrown away, but there are limits! First, the law has to show humanity and respect for human beings. Only then can it expect respect from others. And these are our servants; we pay the tax. And they have become masters. It was right of Almustafa not to answer them; they don't deserve. But I am a different kind of man than Almustafa.

He only bent his head... I will never do that. You can cut my head but I will not bend my head. And those who stood near saw his tears falling upon his breast.
Yes, I also weep and cry for humanity, but I am crying in the darkness, covering myself. I don't want you to see my tears, because my tears will be painful to you. My tears will be like wounds to you. You have seen only my songs... but my eyes also have tear glands.
But those tears are for the blind and the deaf, the heartless. Those tears are for all categories of idiots.
Poona can brag about one thing: you have the highest category of idiots in the world.
And he and the people proceeded towards the great square before the temple.
Each statement by Kahlil Gibran is significant. Why towards the temple? All over the world there are thousands and thousands of temples and churches and mosques and gurudwaras and synagogues -- and people go there to pray. Their prayers are like parrots repeating words; they do not even know the meaning of those words.
No, the function of the temple is totally different. The function of the temple is, when somebody arrives home like Almustafa, then the temple is the place to declare it. Almustafa entering into a temple, the temple becomes sacred. But without Almustafa, a temple is just a house -- empty, meaningless.
And he and the people proceeded towards the great square before the temple. You should enter the temple only when you deserve, when you have earned, when you feel you have something to share; something sacred and something of the beyond.

And there came out of the sanctuary a woman whose name was Almitra. And she was a seeress.
By the way, I want you to remember that Kahlil Gibran is perhaps one of those very few people for whom the woman is closer to the sacred than the man, for the simple reason that she is more heart than head. She knows how to love. And if you don't know how to love, how can you know how to pray?
Prayer is nothing but the most refined form of love. A love unaddressed to anybody, a love for the whole.
Almitra was a seeress. Kahlil Gibran should be remembered forever as one who gives respect and dignity to women. All your so-called bogus religious leaders of the world have only condemned the woman. Even the greatest of them, for whom I have great respect, but with reservations -- even Gautam Buddha who is certainly the highest peak ever attained up to now, the Everest. Even he was not respectful towards women. For years he continuously refused to initiate any women. And finally, after twenty years of continual refusal, continual insult, humiliation, he reconsidered. Because of a strange situation, he had to concede and accept women initiates. He must have been very reluctant even in that moment. He had to agree because the woman was almost his real mother... because his mother died when he was born, immediately. His own mother never saw him; neither had he any remembrance of his mother.
His mother's younger sister remained unmarried just because she wanted to take care of this rare child, who had a charisma from the very beginning. And astrologers and prophets declared that either he would become an emperor

of the whole world or he would renounce the world and become the greatest awakened man humanity has known. This woman brought up the child, cared about him -- and sacrificed her own life, for the simple reason that if she got married, she would have her own children and would have to divide her caring and become involved in her own life, her children, her husband. No, she remained unmarried so that she could shower all her love on Gautam Buddha. When that old woman, who could be said to be really his mother, came and asked to be initiated, there was a great silence, a great moment of hesitation. Twenty years of continual refusal... but how can he refuse this woman -- - who has sacrificed her whole life for him, and he cannot do even this much for her, to initiate her into sannyas? Reluctantly, I say, he initiated her. And why do I say "reluctantly"? -- because immediately afterwards he declared, "My religion was going to last for five thousand years. Now it will last for only five hundred years because a woman has entered into the fold." As if a woman is a disease, as if Buddha's religion is no longer healthy enough to remain alive for five thousand years. The entry of a woman seems to mean that his religion has grown a cancer. Ugly is the statement -- and the same is the case with Mahavira, the same is the case with Jesus, the same is the case with Mohammed. The same is the case with Moses. And these are our highest flights towards the stars.

Kahlil Gibran seems to have a far more human and far deeper insight. There have been seers in all the religions, but Almitra is a seeress. And the reason he gives has to be understood very deeply and preserved in the deepest part of your being:

AND HE LOOKED UPON HER WITH EXCEEDING TENDERNESS, FOR IT WAS SHE WHO HAD FIRST SOUGHT AND BELIEVED IN HIM WHEN HE HAD BEEN BUT A DAY IN THEIR CITY.

For twelve years he had been in the city and she was the only one who recognized him -- even on the first day when he entered the city.

People go on asking me, "Why do you have so many sannyasins in the bodies of women?" -- as if sannyas has anything to do with the body. In what way is sannyas concerned with the body?

Sannyas is a concern with the soul. And the woman is more open and more available because she knows not logic, but love. And the law of love is the highest law in life; the laws based on logic are the lowest.

A man needs first to be intellectually convinced. I have millions of sannyasins -- certainly, seventy-five percent are women, twenty-five percent are men. This is a rare phenomenon, because Buddha, or Mahavira, or Mohammed, Jesus -- nobody allowed them.

A man first needs to be logically convinced; he begins from the lowest. And then it is long ladder to reach to the ardor of love. Love is absolutely beyond logic, transcendental to logic. Even my own sannyasins -- first they are convinced: this man seems to be right; whatever he is saying seems to be substantial. They raise all kinds of doubts in their minds, they try in every way to be skeptical. When finally their skepticism and their doubts are destroyed, then a thick layer of intellectuality is removed and their heart is available.

But the woman first falls in love with me and then she thinks, "Whatever he's saying is bound to be right. How can love be wrong?"

Their approaches are different. Man has chosen a long route -- unnecessarily, but it looks like more manly, arduous, hard -- -and he will go on a long journey to come back home.

The woman has chosen the shortcut -- the path of love -- it is only one step. It does not need even the second step. One step and you have arrived. That too I am saying because it will be difficult to understand if I say exactly what happens: it is not even one step.

Man takes many many steps, miles and miles, just to come back home -- tired, exhausted, sad.

That's why saints look so sad. What do you call them in England? -- hangdog faces. Nice people, but unnecessarily running in all directions to find the place where they have always been.

So to say the absolute truth, the woman does not take even a single step. It is truth that takes a step towards the woman; the woman simply falls in love and the home has arrived. She has been there, the love has just opened her eyes.

Almitra was the first to recognize that Almustafa belongs to the other shore, he's a stranger here. He's not dreaming about a ship -- he is so lovely, so beautiful, that she cannot doubt even if he is dreaming. In her deep love, his dream becomes a reality. The ship that would arrive twelve years afterwards had arrived for Almitra the very first day. Those twelve years' distance do not exist for her.

People ask me why so many women become sannyasins. It is simple: because they are women, because they are hearts, because they know only one language and that language is of love.
And she hailed him, saying... and you can see the difference. The people who have recognized on the last day when they saw the separation was going to happen, suddenly became aware that they have missed -- amongst them was a man, a messiah, a message from the other shore. But they were simply deaf and blind, and now it is too late.
So they are saying, "Linger on a little more... just a little more. We have not been able to taste your truth and we have not been able to drink from your eyes. Shower your grace a little more."
But Almitra says something totally different:

PROPHET OF GOD, IN THE QUEST OF THE UTTERMOST, LONG HAVE YOU SEARCHED THE DISTANCES FOR YOUR SHIP.
AND NOW YOUR SHIP HAS COME, AND YOU MUST NEEDS GO.

Only love can see it.
The mind is greedy. Mind is greed.
All those people who are saying, "Linger on a little"... I say unto you, if Almustafa agrees with them, they will forget all about him again. Again they will take him for granted -- "What is the hurry? And if the ship comes again, we can persuade him to remain with us."

Man lives in tomorrows which never come. Mind has no contact with the present; either it lives in the past or it lives in the future.
They are shocked: they could not recognize and twelve years have passed -- what a loss! And they can also see that if he remains, perhaps tomorrow or the day after tomorrow they may be able to understand his truth, his experience. But I repeat again: If Almustafa remains with them, they will forget him again.
But Almitra says to him, "It is hard, it hurts, but there is no other way. You have waited long, you have given opportunity enough to these people. Now You must needs go.

DEEP IS YOUR LONGING FOR THE LAND OF YOUR MEMORIES AND THE DWELLING-PLACE OF YOUR GREATER DESIRES; AND OUR LOVE WOULD NOT BIND YOU NOR OUR NEEDS HOLD YOU.

That's the beauty of love, that it gives you freedom. That is the criterion of whether there is love or not. If love prevents you from your growth, it is not love. Love may suffer but will not be jealous, love may suffer but will not be a bondage.
Almitra says, and our love would not bind you nor our needs hold you. We need you, certainly we need you, but you have been here twelve years -- it is enough. We have ignored you, perhaps people are not thirsty. So you don't pay any attention to people's prayer that you remain with us. I know -- Deep is your longing for the land, your love for the people but whatever you could do, you have done.

We would like you to be here, but love would not bind you -- we need you, but it is our unconsciousness that we missed you -- nor our needs hold you.
Yet this we ask ere you leave us, that you speak to us and give us of your truth.
We don't want you to be here, we don't want to become a prison to you because of our needs and because of our love and because of your compassion. But at least do this much before you leave: speak to us and give us of your truth.
Remember, truth is always individual. There is no truth of the collective mind, of the crowd. The crowd has only lies -- Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism.
The crowd has only lies.
The truth is always individual.
It is experienced in the very innermost core of your being -- where you cannot take anybody with you. You cannot take the person you love, you cannot take your friend with you. You have to go alone, and only in your aloneness is the realization. And because the realization happens in the individual, there is no need of any religion, organized. Yes, religiousness is needed -- unorganized, available to each individual according to his own potential, possibilities.
A real human society, a real civilization will allow every individual to seek and search and find his truth. Gautam Buddha's truth is of no use to you. My truth is of no use to you. At the most, the man who has realized the truth can give you a certainty that truth is not just a hypothesis; that it is a reality, that it transforms people.
I cannot give you my truth, but my presence can trigger a journey in you towards the ultimate shrine.

But a woman thinks in a different way than a man, because her thinking is not based on thoughts. Her thinking is based on feelings. Why is she saying it? Because she says:
And we will give it unto our children
It is not greed.
And they unto their children,
And it shall not perish.
We want your flame to remain alive. We will go on passing it from heart to heart.
In your aloneness you have watched with our days, and in your wakefulness you have listened to the weeping and the laughter of our sleep.
She's saying, "Whatever you have watched, we were laughing in our sleep, we were talking in our sleep, we were acting, doing things in our sleep. We were not aware what was going on."
Now therefore disclose us to ourselves... We don't ask anything more. Just disclose us to ourselves, and tell us all that has been shown you of that which is between birth and death.
A tremendously potent question: What is between birth and death? That is your life principle -- between birth and death is God -- but because you are asleep, you never become aware of it. You are born and you will die, and without knowing what was between the two. And between the two was your truth.
And he answered:

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, OF WHAT CAN I SPEAK SAVE OF THAT WHICH IS EVEN NOW MOVING WITHIN YOUR SOULS?

Every master simply wakes you up to your own reality, to your own truth. He does not give you anything.
You already have it. You have just not looked inwards.
A little silence, a little meditativeness and you will start uncovering yourself. Truth is a discovery within.
Almustafa is right when he says...of what can i speak save of that which is even now moving within your own souls? I can see the flame but you don't look inwards. Just close your eyes, look inwards. Go on digging deeper and deeper until you have come to the waters of eternal life.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #6
Chapter title: Speak to us of love
11 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN SAID ALMITRA, SPEAK TO US OF LOVE.
AND HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED UPON THE PEOPLE, AND THERE FELL A STILLNESS UPON THEM. AND WITH A GREAT VOICE HE SAID:
WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM,
THOUGH HIS WAYS ARE HARD AND STEEP.
AND WHEN HIS WINGS ENFOLD YOU YIELD TO HIM,

THOUGH THE SWORD HIDDEN AMONG HIS PINIONS MAY WOUND YOU.
AND WHEN HE SPEAKS TO YOU BELIEVE IN HIM, THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS AS THE NORTH WIND LAYS WASTE THE GARDEN.
FOR EVEN AS LOVE CROWNS YOU SO SHALL HE CRUCIFY YOU. EVEN AS HE IS FOR YOUR GROWTH SO IS HE FOR YOUR PRUNING.
EVEN AS HE ASCENDS TO YOUR HEIGHT AND CARESSES YOUR TENDEREST BRANCHES THAT QUIVER IN THE SUN,
SO SHALL HE DESCEND TO YOUR ROOTS AND SHAKE THEM IN THEIR CLINGING TO THE EARTH.
LIKE SHEAVES OF CORN HE GATHERS YOU UNTO HIMSELF.
HE THRESHES YOU TO MAKE YOU NAKED.
HE SIFTS YOU TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR HUSKS.
HE GRINDS YOU TO WHITENESS.
HE KNEADS YOU UNTIL YOU ARE PLIANT;
AND THEN HE ASSIGNS YOU TO HIS SACRED FIRE, THAT YOU MAY BECOME SACRED BREAD FOR GOD'S SACRED FEAST.
ALL THESE THINGS SHALL LOVE DO UNTO YOU THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE SECRETS OF YOUR HEART, AND IN THAT KNOWLEDGE BECOME A FRAGMENT OF LIFE'S HEART.
BUT IF IN YOUR FEAR YOU WOULD SEEK ONLY LOVE'S PEACE AND LOVE'S PLEASURE, THEN IT IS BETTER FOR YOU THAT YOU COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF LOVE'S

THRESHING-FLOOR, INTO THE SEASONLESS WORLD WHERE YOU SHALL LAUGH, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR LAUGHTER, AND WEEP, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR TEARS.

The people who have realized the meaning of life have only spoken to those who can understand love, because love is the meaning of life. Very few people have realized that love is your very flame. It is not food that keeps you alive, it is love -- which keeps you not only alive but gives you a life of beauty, truth, silence, and millions of other priceless things.

The world can be divided in two parts: the world where everything has a price and the world where price is meaningless. Where prices are no longer relevant, values arise. Prices are for things, for dead things.

Life does not recognize that which is dead. But such a simple truth, man goes on missing. He even tries to purchase love; otherwise there would not have been prostitutes. And it is not only a question of prostitutes. What are your marriages? -- a permanent institution of prostitution.

Remember, only when you enter into the world of values -- where no money, no power, no respectability is of any help -- are you entering into authentic life. And the flavor of that life is love.

Because man is so much accustomed to purchasing everything, he forgets that the very effort to purchase something that cannot be purchased is a murder. A husband demands love from his wife because he has purchased her, and the same is true about the wife. But they are unaware

that they are assassinating each other. They do not know: the moment price enters into love, love dies.
Love is very delicate, very sacred. In all of our relationships, we are trying to reduce the other person to a thing. A wife is a thing. If you have any intelligence, let her remain just a woman. A husband is no more alive. Allow him to remain in freedom because only in freedom can love flower.
But man, in his utter stupidity, has destroyed everything that is valuable. You even try to purchase God. How deep is your blindness? People who can afford it -- remember the word "afford" -- have temples in their houses. Statues can be purchased but whatever you do with those statues is sheer nonsense; a purchased statue can never become a living God. And not only do they purchase the statue, they also purchase a priest to do the worship.
I have seen priests running from one house to another house because they have to worship in at least ten or twelve temples; only then they can feed themselves. And the people who are purchasing even prayer, worship, think they are doing great virtuous acts. These are the sinners!
Your life will not have any flowers if it does not have something which is priceless. Do you have something in your life which is priceless?
People are selling even their lives. What are your soldiers? -- and their number must be millions all around the earth. They have sold themselves. Their only function is to kill and be killed. But as far as I can see, that is not important; they have killed themselves the day they sold themselves. They may be still breathing, but just to breathe is not life. Trees breathe, vegetables breathe. Cabbages and

cauliflowers breathe, but they are not alive and they know nothing of love. They have prices attached to them. Perhaps cabbages are cheaper, cauliflowers a little costly -- because cauliflowers are nothing but cabbages with university degrees. But don't do this to any human being.

And if you cannot purchase a thing you cannot possess it either. In your deep sleep, you even possess your children without ever becoming aware that the very possession -- "This is my child" -- is a murder. Children come through you, but they belong to the universe. You are just a passage. But you make every effort that your child should have your family name, your religion, your political ideology. He should be just an obedient object.

When I was a student in the university, the government of India passed a resolution that unless you participate in the training for the army, your postgraduate degree could not be given to you. It was compulsory. I approached the vice-chancellor and I said, "I would love to remain without any postgraduate degree. I am not willing to participate in a training which is nothing but a very psychological process of destroying your consciousness, your life, and reducing you to just a number."

In the army, when somebody dies, on the notice board it is declared, "Number Sixteen has fallen." When you read this, that "Number Sixteen has fallen," nothing happens to your heart because Number Sixteen has no wife, no children, no old mother, no old father to be taken care of. Numbers don't produce children. This is a strategy. But if you see a name, you will suddenly feel sad. What will happen to the children, to the wife, to the old mother, to the old father who is just living to see his son coming back home? But he

does not know that his son exists no more. He has become Number Sixteen. Number Sixteen can be replaced and will be replaced. Somebody else will become Number Sixteen. You cannot replace a living human being... but a dead number? But it is not only the soldiers; if you look at yourself, in many ways you have allowed the crowd around you to make you a number. Even the people who say that they love you simply want to possess you, to exploit you. You are an object of their longings, of their desires.

Love is not available in the marketplace. For love, you will have to understand that existence is not a dead existence. It is full of light, overflowing with love but to experience that love, you have to be attuned with the world of values.

Almustafa did not answer some people. Perhaps they were not worth answering. They have lost their souls: somebody has become a governor, somebody has become a president. The presidents and the governors and the prime ministers -- they don't have any souls; otherwise it is impossible for a man like Josef Stalin to kill one million Russians. And these were not capitalists -- Russia has never been so rich -- these were poor people, but they wanted not to be possessed by anyone and they were rebelling against slavery. First the czars were killing them for centuries, but Stalin outdid all the czars.

But sometimes I think perhaps he killed only dead people. Adolf Hitler killed six million human beings -- but perhaps it is not right to condemn him, because these six million people had lost their souls long before. Somebody had become a husband, somebody had become a wife, somebody had become a father, somebody had become a mother.

In the world of nature, a woman is just a woman -- not a lady. A lady is a woman who is living a posthumous life. In nature, there are authentic men -- raw, rooted in the earth -- but you will not find your gentlemen. They are the hypocrites who have died long ago and are now just breathing, eating, dragging themselves from the cradle to the grave. If they were really alive, they would have known the secret that exists between birth and death.

Almustafa simply refused to answer those people -- who may have been knowledgeable, who may have been rich, but their questions were phony. Their questions were American.

I must remind you: the word "phony" comes from America. It is derived from "telephone." When you are talking to someone on the telephone, have you observed the change? The voice is not the same, the tone is not the same, and no one knows whether on the other side there is another American or a ghost.

I have heard.... One great psychoanalyst was treating a super-rich billionaire. Although his fee was beyond the capacity of millions of people, for the super-rich it was nothing.

The rich man continued. A year passed and he would lie down on the psychoanalyst's couch and would talk all kinds of absurd things... which are filled in your heads too; it is another thing that you keep them within, but in psychoanalysis you have to bring them out.

The psychoanalyst was getting bored but he could not get rid of the super-rich man because he was getting so much money from him. Finally, he found an American solution to it: He said to the rich man, "I have so many other patients

and sometimes your session takes three hours, four hours, five hours. You have time, you have money. I have a humble suggestion to make. I will keep a tape recorder which will listen to you. My four or five hours will be saved and at night when I have time, I can listen to the tape."

The rich man said, "Great!"

The next day when the psychoanalyst was entering his office, he saw the rich man coming out. He said, "So quick? Are you finished?"

He said, "No, I have also brought my tape recorder. My tape recorder is talking to your tape recorder. Why should I waste five hours? When tape recorders can do it, what is the need of me coming every day?"

This is how, slowly slowly, man becomes more and more mechanical. He says things, he lives a life, but it is all like a robot.

Dale Carnegie, one of America's most famous philosophers -- he would not be recognized as a philosopher anywhere else except in America -- but his book, HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE has sold second only to THE BIBLE. And it is full of crap. He suggests that every husband, at least three or four times a day, should say to his wife, "Darling, I love you so much, I cannot live without you. I cannot conceive of myself without you." Whether you mean it or not does not matter.

Do you see the phoniness? If you are in love, it is so difficult to say "I love you," because words fall short. And to repeat three, four times a mechanical routine... you don't mean anything, you are just a grammaphone record. Perhaps the needle on the record is stuck: "Darling, I love

you." And the darling also answers, and deep inside both hate each other: "This is the woman who has destroyed my freedom. This is the man who has put me into a prison."
Love is the highest value. That's why Jesus could say, "God is love." But his statement is two thousand years old. It needs some refinement, it needs to be made up-to-date. God is not love.
I say unto you: Love is god. And there is a vast difference between the two, although the same words are used. If God is love, that simply means it is only one of the qualities of God. He may have many other qualities: he may be wise, he may be just, fair. He may be forgiveness.
But when you say "Love is god," the statement is totally different. Then god itself becomes a quality of those who know how to love. Then there is no need to believe in God... because it is only a hypothesis. And it is up to you what to make of the hypothesis.
The Jewish God in the Old Testament says, "I am a very angry God, I'm very jealous. I am not nice! Remember, I am not your uncle! I cannot tolerate another God." The Mohammedans have inherited the Jewish conception of God. That's why they have been destroying statues and temples, beautiful pieces of art: because there is only one God and one holy book and one messenger, Mohammed. This is a fascist attitude, ugly, inhuman. What is the problem if there are millions of gods? The world will be far richer. Why are you stuck with one god?
Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, all such religions which believe in one god believe in dictatorship, not in democracy. What is the problem?

Gautam Buddha is perhaps the first democratic religious person, who says that every man is a potential god and finally, all are going to blossom into godhood. This has a beauty.

Almustafa did not answer those people. Instead he cried, wept, tears came to his eyes because their questions were phony. They were asking simply to show others that they were knowledgeable. You know perfectly well the distinction between a knowledgeable question and an authentic quest. When you want to exhibit your knowledge, there is no quest in your heart. You are asking to show that you are not ignorant.

In fact, before asking the question, you already know the answer -- not by your own experience, but borrowed....

A great philosopher in Gautam Buddha's time came to see him. He brought his five hundred disciples with him. Buddha never refused anybody. Even at the last moment when he was dying, he asked if anybody had a question because "Now, I am going, my ship has arrived. And I don't want it to be said by future generations that Gautam Buddha was alive and yet he did not answer an authentic question."

The same man asked the philosopher, "Is it your question or a quest?"

The philosopher said, "What is the difference?"

Buddha said, "The difference is unbridgeable, of the earth and the sky. A quest is a thirst. A question is a mind game. If you have a quest, I am ready to answer. But if it is only a question, don't waste my time."

Almustafa did not answer those people amongst whom he had lived for twelve years and who had never asked

anything. But when Almitra, the woman who had recognized him on the first day in the city of Orphalese, asked -- he answered. And he answered with such beauty, with such poetry, with such truth. Perhaps nobody else has answered that way -- not even a person like Krishna, who answered his disciple Arjuna's questions after questions. Perhaps Arjuna's questions are authentic, but Krishna's answers are not. He is not concerned with the quest. His whole concern is political -- somehow to persuade Arjuna to participate in the war. So he goes on answering in different ways which contradict each other and finally, when he finds that his answers are not convincing to Arjuna, he resorts to the last thing which any dictator is bound to fall upon.

Finally, he says, "It is God's will that you should participate in the war." It is strange that God is speaking to him and not to Arjuna directly. If I had been in the place of Arjuna, I would have said, "It may be God's will for you -- fight! But as far as I am concerned, it is God's will not to fight but to renounce this whole nonsense of destroying and killing people and move deeper into the Himalayas to meditate." But he became afraid. If it is God's will, he has to fight. He forgot a simple thing -- why does God always need mediators? Why can't he speak directly?

In fact, there is no God. These mediators are the most cunning people in the world. In the name of God, they are forcing their own ideas. Because they cannot force through their arguments, their final strategy is to bring God in.

I have wondered always: Is God your real question? Anybody's? It is philosophical, intellectual, hypothetical --

but what will you do if you meet God? And what is the point of meeting God? No, that is not the real quest of man. Almitra does not ask Almustafa, "Speak to us of God." No, she asks:

SPEAK TO US OF LOVE.

It has to be noted that only a woman can ask about love. Man wants to know God or to become God. These are power trips.
Love is not a power trip. Love is the only experience in which you become humble, simple, innocent.
And what does Almustafa say? Meditate over it. Each single word is of immense significance:

AND HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED UPON THE PEOPLE...

Before answering, you have to look into the hearts of people -- to see whether there is any stirring, whether love is their quest. Almitra has asked a very fundamental question; the most fundamental question. But what about the people, the crowd who have gathered there?

AND THERE FELL A STILLNESS UPON THEM.

A great silence, because those were simple people, and as Almustafa looked around into their eyes, into their faces, there was a great silence. Those simple people really wanted to know what Almitra had asked about. Perhaps they were not articulate enough to ask the question; Almitra

had become their voice. She represents their hearts. Seeing that....

AND WITH A GREAT VOICE HE SAID:
WHEN LOVE BECKONS TO YOU, FOLLOW HIM...

Do not doubt, do not be skeptical, because love is beckoning you towards something you have not known. Although you have the seed... but the seed has not known its own flower. When love beckons to you, you are blessed; Follow him.
THOUGH HIS WAYS ARE HARD AND STEEP.

Love is not just a bed of roses.

AND WHEN HIS WINGS ENFOLD YOU YIELD TO HIM...

Do not resist, do not be reluctant, do not go half-hearted. Don't be wishy-washy.

THOUGH THE SWORD HIDDEN AMONG HIS PINIONS MAY WOUND YOU.

And love certainly wounds people, but that wound is something like a surgical operation. You are carrying so much hate -- that hate has to be destroyed. For a time you may feel a wound, an empty space where hate used to be.

AND WHEN HE SPEAKS TO YOU BELIEVE IN HIM...

He's not saying believe in what he speaks, remember. He is saying when he speaks, believe in him. There is a very subtle distinction. If I am speaking to you, you can believe in what I am speaking -- that will be from the head, and that is not going to help in any way because tomorrow somebody may speak against it, with better arguments, with more logic. Then you will shift.

Almustafa is saying believe in him, not what he is saying. This is a tremendously potential statement: Whenever a master speaks, do not be too much bothered about his words. If the words can only help you to believe in the authenticity of the master, they have done their work. When you believe in a person, it is from the heart. It is not an argument. When you believe in words, it is from the head. It is just an argument.

Life is not an argument, and love is not an argument. It is a meeting of two hearts, two beings -- two bodies become one. That is what Almustafa is saying:

THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS...

It is going to shatter your dreams. It is going to shatter your sleep, it is going to shatter you. Just believing in words will not shatter anything in you. On the contrary, you will become more knowledgeable, your ego more decorated.

THOUGH HIS VOICE MAY SHATTER YOUR DREAMS AS THE NORTH WIND LAYS WASTE THE GARDEN.

FOR EVEN AS LOVE CROWNS YOU SO SHALL HE CRUCIFY YOU.

Never before has anybody spoken, in a single sentence, the whole alchemy of man's transformation. Love will crown you but it will also crucify you. It will crucify you as you have been, your past, and it will crown you as you should be, your future. Love is both: a crowning and a crucifixion. Because of this, millions of people miss the glory of love. The crucifixion makes them afraid... and what is the point of being crowned if you are going to be crucified?
But you are not one, you are many. The real you will be crowned and the false personalities will be crucified, and these processes are going to happen simultaneously. On the one hand, death; on the other hand, a resurrection.

EVEN AS HE IS FOR YOUR GROWTH SO IS HE FOR PRUNING.

You have grown so many ugly things in your life. They have to be pruned -- and that pruning is not against your growth. In fact, those ugly things that you have gathered around yourself -- jealousy, domination, continuous effort to have the upper hand -- will not allow you to experience love.
When I read that sentence, I remember my gardener, Mukta. She goes on pruning my trees. I know what she's doing is right, because unless you prune them, they will not grow.
But whenever she sees me -- once in a while I come out of the room and she hides her garden scissors. Mukta, from

today, there is no need to hide. But only prune that which is against the growth of the tree. Don't prune according to your ideas of how the tree should be. Let the tree be itself. Give it freedom... and if a gardener cannot love his own trees, who is going to love? Prune whenever you see that this will help to bring more foliage, more growth, more leaves, more flowers.

I am not against pruning. I had told her not to do this because there was, six years ago, a beautiful creeper on the back fence of my garden. But it was wild, and Mukta is a Greek. Just to prune it, she named it "The Monster." This is one of the strategies of human mind. Whenever you want to destroy something, first you give it a name -- that becomes the argument for you. That poor creeper was not a monster. Yes, it was wild, but to be wild is not to be a monster. I am wild... but do you think you can prune me? I have not even cut a single hair of my beard -- they are the originals. You all have unoriginal beards. I have never cut a single hair of my mustache.

Just a few days ago, there was a question: "Osho, everything you say reaches my heart but one question remains: how do you manage to eat?" I can understand his question -- an unpruned mustache has almost covered my lips. That's why I never come to eat with you. I always eat alone just to protect my original hair. It is a little difficult.

EVEN AS HE ASCENDS TO YOUR HEIGHT AND CARESSES YOUR TENDEREST BRANCHES THAT QUIVER IN THE SUN...

You will enjoy it when love reaches to your heights with tenderness, caressing your branches dancing in the wind and in the sun and in the rain. But that is only the half of it.

SO SHALL HE DESCEND TO YOUR ROOTS AND SHAKE THEM IN THEIR CLINGING TO THE EARTH.

And you cannot choose one and avoid the other. Love is a solid phenomenon, it cannot be cut into fragments. Just as your heights need to be showered by love, your roots which are clinging to the earth have to be shaken, because every clinging is an imprisonment. Love would like to give you wings to fly -- and with a clinging mind, with attachment, it is impossible to fly in the open sky. Just to cling to the earth, you have grown great roots going deep down so that nobody can shake you. It is out of fear, but fear is just the opposite pole of freedom.

Don't cling to anything -- not even to the person you love. Clinging will destroy the very love to which you were clinging. Don't become a bondage.

I have heard.... A great freedom fighter had gone for a holiday in the hills. On the way, he stopped for a night's rest in a small caravanserai. The owner of the serai had a beautiful parrot, and in accordance with his beauty, he had made a golden cage studded with diamonds. The owner also loved freedom, so he had taught the parrot only one word: "Freedom." The whole day long the parrot used to call, "Freedom! Freedom!" and his voice would echo and re-echo in the valleys.

This freedom fighter thought, "This is strange. I know the owner; he's my friend. I know his love for freedom -- that's

why he has taught his parrot only one word, "Freedom." But this is very contradictory. If he loves freedom, let the parrot be free. Even the golden cage studded with diamonds is not freedom." So he waited. In the middle of the night the parrot again shouted, "Freedom! Freedom!" and in the silences around, the voice of the parrot echoed far and wide.

The man came out. It was night and the owner was asleep. No one was around. He opened the door of the cage and waited... such a freedom-loving parrot, seeing the door open, will immediately fly into the sky. But instead of flying into the sky, the parrot clung hard to his golden cage. But the freedom fighter was not a man to be defeated by a parrot. He put his hand inside the cage, pulled the parrot out... and while he was pulling the parrot out, the parrot was hitting his hand, scratching his hand and still shouting, "Freedom! Freedom!" His whole hand was full of blood, but he threw the parrot into the open sky on a fullmoon night. The hand was wounded, but he felt deeply contented that the parrot was free.

He went to sleep. In the morning he was awakened again by the same voice: "Freedom!" He said, "My god, he has come back!" He looked out. The door was still open and the parrot was inside.

Love will caress you. But it will also go deep down to your roots and shake them to make you free.

It is something to be remembered: most of us go on living in a contradiction. On the one hand we want freedom; on the other hand, we go on clinging to something. Freedom is a risk. In the cage, the parrot is safe, secure. In freedom,

although he gains the whole existence, the whole sky, he loses the safety and the security.
But freedom is such a value, anything can be sacrificed for it. And love needs absolute freedom to grow. Only then can you make the whole sky your home. People afraid of insecurity, unsafety, choose just the word love but never experience it.
If you want to experience love, you will have to risk everything and all -- all your clingings, all your future safeties. But instead of sacrificing clingings and safeties and securities, man in his deep sleep has sacrificed love and saved the security.
That is what your marriage is -- love is sacrificed; security is there. Of course in marriage there is security, there is safety; there is a guarantee that tomorrow also the wife will be available to you, the husband will be taking care of you. But what about love? Then love becomes an empty word. Be aware of empty words, and particularly words like love, which are higher than God -- God is only a quality of love. Don't go on carrying an empty container with no content in it. This is your misery, the misery of the whole humanity. Nobody loves.
Love is risky.
I teach you to take all the risks, because even a single moment of love is equal to the whole eternity. And a life without love may be immortal, but will be just a graveyard. Nothing will blossom. You will be secure -- but what will you do with your security?

LIKE SHEAVES OF CORN HE GATHERS YOU UNTO HIMSELF.

But if you are clinging to something else, how can existence, or God, or love, gather you unto himself? He threshes you to make you naked because you are covered with so many fake personalities. Your face is not your original face. There are so many masks.

HE THRESHES YOU TO MAKE YOU NAKED.
HE SIFTS YOU TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR HUSKS.
HE GRINDS YOU TO WHITENESS.

The word "whiteness" has to be understood -- it is not a color. The whole rainbow you can have, but you will miss two colors which you have become accustomed to -- black and white. And why have all the mystics condemned the black and praised the white?
White is not a color but all the colors. If you mix all the colors of the rainbow, whiteness arises. So whiteness is basically a great synthesis of all the colors of life. And if you remove all the colors, then there is blackness. Blackness is negativity, blackness is no. Blackness is death. Whiteness is positivity, whiteness is yes, whiteness is God. Whiteness is love.

HE KNEADS YOU UNTIL YOU ARE PLIANT;
AND THEN HE ASSIGNS YOU TO HIS SACRED FIRE,
THAT YOU MAY BECOME SACRED BREAD FOR GOD'S SACRED FEAST.

All the religions of the world had been teaching people to fast. Almustafa is talking about the feast. Against all the

religions, I am in agreement with Almustafa. Life is not a fasting, it is a continuous feast -- a celebration, a festival of lights.
Love transforms your life into a festival of lights.
And unless your life becomes a feast and a festival, remember: you have not done the thing you have come for on this earth.

ALL THESE THINGS SHALL LOVE DO UNTO YOU THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE SECRETS OF YOUR HEART, AND IN THAT KNOWLEDGE BECOME A FRAGMENT OF LIFE'S HEART.
BUT IF IN YOUR FEAR YOU WOULD SEEK ONLY LOVE'S PEACE AND LOVE'S PLEASURE, THEN IT IS BETTER FOR YOU THAT YOU COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF LOVE'S THRESHING-FLOOR...

People want love but they don't want to be prepared for all the threshing, the fire that they have to pass through. They think love is just pleasure. It is not. Love is far more: it is blissfulness, it is the ultimate benediction. But you will have to drop the fear.
The man who is full of fear will never know the sweet taste of love. And if you have not known love, you have not known anything: all your knowledge is useless, all your treasures are useless. All your respectabilities are useless. Almustafa says rightly:

THEN... COVER YOUR NAKEDNESS AND PASS OUT OF LOVE'S THRESHING-FLOOR, INTO THE

SEASONLESS WORLD WHERE YOU SHALL LAUGH, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR LAUGHTER, AND WEEP, BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR TEARS.

You will never know anything in its wholeness, in its totality. You will laugh but your laughter will be superficial. You will weep but your tears will be crocodile tears. Your life will always remain just a potentiality, it will never become a reality. And you will live your life in sleep -- unconscious.

I will give you an example of sleep and unconsciousness. The police commissioner -- I can forgive him but I cannot forget him -- had to withdraw his order that I should leave Poona within thirty minutes, because he could not provide any reason. I have never committed a crime. This is my birthright, to move freely -- at least in this country. But to withdraw his order was against his ego. It took almost the whole day... how to phrase a small withdrawal? If he withdraws it, it will look like he is stupid: "Then why did you issue it if you don't have any reason?" He will not cancel it because, "If you were going to cancel it, then why in the first place did you issue it?"

My attorneys were sitting in his office and he would go in the back room to consult with his subordinates -- or perhaps the Hindu chauvinist people who were behind the whole scene; the same person who has thrown a dagger at me -- they were his advisors!

Finally, he came with a form... and it will show you the sleepiness and unconsciousness of man.

He said, "I cannot say it is a withdrawal; I cannot cancel it. I can only suspend it. That means that at any moment I can cancel the suspension."

He's unable to give any reason right now. Still, he wants it to be a "suspended order," and that too, not without conditions. I had told my attorney, Tathagat, that "Compromise is not possible on any account. I would prefer even to be shot or crucified but compromise, no. So remember if there is the word `compromise' anywhere, I am not going to accept it."

So he told him, "You are imposing conditions and compromise. My master is not going to accept it, you will have to change it."

Again, he went inside and came with the idea that "We will not call it compromise and we will not call it conditions; we will call these norms. I am giving you these norms, but you will have to sign that these are the norms of your ashram."

Who is he to dictate norms to us? Can he dictate norms to Mohammedans? Can he dictate norms to Hindus? Can he dictate norms to Christians? He knew it, that's why he has not signed it.

We are giving him -- in writing -- our norms, although he has dictated them. Each word he has considered with his people. One knows not who was behind it -- some holy ghost! And the norms are so stupid.

One norm is that nobody should be allowed to smoke cigarettes. While he was giving these norms, all the people in his office were smoking cigarettes, and he asked Tathagat, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

This is unconsciousness. This man must be in deep slumber. He himself is smoking!
Another norm: that nobody should be allowed to drink alcohol. In this country, alcohol is not prohibited. Many times they have tried -- particularly people like Morarji Desai, who are ready to drink their own urine! -- but they have tried to enforce that nobody should drink alcohol. It became a crime. Many times it has been done -- and withdrawn, because what happens? The moment they stop it, people start making their own alcohol. It goes underground. More people start drinking than ever, because whenever you prevent people from something it becomes more attractive; there must be something in it.
Thousands of people have died in India because alcohol was prohibited. People were making their own alcohol. They don't know how to make it and they don't know what is available in the black market. Thousands of people were poisoned by drinking the alcohol they were getting from the black market, because now there was no question of any standard, no government check-up on it.
And alcohol at least is vegetarian.
I will tell Tathagat when he comes back: "Go there. One more norm is needed: that nobody is allowed to drink his own urine. He can drink somebody else's, that is another thing...."

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #7

Chapter title: Love possesses not
11 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF.
LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED;
FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE.
WHEN YOU LOVE YOU SHOULD NOT SAY, "GOD IS IN MY HEART," BUT RATHER, "I AM IN THE HEART OF GOD."
AND THINK NOT YOU CAN DIRECT THE COURSE OF LOVE, FOR LOVE, IF IT FINDS YOU WORTHY, DIRECTS YOUR COURSE.
LOVE HAS NO OTHER DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.
BUT IF YOU LOVE AND MUST NEEDS HAVE DESIRES, LET THESE BE YOUR DESIRES:
TO MELT AND BE LIKE A RUNNING BROOK THAT SINGS ITS MELODY TO THE NIGHT.
TO KNOW THE PAIN OF TOO MUCH TENDERNESS.
TO BE WOUNDED BY YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE;
AND TO BLEED WILLINGLY AND JOYFULLY.
TO WAKE AT DAWN WITH A WINGED HEART AND GIVE THANKS FOR ANOTHER DAY OF LOVING;
TO REST AT THE NOON HOUR AND MEDITATE LOVE'S ECSTASY;

TO RETURN HOME AT EVENTIDE WITH GRATITUDE;
AND THEN TO SLEEP WITH A PRAYER FOR THE BELOVED IN YOUR HEART AND A SONG OF PRAISE UPON YOUR LIPS.

Almustafa has the deepest insight into love that anyone has ever shown. These are not the words of a philosopher, these are the experiences of a mystic.
Almustafa is just a name. It is Kahlil Gibran who is speaking through him -- and for a special reason. He could have spoken directly in his own name; there was no need for Almustafa to be a medium. But Kahlil Gibran does not want to create a religion, although whatever he has said is the fundamental religiousness. To avoid it... because in the name of religion so much inhumanity to human beings has been done, so much bloodshed....
Millions of people have been killed. Thousands have been burned alive. The moment any religion becomes organized and crystallized it becomes a danger to all that is valuable in life. Then it is no longer the path to God, it becomes an excuse for war.
Kahlil Gibran keeps himself hiding behind Almustafa so people don't start worshipping him, so people don't continue the ugly past. Rather than saying directly what he wants to say, he has created a device: Almustafa. Because of Almustafa, his book is not counted as a holy book -- although it is one of the most holy books in the world. Compared to it, all other holy books will appear unholy. He created Almustafa so that his book would be taken as fiction, as poetry. This is his compassion, and this is his

greatness. You can look in all the holy scriptures; you will not find words so alive that they go directly like arrows into your heart. And you will find much that is inhuman, unworthy of remaining in those holy scriptures. But man is so blind -- just the small fiction of Almustafa, and people have forgotten a simple fact: that these truths cannot be asserted unless you have experienced them, unless they are your own.

Kahlil Gibran has prepared the ground for me. He has sown the seeds in unknown fields, in "unremembered seasons." I am here in the right time for the harvest.

You are my harvest. You are the fruits and the flowers. Talking on Kahlil Gibran is just to remind you about your seeds. And also, something more important....

There is an ancient story in the land of Kahlil Gibran -- one of the most beautiful lands on the earth, Lebanon. It is famous only for two things -- Kahlil Gibran and thousands-of-years-old cedar trees which are still trying to reach towards the stars.

Kahlil Gibran was also doing that. The cedars of Lebanon have not succeeded yet, but Kahlil Gibran has succeeded. Perhaps one day those cedars will also reach to the stars.

One of the most important Dutch painters, Vincent van Gogh -- perhaps the most important as far as insight, understanding is concerned -- in all his paintings, his trees always go beyond the stars; the stars are left behind. He was thought mad by his contemporaries. He was asked again and again: "Where have you seen trees growing above the faraway stars?"

Vincent van Gogh said, "I have not seen them, but sitting by the side of the trees, I have heard their longings. And I paint the flower even before the seed has been sown."
All his stars are strange: he has painted them as spirals. Even the painters laughed at him -- "You must be insane. Stars are not spirals." He said, "What can I do? Not only in my dreams but even in my wakefulness, my heart always feels that they are spirals." He could not sell a single painting in his whole life -- who will purchase such paintings? And he painted them with his blood, with his very life.
He used to get from his younger brother just enough money every week so that he could eat two meals a day for seven days. He used to fast three days in the week so he could purchase paints, canvasses. No other painter has painted with such longing, with such deep love.
He lived just to paint; he died when he was thirty-three. And just a few months ago, physicists have come to the conclusion that stars are spirals -- one hundred years afterwards.
The poet has certainly some unknown shortcut to knowing things. He cannot prove it. He is not a scientist, he is not a logician. But the contemporaries are thousands of years behind. It is very rare to find an individual who is authentically contemporary. Rajiv Gandhi, the prime minister of India, won the election on a single slogan: "I want India to enter the twenty-first century." And not a single man in this vast country of nine hundred million people asked him whether the country has yet reached the twentieth century! People are living in thousands-of-years-old superstitions, in ideologies which have no relevance to

truth. And they are not willing to come out of their darkness.
I would like my people to be not only of this century or of the twenty-first century; I would like my people to be the people of the whole future. When you can be masters of the whole future, why unnecessarily remain beggars?
Listen to these words, because these are not words, these are living flames. It is pure fire. If it cannot consume you, you have not heard it:

LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF...

Such a tremendous statement, which will always remain fresh. I cannot conceive of any time in the future when this statement will become out of date. If you can understand it, if you can live it, the whole future also becomes yours. It can open the doors of the unknown reality that awaits you.
Love gives naught but itself... You also give when you are in love -- flowers, ice cream, bhelpuri. But this is not love, this is bargaining, business.
In a small school, the teacher had been insisting on the greatness of Jesus for almost one hour to the students. The school belonged to a church; it was an international school. After one hour, she asked, "Can anyone say who is the greatest man in history?"
A little boy, an American, said, "Abraham Lincoln."
The teacher could not believe it. For one hour she had been hammering into their heads that Jesus Christ is the highest peak human consciousness has ever achieved, and this idiot says "Abraham Lincoln"!

She said, "You are not wrong, but not right either. Sit down."
Another girl stood up to answer the same question and she said, "Winston Churchill."
The teacher said, "My god!" But because the school was in England and Winston Churchill was the prime minister, she could not say, "You are not right." She said, "You are very close to the truth."
And then a very small boy started waving his hand -- and this was strange, because this boy had never done such a thing. He was a very silent individual.
The teacher said, "What is your answer?"
He said, "There is no question; everybody knows Jesus Christ is the greatest man in the world."
The teacher was shocked even more, because the boy was a Jew. But there was a seal waiting -- whoever gives the right answer is going to win the seal. The little boy, carrying the big seal, was followed by the teacher and caught outside the school. The teacher said, "Listen, are you not a Jew?"
He said, "Of course I am. What is the problem? Why are you following me?"
She said, "Being a Jew... and you declare Jesus Christ to be the greatest man in the world?"
He laughed. He said, "Ah, yes. In the deepest core of my heart, I know that Moses is the greatest man in the world. But business is business."
Love is not business, but man has reduced love into business.
Love gives only itself because there is nothing higher to give. Can you think of anything greater? anything more valuable?

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself -- that is even more significant to understand. Love knows only giving; even the idea of getting something in return does not arise. But this is the miracle of existence: if you give love, love returns a thousandfold back to you, your own love.

There is no need to be a beggar. Love makes you an emperor. It gives itself, and strangely enough finds that the same love has become a thousandfold and has returned from all directions. The more you give it the more you have it.

Humanity looks so poor because we have forgotten the cosmic law. Instead of giving, love has become a beggar, it is continuously asking. The wife is asking, "Give me love, I am your wife." The husband is saying, "Give me love." Everyone is asking "Give me love." Who is going to give? -- all are beggars.

You should come near an emperor like me, who gives and goes on giving, because it is an inexhaustible source.

And the more I have loved people, the more I was surprised: my love has increased and I can give more.

I have heard a story:

A man's dog died. He had been very loving towards the dog, and the dog was rare -- a beautiful piece of art. It was not just an ordinary dog; generations of crossbreeding had created it. The man was very sad. He went to the same pet shop where he had purchased the first dog, and said that he wanted something better; otherwise he would not be able to forget his old dog.

The owner said, "Don't be worried. I have a very rare dog -- and very cheap." He showed him the dog and certainly, the

man had never seen such a beautiful dog with such a philosophical face, with such loving eyes, with such a beautiful body.
He said, "I am ready to pay anything."
But the owner said, "He's not very costly, he's the cheapest dog I have. There are more costly dogs if you want."
The man went around and he was surprised: those costly dogs were nothing compared to that cheap dog. He asked the owner: "I'm puzzled and confused. Why are you selling that dog so cheap?"
The owner said, "You don't understand. First purchase it, and then you will understand."
So he purchased the dog -- at such a cheap price! You could not even get a vagabond dog from the street at that price.
Puzzled, he went home. In the morning he looked and the dog had disappeared. He said, "My god, where has the dog gone? The house was locked and I am alone."
He rushed back to the shop and the dog was there, sitting in his place. The owner said, "Have you understood why he is the cheapest dog? He always comes back. He has been sold a thousand times but he is so obedient.... You can have him," he said, "but what is the point?"
When I read the story I could remember only one thing in my experience... because I don't have a dog, although dogs come once in awhile. But I know about love. It is not only cheap, it has no price at all. To be loving costs nothing, and yet it always comes back a thousandfold. You go on becoming richer and richer. It is a strange economics of existence.

LOVE GIVES NAUGHT BUT ITSELF AND TAKES NAUGHT BUT FROM ITSELF.
LOVE POSSESSES NOT NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED.

The moment you possess anything, you have killed it. And millions are the people in the world who have killed their love with their own hands. They should look at their hands -- they are covered with the blood of their own love. And now they are miserable; they never wanted to kill, there was no intention to kill, but in their unconsciousness they started possessing. If they loved someone, they wanted to possess that person totally. Husbands are possessing their wives, wives are posessing their husands, parents are possessing their children. Teachers are trying in every possible way to possess their students. Politicians are trying to possess countries. Religions are trying to possess millions of people and their lives.
They are all murderers, because the moment you try to possess, you have killed.
Life thrives only in freedom.
If you love, you will give more and more freedom to your beloved.
And love never allows anyone to possess it -- because love is your very soul. If you allow somebody to possess it, you have committed suicide.
So either love is murdered or commits suicide. People are simply walking corpses with begging bowls, searching for love, for warmth, for tenderness. And they are not going to find it because they have created a stupid society, they have created a mad world.

The basis of everybody going neurotic or psychotic is simple: their souls are not nourished. Love is the very nourishment. You can have all the wealth of the world; if you don't have love, you are the poorest man -- unnecessarily burdened with wealth, palaces, empires.

But one who loves, one who has known the secret of love -- not to possess and not to be possessed -- is really born again. He has become, in the true sense, alive. He will have all the beautiful experiences of life, all the great ecstasies of existence.

If love grows in your heart, you are pregnant with God. It is God growing within you. Slowly, slowly you will disappear and there will only be pure godliness. It is felt....

Those who have been close to Gautam Buddha or Mahavira have felt it. It is a strange story that neither Mahavira believes in God nor Buddha believes in God. People think that they are atheists, but no, absolutely no. They don't believe in God because they themselves are God.

You believe in God because your God is somewhere high beyond the sky; you are just a creature, creeping on the earth. Why should a Buddha believe in God? He's within him, he himself has become the temple of God. So although they denied the existence of God, the reason for the denial was not the same as the reason of an atheist.

The atheist denies God because God cannot be proved logically. The atheist should deny love too, because love also cannot be proved logically.

I have known many atheists and I have asked them only one question: "Have you ever fallen in love?"

And they were surprised. They said, "Why are you changing the subject? We were talking about God."

I said, "I am not changing the subject, I am coming to the subject. Have you ever fallen in love?"
They said, "Yes, we have loved."
"Then," I said, "think once again. Can you prove scientifically, rationally, logically, that love exists?"
They said, "We cannot."
"Then," I said, "stop denying God, because for the same reasons, you have been denying God."
Only a man like Gautam Buddha has the right to deny God, because he has found him. And he has found him not somewhere else, but in himself. Now, God is not an object but his own subjectivity.
And it is strange that these two persons, Gautam Buddha and Mahavira, are the only people in the whole world who have preached nonviolence. Non-violence is their word for love. They avoided the word `love' because love has got into wrong company. You go to a prostitute and you say, "I love you." Love has fallen into the gutter. That's why they had to find something virgin, pure. But it means love: "nonviolence."
And at the same time I must remind you that the people who have believed in God in the sky have not been nonviolent. Mohammed is not nonviolent; neither is Moses, nor is Jesus.
In twenty centuries, Christians have killed so many people that it is impossible to count them. Mohammedans have been killing continuously for fourteen centuries, and the people who are Mohammedans are not those who are converted because of the truth; they are converted because they are cowards. Mohammedanism came to people with a sword in one hand and the HOLY KORAN in another:

"You can choose. There is no need of any argument, the sword is the argument." Those who had some guts died rather than choosing out of fear.

Love cannot arise out of fear. The Christians have changed the tactics because the times have changed, but the story is the same: THE HOLY BIBLE in one hand and a loaf of bread in another: "You can choose." Have you seen anybody being converted to Christianity because of its higher values, greater truth, deeper insights? Have you seen anybody who is rich, cultured, educated being converted to Christianity? No, it needs beggars, it needs orphans, because they need food. They are hungry. They are not hungry for truth; they are hungry for bread, they are hungry for a shelter, they are hungry for clothes. Is this conversion?

The Christian church of America got annoyed with me for the simple reason that the well-educated, talented, young generation was coming to me. And my hands are empty; there is neither a sword nor bread nor a HOLY KORAN nor a HOLY BIBLE.

I can only give you my love, because I know it is going to come back.

Christians became annoyed. They were not annoyed with Vivekananda because Vivekananda was being political. He was telling them, "It is all the same: Christianity, Hinduism, their teachings are all the same." There was no problem with him. They were not afraid of Ramateertha.... Why should they have been so annoyed with me? For almost one year, my sannyasins in Italy -- which is the citadel of Catholic Christianity -- have been trying to get just a three-week tourist visa for me, and the pope goes on

interfering with the government. Just today I received the message that now it has become a burning question in Italy that the government does not say no. If they say no, then my sannyasins are going to the court. And they cannot say yes, because the pope, and the votes....

Finally, one political party of radical revolutionaries saw the whole game: For one year continuously! -- you should answer, either yes or no. But you always go on saying "tomorrow" and tomorrow never comes. Now the radical revolutionary party has insisted to the prime minister of Italy that, "Either you give the visa or you deny it."

If the pope can enter India, then who are you to prevent me? And when the pope came to India I welcomed him, and I condemned the people who were throwing stones at him and were protesting that he should go back. I condemned those people, the Hindu chauvinists. These are the signs of weakness. If the pope is coming, invite him, welcome him for a discussion. You have your shankaracharyas -- have open-forum discussions all over the country. And if he is right, let this country be Christian, because the question is not whether Hindu or Christian, the question is to be always with the truth.

I have been challenging the pope continually -- I am ready to come to the Vatican, his own city, amongst his own people. I am ready to discuss not anything else but Catholic Christianity. And my condition is simple: if you can defeat me, I will become a Catholic Christian, but if you are defeated, then you have to become a sannyasin! And the Vatican has to become my headquarters.

But such impotent people... they will not say anything, and they will go on pressuring the prime minister: "Votes... if

this man is allowed, then Catholic votes will not be given to you." Now, the whole country is Catholic, and you will not find politicians who have any spine. These are spineless creatures.

One young man, Suraj Kalmadhi, from Poona, is now the opposition leader in the parliament. He has been sending messages to me saying, "You come back to India; I will fight for you in the parliament." And I have come to Poona -- now he should at least fight with the police commissioner. But spineless....

Yes, there are a few people who are not to be categorized with these spineless ones: Balasaheb R. Borade from the City Youth Congress has written to me, saying that "We will fight for you." And today, the Mayor of Poona, Ulhas Dhole Patil came, saying that "Whatever has happened is so ugly that I have come just to apologize. Forgive us; it should not have happened." He has written a letter to me, saying, "You are welcome in the city of Poona and I want you to stay here forever." And just now he came again and told my secretary, Neelam: "I am going to pass a resolution in the Poona Corporation that the Corporation should ask forgiveness, and ask that you please don't leave Poona, but remain here."

There are a few people still alive, it seems, in this city of the dead. Perhaps a few more dead people will start standing up, coming out of their graves, because I am not going to tolerate this police commissioner here. Either I am going to be here or he is going to be here! I don't believe in compromising.

I am a nonviolent person; I have never killed even an ant. But the day I found, in the early morning in the darkness of

my room, shouting, forcing the door... I opened my eyes. Half asleep, I saw two ghostlike people. I wondered -- since when have ghosts started wearing uniforms? I asked them, "Who are you? And on what authority have you entered my bedroom?"

And those stupid guys had no answers. They just threw a paper over my face. I had no idea what it was; I tore it up and threw it away. That was the only moment in my life I have thought of having a revolver; those two ghosts must have gone out of my bedroom dead, not living.

I would like to tell Ulhas Dhole Patil: If you really mean it -- and I think you really mean what you say -- then this police commissioner and those two idiots should be immediately transferred from here. They are becoming the cause of condemnation for the whole city, for the coming generations, forever.

You just look at what ideas he has suggested, and enforced. And these people Rajiv Gandhi is thinking to take into the twenty-first century! -- in bullock carts, I hope. Instead of bullocks, these people will be good.

His conditions... and he has not even the guts to say, "These are my conditions." He persuaded the office, the ashram in-charge, Svabhav, to sign saying that "These are our ideas," that "we will abide by the following norms." And you just look at the norms.

About two norms, I talked this morning. But then I found it is a long list. You have to understand it, and you have to make the whole city understand it.

First: only for two hours a discourse is allowed. Is this the freedom for which thousands of people died? Is this the freedom for which Bharat Singh was crucified? Is this the

freedom for which, for one hundred years continuously, the country was struggling? And it goes against the constitution of India. A third-rate government servant violating the constitution of India -- who is he to tell me that my discourse should be only for two hours? It will never be. But his stupidity knows no limits.

Second: only five meditations, one hour each. In the country where meditation was born, in the country where there are one hundred twelve meditations, in the country where all the geniuses for almost ten thousand years have done nothing but meditate... a police commissioner ordering us that we will abide, and we will do only five meditations, each meditation only for one hour. How much does he know about meditation? If he has any guts, he should come here and first let us decide how much he knows about meditation. I don't think he can even give the names of one hundred twelve meditations; to know about meditation is a totally different thing.

And the constitution gives us religious freedom. Why only for us? -- if you are making it a law, then it should be for the whole country; for all the temples, for all the mosques, for all GURUDWARAS.

This is a temple of God. Nobody can say to us that we cannot meditate for more than one hour.

Today he is saying.... I warn the people of Poona: this insane person should be removed immediately, because today he is imposing himself on a small, nonviolent group of people who have done no harm to anybody -- "You should meditate only one hour." My discourse should be only for two hours. Soon he will be imposing on you -- "Your intercourse should be only for two hours." What

about intercourse? What about himself? What is the limit he has imposed upon himself? How long, three minutes?
And Third: discourses will be open to police officers. Why? Discourses are for the disciples. This is not a police academy. And do you think your police officers will be able to understand the discourses? Only idiots enter into the service of police. And why should discourses be open to police officers? If they are interested, they should come here as disciples; they are open to all.
But we cannot allow specifically police officers -- they can come here as human beings. Have they lost their humanity completely?
And not only police officers -- their men accompanying them... Who are these "men"? Shiv Sena people? Hindu chauvinists? Who are these "men" who are going to accompany police officers? Why can't they come by themselves? Last time also -- when the same person, Vilas Tupe, had thrown a dagger at me -- they had asked for twenty police officers for my protection. It is strange... now things are more clear, looking retrospectively. It was the police who informed us, "Somebody is going to throw a dagger at Osho, so twenty police officers should be allowed in the discourse -- for protection."
The dagger was thrown and the twenty police officers were just standing there -- they did nothing! It is absolutely clear: they were there to protect Vilas Tupe. Otherwise ten thousand sannyasins might have destroyed Vilas Tupe and not even fragments of his being would have been found anywhere. It was certainly a conspiracy of the police and Vilas Tupe.

And then the police insisted that we need not worry: "It will be a police case." And twenty police officers, eyewitnesses; ten thousand eyewitnesses, sannyasins... and the magistrate simply cancelled the case. It seems the conspiracy was deeper; even the magistrate was involved in it. It was such a clear case, so solid that even if we wanted to lose it, it would be impossible to lose it.

But the strategy was clear. They said, "You need not be worried, we are taking it into our hands. The police will take Vilas Tupe to court." And the police did nothing there. The dagger was there, in the hands of the police, and they remained silent. Within five minutes Vilas Tupe was free. The same man and the same group -- and again the same number of policemen are asking to enter here. This is a simple, logical inference: the men accompanying him are nobody else but Vilas Tupe and his group. He should have also asked that at least one of them should be allowed to carry a dagger!

Fifth: the discourses will not be provocative. Then what is the purpose of the discourse? It has to provoke your sleeping souls, it has to provoke your potential. It has to be provocative; otherwise there is no purpose.

This is not a kindergarten school. This is a school of mysticism and the effort is to provoke in you a longing, a tremendous desire to see the truth.

But who is this man who is trying to destroy my freedom and your freedom?

Sixth: they should not be against any other religion. Hindus can be against Mohammedans; otherwise why don't they go to the mosques for their prayers? Mohammedans can be against Hindus, Christians can be against others.

I am against all religions, because I am a religious person and a religious person is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan nor Christian nor Buddhist. I will speak against all religions because they are pseudo -- they are not true religions. And if he has any intelligence to prove otherwise, he's welcome. If he can prove that the organized religions are true religions... but destroying the freedom of people to be religious is against all human values.

I will speak against all religions. I have to, because I stand for religiousness, not for religions.

Seventh: the number of foreigners residing in the ashram will not be more than one hundred. We don't believe in countries and we don't believe in nations. For us, nobody is a foreigner.

We are children of the same universe, of the same earth -- who is a foreigner? And what right has he got? Where in the constitution is the right given to police commissioners to restrict the number of foreigners listening to a master? From where did he get this number one hundred? -- why not ten thousand? How has he decided for one hundred? It is arbitrary.

And as far as I am concerned and my people are concerned, here nobody is a foreigner. The moment you enter this house of God, you are simply human beings.

And I am not going to change because of these stupid, ordinary public servants who know nothing of religion, who know nothing of humanity, and still.... He has some nerve. But I am going to put him right. He has got into trouble unnecessarily. Whoever gets into trouble with me will repent for his whole life.

And their names will be informed to the police. Here, everybody's name is a sannyas name. They are all rooted in the Sanskrit language. How are you going to find that this name is a foreigner's? I have my own ways....

Nine: the number of foreigners daily visiting the ashram for discourses will not exceed one thousand. This man seems to be... something is either loose in his head or something is too tight. But he need not be worried; we have in our ashram all kinds of mind-mechanics. He can come -- either we will loosen his mind or tighten his mind.

Just one problem about which I am afraid, apprehensive: if there is no mind inside? -- then it is going to be trouble. But we will find some solution.

He does not understand. This is a democracy; this is a free, sovereign country. And if the government allows people from all over the world to enter the country... he seems to be superior to the government.

We are not going to abide by any nonsense, and if this man is not removed, he will have to face me in court. And in court, I am not going to have an advocate; I myself am going to face it.

Tenth: no number of the ashram or visitors is allowed to carry firearms. What about the twenty police officers? They will have to leave their firearms outside, according to his own dictates. He seems to be having nightmares -- nobody has any firearms here. He wants twenty police officers to bring firearms.

My attorney, Tathagat, had told him: "Usually there were seven thousand to ten thousand people from all over the world. You cannot cut the number to one thousand."

And he said, "We don't have enough people to control ten thousand people." This is said by a commissioner! He can control the whole district and he has enough people for the whole commissionery but just for a six-acre area of land, he does not have enough people to control. And who is asking him to control?

We have been here from 1974 and there was never a need to control our people. There has been no fight in the ashram. He does not even understand that the people who have come here have not come here to fight. They have come here to be more loving, to be more honest, to be more sincere, to be more truthful -- they are seekers. There is no need of any control. Nobody controls here.

So he should remember: whoever comes to the doors of this temple -- as a seeker, not as a police officer -- whether his skin is white or black, whether his nose is long or short, he's welcome. And if he has any problem with that, either he can come here... or if he raises such nonsense questions again, I am dragging him into court. And he should not think that in the Poona court the magistrates can be manipulated in the same way they have been before. Because it was a police case, we did not interfere. Now it will be a direct fight with me -- and the case is not going to end in Poona, it will go up to the Supreme Court in Delhi. If justice is not done, then I am going to the people all over the country. This government is nothing but servants of the people.

Then I am going to ask the people of the country to throw out all these idiots. It is better that he pack his suitcases. And he has those two donkeys -- put the suitcases on those

two donkeys and escape! The sooner you do it, the better it will be.

Eleventh: members of the ashram are prohibited from indulging in any obscene behavior in the ashram or outside the ashram. Does he know what the word "obscene" means? The temples of Khajuraho should be demolished by the order of the commissioner of Poona because they are obscene. The temples of Puri should be demolished, the temples of Konark should be demolished. The beautiful caves of Ajanta and Ellora should be demolished.

These are the things which attract the whole world -- and if they are not obscene, then he will have to show, in front of my people, what obscenity is.

You have naked Jaina monks and that is not obscene. You have naked Hindu monks and that is not obscene. And all over the country, you have shivalingas. Shivalinga represents the penis of Shiva and the vagina of Parvati, and they are all over the country -- everywhere, in every city, under any tree. They are not obscene.

I would love to know: Is this police commissioner born not of a woman? Wasn't his father obscene? Wasn't his mother obscene? And while his father was doing all kinds of obscenities to his mother, if my sannyasins had entered the room to give him an invitation... "You are invited for a discourse...."

He is saying "inside the ashram or outside the ashram." The whole of India is obscene. Their scriptures are obscene. He should go to some library and just look into shivapuran and he will find out what obscenity is. And Shiva is one of the gods of the Hindus.

These people are going to teach me? There is nothing obscene in the world. Everything is natural -- it is your interpretation. Yes, I can understand if he had said, "They should not be indulging in any behavior which is obscene outside the ashram." I have no concern outside the ashram. It is their individual responsibility what they are doing or not doing.

And it is for the police commissioner and his police to go to the court and get a clear-cut definition of obscenity. Up to now, all over the world, no court has been able to decide what is obscene and what is not. But I think you have got a police commissioner who knows what is obscene. We would love to see him just give us a little show of his obscenity, so that we can also understand that this is obscene behavior and we are not to do it outside the ashram.

Twelve: the police officers will have the right to visit the ashram during any time of day or night. their lawful directions will be complied with, without any hesitation. Are my sannyasins also allowed to enter your houses during any time of day or night? No sane person could ask that police officers be allowed in the night. For what? We don't need them even in the day! Their faces, their uniforms, their retarded minds -- for what do we need them? No. This is a temple of God, and you will have to act according to our directions. You cannot order us unless we indulge in any crime. If we are murdering people, of course it is lawful for you to ask for permission to enter the premises.

You have seen what has happened in the gurudwara of Amritsar. For three hundred years, the British people were

more intelligent; they never entered the temple of the Sikhs. A temple should be respected.
It is our temple. Do you want to create another Amritsar? Then certainly we will need ten thousand licenses for machine guns. Of course they will be lawful. But if the police behave in such a way, then I am not a Gandhian. I do not believe in violence; but I also do not believe in anybody else doing violence to my people.
We are nonviolent people. We don't need any police. And there is no need for them to enter the premises of the ashram without permission, behaving in the same way they would behave in their own temples. They can come to the gate. That is the limit. Beyond that, it belongs to God -- not to the commissionery of the police commissioner.

LOVE POSSESSES NOT...

And we believe in love, we don't believe in machine guns. But if you force us, you will find yourself destroying your constitution, your democracy, your prestige in the whole world.

NOR WOULD IT BE POSSESSED;
FOR LOVE IS SUFFICIENT UNTO LOVE.

WHEN YOU LOVE YOU SHOULD NOT SAY, "GOD IS IN MY HEART..." because that can become your ego. Hence, Almustafa says: BUT RATHER, "I AM IN THE HEART OF GOD."

He has improved upon the first statement but the second statement, although better, can still be improved. My suggestion is that you should say, "Love is and I am not."

AND THINK NOT YOU CAN DIRECT THE COURSE OF LOVE, FOR LOVE, IF IT FINDS YOU WORTHY, DIRECTS YOUR COURSE.

Relax and trust into love. And allow love to take you. Just as every river goes to the ocean, every small stream of love arising from your heart goes to the universal, to the ultimate, to God.

LOVE HAS NO OTHER DESIRE BUT TO FULFILL ITSELF.
BUT IF YOU LOVE AND MUST NEEDS HAVE DESIRES, LET THESE BE YOUR DESIRES...

But if you are not strong enough to surrender totally to love, and you have other desires too, then Almustafa says, at least have these desires:

TO MELT AND BE LIKE A RUNNING BROOK THAT SINGS ITS MELODY TO THE NIGHT.
TO KNOW THE PAIN OF TOO MUCH TENDERNESS.
TO BE WOUNDED BY YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE:
AND TO BLEED WILLINGLY AND JOYFULLY.
TO WAKE AT DAWN WITH A WINGED HEART AND GIVE THANKS FOR ANOTHER DAY OF LOVING;

TO REST AT THE NOON HOUR AND MEDITATE LOVE'S ECSTASY;
TO RETURN HOME AT EVENTIDE WITH GRATITUDE;

If you cannot let go totally, then slowly slowly, step by step, move towards gratitude.

AND THEN TO SLEEP WITH A PRAYER FOR THE BELOVED IN YOUR HEART AND A SONG OF PRAISE UPON YOUR LIPS.

And don't be bothered by any police commissioners!

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #8
Chapter title: Let there be spaces
12 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN ALMITRA SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID,
AND WHAT OF MARRIAGE, MASTER?
AND HE ANSWERED SAYING:
YOU WERE BORN TOGETHER, AND TOGETHER YOU SHALL BE FOR EVERMORE.
YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER WHEN THE WHITE WINGS OF DEATH SCATTER YOUR DAYS.

AYE, YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER EVEN IN THE SILENT MEMORY OF GOD.
BUT LET THERE BE SPACES IN YOUR TOGETHERNESS.
AND LET THE WINDS OF HEAVENS DANCE BETWEEN YOU.
LOVE ONE ANOTHER, BUT MAKE NOT A BOND OF LOVE:
LET IT RATHER BE A MOVING SEA BETWEEN THE SHORES OF YOUR SOULS.
FILL EACH OTHER'S CUP BUT DRINK NOT FROM ONE CUP.
GIVE ONE ANOTHER OF YOUR BREAD BUT EAT NOT FROM THE SAME LOAF.
SING AND DANCE TOGETHER AND BE JOYOUS, BUT LET EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE,
EVEN AS THE STRINGS OF A LUTE ARE ALONE THOUGH THEY QUIVER WITH THE SAME MUSIC.
GIVE YOUR HEARTS. BUT NOT INTO EACH OTHER'S KEEPING.
FOR ONLY THE HAND OF LIFE CAN CONTAIN YOUR HEARTS.
AND STAND TOGETHER YET NOT TOO NEAR TOGETHER:
FOR THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE STAND APART,
AND THE OAK TREE AND THE CYPRESS GROW NOT IN EACH OTHER'S SHADOW.

Almustafa has spoken of love; the next thing to be considered is marriage, obviously -- but not the marriage that you know. Not the marriage that the whole world has

followed, because it is not out of love. It is not rooted in love; in fact, on the contrary it is a device of the cunning society, the priests and politicians, to bypass love.

Hence in the old days -- and in ancient Eastern countries, even today -- the child marriage has existed. Children know nothing of life, they know nothing of marriage. In their innocence, all the cultures and civilizations have found a good opportunity to exploit them. Before love arises in their hearts they are already in bondage.

The existing marriage is not only not of love, it is against love. It is so destructive that it is impossible to find anything more destructive of human spirit, human joy, human playfulness, human sense of humor.

In a child marriage, the children who are going to be married are not even asked. Astrologers are asked, palmists are asked, the I Ching is consulted, tarot cards are looked into. The decisive factor is not the lives of the children who are going to be married, the decisive factor is the parents on both sides. Love is not at all a concern. They have their own considerations -- the family, the prestige of the family, their respectability in the society, the money that is going to be transferred from the girl's parents to the boy's parents. It is strange that the people who are going to be married, who are going to live a long life ahead of them, are completely excluded. It is a business; everything else is considered.

For example, royal families will only allow their children to marry into another royal family. It is politics -- pure politics. Just look at Europe's royal families: they are all connected in some way or other by marriage. It avoids conflicts, it avoids invasion -- and it makes them stronger. When four or five royal families are connected through

their children, they have five times more power. Although it is absolutely against physiology, against the findings of medical science, still it continues, as if royal blood has some more special quality to it than the blood of a commoner.

Turiya is here. Her husband was also one of my most intimate sannyasins, Vimalkirti. He was the great-grandson of the German emperor -- although the empire is gone, royalty remains.

Vimalkirti was a rebellious spirit. He married out of love -- Turiya, a commoner. The whole family was against it -- not just his own family but many families in Europe, royal families, because it is against their tradition. And naturally, because they're all connected, Vimalkirti became almost an outcast.

If the empire had still been there, Vimalkirti would have been the emperor of Germany. His mother is the daughter of the Queen of Greece. She is also the sister of England's Queen Elizabeth's husband, Prince Philip. She must have other sisters, other brothers, who have entered into other royal families. They were all against it, they tried hard to stop Vimalkirti from marrying Turiya. But he was a man of integrity and intelligence. He could not understand the superstition. Nobody, no expert, if given few samples of blood can find out which is the royal blood. Blood is blood. And when Vimalkirti and Turiya came here, that was really outrageous -- that the great-grandson of the German emperor, the oldest royal family in Europe, should become a sannyasin and be a bodyguard of a beggar like me who has nothing of his own. They have been so furious that when the Queen of Greece died -- and she had become the

Queen Mother because she had so many children; almost all the royal families had become connected through her children -- her last words were, "Somehow bring Vimalkirti, Turiya and their daughter back from that dangerous man."

But Vimalkirti died -- and he died because this stupid idea of royal families marrying. Then you are really marrying your sisters, your brothers -- they are all closely connected. And the closer is the connection, the more dangerous; this is the finding of modern science, medicine, physiology, chemistry. Marriages should be between people who are as far away as possible; then children are healthier, more intelligent, more beautiful. Otherwise, certain diseases go round and round in twelve or fifteen families.

When Vimalkirti died we thought it must have been an accident, because he was exercising and suddenly fell and became unconscious. Every effort was made. In the best hospital... Zareen is here, my sannyasin; Vimalkirti was being treated under her husband, Dr. Modi's care. But all the doctors were convinced: "We could go on keeping him with artificial breathing but he's really dead. It is a brain hemorrhage, nothing can be done." After the fourth day, they insisted that they had other patients, and only one emergency room for people who are in coma. "And Vimalkirti is dead. The moment you remove the artificial breathing, you will see -- he is a corpse."

But I insisted that they at least let his mother and father, his brothers arrive. They were coming. The mother and the brother came, and then finally the doctor said, "It is becoming ridiculous." And the moment the artificial breathing was turned off, it was a corpse.

The father came late -- and these are the royal people -- an old man, who could have been the emperor of Germany. He was not concerned with the death, the possible death of his son, the future of his son's wife, the future of their child. He had gone for a holiday with his girlfriend. And he's just a postmaster, but royal blood, even in a postmaster....

We gave Vimalkirti the best celebration. Perhaps he would not have got that much love, such a beautiful celebration, even if he had been the emperor of Germany. Still the mother, and later on the father who came, were angry at me. Their whole anger against Vimalkirti turned towards me. They were consulting legal experts about how they could sue me in the court for the death of their son. They had to stop that, because they would have given me a chance to prove to the whole world that this nonsense of royal marriages should be banned.

They stopped suing me because Vimalkirti had died from a disease that he had inherited. Just after a few days, his uncle died in the same way -- suddenly fell unconscious, brain hemorrhage, and finished. And later on, I came to know that their grandfather had also died in the same way. For no reason, no disease -- just from nowhere the brain hemorrhage, and the man is gone.

They stopped suing me, seeing the situation that I would bring into the court: Your father was not my sannyasin, Vimalkirti's uncle was not my sannyasin. Rather than suing me, take care of yourself because you will be dying in the same way, it is only a question of time. The disease is inherited.

And all the royal families of Europe have inherited diseases. Just think: not a single man from these royal

families has shown any intelligence, any genius. What is the reason? They should be the most intelligent people in the world but they are the most retarded. It is simply a scientific fact that marriage should not happen when you are closely related.

If you are a Hindu, never marry a Hindu; a Mohammedan is better, a Christian is better. If you are a Jew, find a Hindu. And don't be worried because these are also are very close, deep down in the past. Right now you see them as separate -- just as you see the branches of a big tree separate, and then the small branches are even more separate. But as you go deeper, you find a trunk -- they are all coming from the same source.

My vision is: If man wants to become superman then find out -- are there people on Mars or on some other planet? Marriage between those and the people of the earth will create the superman. His life will be long, his health will be superb. His intelligence will be the highest.

But parents have been deciding and asking idiots about decisions, astrologers -- what have stars to do with you? You live on such a small planet that stars may not be even aware of your planet... and they are far away. Some stars are so far away that they will never know that any planet like earth has ever existed.

Light rays have tremendous speed -- ultimate speed. When there was no earth... because earth is only four billion years old; four billion years ago, from thousands of stars, rays started moving -- not for the earth, it is their natural radiation. But they are so far away... although the speed of their rays is ultimate -- there is no other speed higher than that; a ray travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand

miles per second. Just think of one minute; you will have to make the number sixty times more. Think of the whole day; you will have to make that number twenty-four times sixty more. Think of the whole year! You will have to make that number three-hundred sixty-five times more.
We had no idea -- because miles cannot be the right measure; otherwise you will have to write a whole book! Thousands and thousands of zeros, just to tell about the nearest star. The nearest star sends its rays in four years, so where you see it, remember -- it is no longer there. It used to be there four years ago. So at night you are seeing an absolute illusion, no star is there where you are seeing it. Perhaps one thousand years ago, one million years ago, four million years ago it used to be there. Meanwhile, it may have traveled millions of miles....
And there are stars farther away. Their rays have not reached the earth yet, and perhaps by the time their rays reach the earth, there may be no earth at all.

(HERE THE ELECTRICITY FAILS, TAKING WITH IT THE AUDIO AND VIDEO RECORDING. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SILENCE, OSHO RESUMES SPEAKING.)

If someone is trying to watch... this seems to be the police commissioner because in his orders, we are not allowed to have gaps in our discourses!
In this vast universe, the earth is so small, negligible. Even compared with the sun, it is very small... the sun is thousands of times bigger than the earth. And our sun itself is a mediocre fellow. There are suns thousands of times

bigger, which you see as stars. They look small because they are so far away. Such a small earth, and we have divided it into hundreds of small pieces. And made man a foreigner to other men.

Just see the stupidity of the whole thing: Just before 1947, the people living in Pakistan were not foreigners; now they are foreigners. The people living in Bangladesh were not foreigners; now they are foreigners.

Politicians cannot live without creating conflict, fight, war. For that, all these divisions are needed, and each division tries to hold its people within its fold. That is the reason why you cannot marry a Mohammedan woman or a Hindu man. Your society will be bloodthirsty -- one man or one woman is going out of the fold, there is one vote less. Truth does not count; neither does man's well-being. All that counts is power. And power is the need of the most inferior people.

A man cannot eat power, cannot drink power -- why is there so much struggle? Why does he want to be on top, in control of everything? He suffers from an inferiority complex. He knows deep down he's nobody, and he's afraid that if he does not prove himself to be somebody special, extraordinary, then people are going to discover his nobodiness, his ordinariness.

A real person of superiority has no lust for power. The lust for power arises out of inner poverty, the lust for money out of inner poverty. The parents are not interested in their children's joyful life, they are interested in them being rich, well-connected, because those connections, those contacts are helpful in rising higher on the ladder of power.

So for thousands of years, marriage has been one of the ugliest things invented by power lusty people.
Almustafa is not talking about the marriage you know. He's not talking even about the love marriage -- that is a recent development in developed countries. Child marriage has disappeared and people are marrying when they fall in love. But love they know not; the mystery of love is absolutely unknown to them. In fact, they are calling something else love. They are calling lust love -- your so-called love marriages are nothing but blind lust.
Love is never blind. Because there exists the confusion, and you don't make the demarcation, people have started talking about "blind love." Love gives you the clearest vision, fresh eyes. Lust is certainly blind because it is biological, it has nothing to do with your spirituality.

THEN ALMITRA SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID, AND WHAT OF MARRIAGE, MASTER?

For the first time, she's addressing Almustafa as Master... because the time of separation is coming close. And whatever he has said about love, only a master can say -- one who knows, one who knows from his own experience.

AND HE ANSWERED SAYING:
YOU WERE BORN TOGETHER....

Don't misunderstand this statement. He's not saying that every man is born with a possible wife somewhere. He's saying something totally different. He's saying, you were born together. You were born together in love because you

became new, you became fresh, you became young, you became a song, you became a dance that you have never been.

AND TOGETHER YOU SHALL BE FOR EVERMORE.

If you are born out of love, if your togetherness is not out of lust, your love is going to deepen every day. Lust lessens everything, because biology is not interested in whether you remain together or not. Its interest is reproduction; for that, love is not needed. You can go on producing children without any love.

I have been observing all kinds of animals. I have lived in forests, in mountains, and I was always puzzled: whenever they are making love they look very sad. I have never seen animals making love joyfully; it is as if some unknown force is pressuring them to do it. It is not out of their own choice; it is not their freedom but their bondage. That makes them sad.

The same I have observed in man. Have you seen a husband and wife on the road? You may not know if they are husband and wife, but if they are both sad you can be certain they are.

I was traveling from Delhi to Srinagar. In my air-conditioned compartment there were only two seats, and one was reserved for me. A couple came, a beautiful woman and a young, beautiful man. Both could not be accommodated in that small coupe, so he left the woman and he went into another compartment. But he was coming at every station, bringing sweets, fruits, flowers.

I was watching the whole scene. I am just a watcher. I asked the woman, "How long have you been married?"
She said, "It must have been seven years."
I said, "Don't lie to me! You can deceive anybody else, but you cannot deceive me. You are not married."
She was shocked. From a stranger, who had not spoken... who had simply been watching. She said, "How did you come to know?"
I said, "There is nothing in it, it is simple. If he were your husband, then once he had disappeared, if he had come back at the station where you were going to get off, you would be fortunate!"
She said, "You don't know me, I don't know you. But what you are saying is right. He's my lover. He's my husband's friend."
I said, "Then everything is okay."
What goes wrong between husbands and wives, even after a love marriage? It is not love, and everybody has accepted it as if he knows what love is. It is pure lust. Soon you are fed up with each other. Biology has tricked you for reproduction and soon there is nothing new -- the same face, the same geography, the same topography. How many times have you explored it? The whole world is sad because of marriage, and the world still remains unaware of the cause.
Love is one of the most mysterious phenomena. About that love, Almustafa is speaking.
You were born together in the moment love arose in you. That was your real birth. And together you shall be for evermore, because it is not lust. You cannot be bored, because it is not lust.

Once you have reproduced children, biology has left you and you find it strange living with a stranger. The woman is not known to you, the man is not known to you. All that you are doing is quarreling, nagging, harassing each other. This is not love.
Love is the flowering of meditation. Meditation brings many treasures; perhaps love is the greatest roseflower that grows on the bush of meditation.

YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER WHEN THE WHITE WINGS OF DEATH SCATTER YOUR DAYS
AYE, YOU SHALL BE TOGETHER EVEN IN THE SILENT MEMORY OF GOD. BUT LET THERE BE SPACES...
Remember these statements: ... LET THERE BE SPACES IN YOUR TOGETHERNESS.

Be together but do not try to dominate, do not try to possess and do not destroy the individuality of the other. And that is being done everywhere.
Why should the woman take the name of the man? She has her own name, she has her own individuality. Just think: the man taking the name of the woman -- no man will be ready for it. But you have destroyed the woman because she is fragile, delicate, humble.

Why should the woman go to the man's house? Why shouldn't the man go to the woman's house? Once in a while it happens that the man goes because the woman he has married, he has married on the condition that he will be going to live in her house; because the father of the woman

has no son who is going to look after his properties, possessions. But have you watched? -- whenever a man goes to live in his wife's house, he's condemned by everybody. He's laughed at, as if he has lost his manliness... but nobody laughs at the woman.

In fact, man is more capable of going to the woman's house. She is more fragile. To take her from the garden where she has grown, to uproot her, is the beginning of destruction. She can never be an individual in the man's house. She's going to be just a slave, uprooted, unconnected with anyone. She's just a servant. And that's the way she has been treated all over the world.

My own suggestion is, the moment a man and woman decide to live together, they should have their own house. Nobody should go to anybody else's house, because whoever goes to anybody else's house is going to be a slave. And slaves can not be joyous. They have lost their integrity, their individuality. They have sold themselves. But when you live together, LET THERE BE SPACES... The husband comes home late; there is no need, no necessity for the wife to inquire where he has been, why he's late. He has his own space, he's a free individual. Two free individuals are living together and nobody encroaches on each others' spaces. If the wife comes late, there is no need to ask "Where have you been?" Who are you? -- she has her own space, her own freedom.

But this is happening every day, in every home. Over small matters they are fighting, but deep down the question is that they are not ready to allow the other to have his own space. Likings are different. Your husband may like something, you may not like it. That does not mean that it is the

beginning of a fight, that because you are husband and wife, your likings should also be the same. And all these questions... every husband returning home goes on in his mind, "What is she going to ask? How am I going to answer?" And the woman knows what she's going to ask and what he's going to answer, and all those answers are fake, fictitious. He's cheating her.

What kind of love is this that is always suspicious, always afraid of jealousies? If the wife sees you with some other woman -- just laughing, talking -- that's enough to destroy your whole night. You will repent: this is too much just for a little laughter. If the husband sees the wife with another man and she seems to be more joyous, more happy, this is enough to create a turmoil.

People are unaware that they don't know what love is. Love never suspects, love is never jealous. Love never interferes in the other's freedom. Love never imposes on the other. Love gives freedom, and the freedom is possible only if there is space in your togetherness.

This is the beauty of Kahlil of Gibran... tremendous insight. Love should be happy to see that his woman is happy with someone, because love wants his woman to be happy. Love wants the husband to be joyous. If he's just talking to some woman and feels joyous, the wife should be happy, there is no question of quarrel. They are together to make their lives happier, but just the opposite goes on happening. It seems as if wives and husbands are together just to make each other's lives miserable, ruined. The reason is, they don't understand even the meaning of love.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness... It is not contradictory. The more space you give to each other, the

more you are together. The more you allow freedom to each other, the more intimate you are. Not intimate enemies, but intimate friends.

AND LET THE WINDS OF HEAVENS DANCE BETWEEN YOU.

It is a fundamental law of existence that being together too much, leaving no space for freedom, destroys the flower of love. You have crushed it, you have not allowed it space to grow.

Just recently, scientists have discovered about animals that they have a territorial imperative. You must have seen dogs pissing on this pillar, pissing on that pillar -- you think it is useless? It is not. They are drawing the boundary -- "This is my territory." The smell of their urine will prevent another dog from entering in. If another dog comes just close to the boundary, the dog whose territory it is will not take any note. But just one step more and there is going to be a fight. All the animals in the wild do the same. Even a lion, if you don't cross his boundary, is not going to attack you -- you are a gentleman. But if you cross his boundary then whoever you are, he's going to kill you.

We have still to discover human beings' territorial imperative. You must have felt it, but it has not yet been scientifically established. Going in a local train in a city like Bombay, the train is so overcrowded... people are all standing, very few have found seats. But watch the people who are standing -- although they are very close, they are trying in every way not to touch each other.

As the world becomes more overcrowded, more and more people are going insane, committing suicide, murders, for the simple reason that they don't have any space for themselves. At least lovers should be sensitive, that the wife needs her own space just as you need your own space.
One of my most-loved books is by Rabindranath Tagore, AKHARI KAVITA, "The Last Poem." It is not a book of poetries, it is a novel -- but a very strange novel, very insightful.
A young woman and a man fall in love and as it happens, immediately they want to get married. The woman says, "Only on one condition...." She is very cultured, very sophisticated, very rich.
The man said, "Any condition is acceptable, but I cannot live without you."
She said, "First listen to the condition; then think it over. It is not an ordinary condition. The condition is that we will not live in the same house. I have a vast land, a beautiful lake surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens and lawns. I will make you a house on one side, just the opposite from where I live."
He said, "Then what is the point of marriage?"
She said, "Marriage is not destroying each other. I am giving you your space, I have my own space. Once in a while, walking in the garden we may meet. Once in a while, boating in the lake we may meet -- accidentally. Or sometimes I can invite you to have tea with me, or you can invite me."
The man said, "This idea is simply absurd."
The woman said, "Then forget all about marriage. This is the only right idea -- only then can our love go on growing,

because we always remain fresh and new. We never take each other for granted. I have every right to refuse your invitation just as you have every right to refuse my invitation; in no way are our freedoms disturbed. Between these two freedoms grows the beautiful phenomenon of love."
Of course the man could not understand, and dropped the idea. But Rabindranath has the same insight as Kahlil Gibran... and they were writing at almost the same time.
If this is possible -- to have space and togetherness both -- then the winds of heaven dance between you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love.
It should be a free gift, given or taken, but there should be no demand. Otherwise, very soon you are together but you are as apart as faraway stars. No understanding bridges you; you have not left the space even for the bridge.

LET IT RATHER BE A MOVING SEA BETWEEN THE SHORES OF YOUR SOULS.

Don't make it something static. Don't make it a routine. Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls. If freedom and love together can be yours, you don't need anything more. You have got it -- that for which life is given to you.

FILL EACH OTHER'S CUP BUT DRINK NOT FROM ONE CUP.

He's just trying to make you understand how these apparently contradictory things -- space and togetherness --

are possible: fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup. The distinction is very subtle but very beautiful.

GIVE ONE ANOTHER OF YOUR BREAD BUT EAT NOT FROM THE SAME LOAF.
SING AND DANCE TOGETHER AND BE JOYOUS, BUT LET EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE.

Don't reduce the other in any way.

EVEN AS THE STRINGS OF A LUTE ARE ALONE THOUGH THEY QUIVER WITH THE SAME MUSIC.

The strings of the lute are alone, but they quiver with the same music. The separation, the space, is in the individuality of the strings. And the meeting and melting and merging is in the music.
That music is love.

GIVE YOUR HEARTS. BUT NOT INTO EACH OTHER'S KEEPING.

Giving is great. Love gives unconditionally, but it does not give its heart into each other's keeping.

FOR ONLY THE HAND OF LIFE CAN CONTAIN YOUR HEARTS.
AND STAND TOGETHER YET NOT TOO NEAR TOGETHER...

One has to be very, very alert. Stand together but without destroying the other. Not too much together -- leave spaces.

FOR THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE STAND APART

Just look at these pillars. They stand apart but still they support the same roof. There is space, individuality, and yet there is a merger and meeting because they are supporting the same roof.

AND THE OAK TREE AND THE CYPRESS GROW NOT IN EACH OTHER'S SHADOW.

This much space is needed -- that the other is not under your shadow. Otherwise, it will not grow.
Why are people who are in love constantly angry, sad? -- because their own growth is not happening. One of the two has covered the whole sky and has not left even a little space for the sun, for the wind, for the rain to reach the other. It is not love, it is ownership, possessiveness.
Love would like you to grow at the same rate, to the same height, so that you dance together in the sun, in the wind, in the rain.
Your togetherness should be an art.
Love is the greatest art in existence.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #9

Chapter title: Your children are not your children
12 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A WOMAN WHO HELD A BABE AGAINST HER BOSOM SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CHILDREN.
AND HE SAID:
YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN.
THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.
THEY COME THROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU,
AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.
YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,
FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS.
YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS,
FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW, WHICH YOU CANNOT VISIT, NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.
YOU MAY STRIVE TO BE LIKE THEM, BUT SEEK NOT TO MAKE THEM LIKE YOU.
FOR LIFE GOES NOT BACKWARDS NOR TARRIES WITH YESTERDAY.
YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH.
THE ARCHER SEES THE MARK UPON THE PATH OF THE INFINITE, AND HE BENDS YOU WITH HIS

MIGHT THAT HIS ARROWS MAY GO SWIFT AND FAR.
LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS;
FOR EVEN AS HE LOVES THE ARROW THAT FLIES, SO HE LOVES ALSO THE BOW THAT IS STABLE.

It is almost impossible to find a book comparable to Kahlil Gibran's THE PROPHET, for the simple reason that it has a tremendous inner consistency: First he talks about love, then he talks about marriage and now he's going to talk about children. This is how the river of life flows -- from love to marriage to children.

AND A WOMAN WHO HELD A BABE AGAINST HER BOSOM SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF CHILDREN.

Before I start my meditations on Kahlil Gibran, one more thing has to be noted -- that all these three questions have come from women. Men also ask questions but they are always abstract... about God - who the hell is this guy? just an invention of man's mind, and nothing much; it is not an authentic question -- about heaven and hell and about thousands of other things, but all abstract. They don't touch your life at all. You can live perfectly well without a god. In fact, you are living perfectly well -- whether God is or not makes no difference to you.
I have seen the theists, and I have seen the atheists. If you talk to them, their ideas are just diametrically opposite to each other. But if you look at their lives, they are the same.

Their real problems you can see by observing their lives: they are about love, they are about marriage, they are about children. But in their books, in their philosophies, they are talking about things which do not matter at all.
Do you see the difference? The woman is more realistic, more)L(pragmatic, more earthbound. She has roots. Her inquiries are not just games and puzzles about empty words. And for centuries, the woman has not been allowed even to ask. It is because of this that people's minds are full of all kinds of garbage and their lives are empty. They do not know anything about the real problems that have to be encountered every moment, from the cradle to the grave.
One great philosopher of India, a contemporary man, Dr. Ranade -- he was the most respected and the most learned scholar, logician; he was a professor of philosophy at the University of Allahabad. In his days, the department of philosophy at the University of Allahabad had become the most prominent department of philosophy in India, and India has almost one thousand universities.
I had seen him just a few days before he died. He was very old, retired, but still people used to come from far and wide -- not only from this country but from all over the world -- to ask questions, to inquire.
I was sitting with him. He said to me: "What are your questions?"
I said, "I know not."
"Then why have you come to me?"
I said, "Just to see you and to see the people who are continually coming to you from morning till night."
I watched him for almost six hours, and all the people who came had come with abstract questions: "Does God exist?

Is the soul a reality? Is there life beyond death?" And he was answering them.

After six hours, I said to him: "You are old, and I'm too young -- it doesn't look right for me to say, but perhaps we may not see each other again; forgive me if it hurts you: You have wasted your whole life. In these six hours, I have seen in what way you have wasted it. I have not heard a single question or a single answer that really concerns life. And these people have come from faraway places and you have lived a long life but as far as I am concerned... don't feel that I'm not respectful to you, I am saying this because I am respectful. Whatever small time you have left, don't waste it. At least in the evening of your life, inquire into something which is authentic."

He was shocked, because nobody had ever told him this. But he was an honest man. He said, "I am old, and you are young but you are right."

The real question is not whether life exists after death. The real question is whether you are alive before death.

The real question is not whether God is love -- just, fair, compassionate. The real question is, do you know what love is? Do you know what justice is? Do you know what compassion is? Have you lived and tasted all these treasures of existence?

The real question is not whether the soul exists or not. The real question is: Have you ever entered into yourself to see whether there is any inner reality, or are you just a container without any content?

Kahlil Gibran is not a philosopher of the abstract. The people who are so much interested in the abstract are really escaping from the real problems of life. They are cowards,

not philosophers. But these cowards are dominating the whole world's thinking.

All these questions are coming from women. And there was a great crowd of people -- there were learned people, there were priests, there were philosophers. But when they asked, Almustafa -- who represents Kahlil Gibran -- did not answer them. The questioner may be an idiot; that does not mean you have to answer his stupid questions.

But the moment Almitra came out of the temple, Almustafa started answering the way perhaps nobody else has ever answered.

If you ask a great philosopher like Martin Heidegger or Jean Paul Sartre or Emmanuel Kant about children, they will laugh. They will say, "We are philosophers and we are not interested in trivia. Children? -- is this a philosophical question? Marriage? -- is this a philosophical question?" Just look in the contents of the great philosophical treatises of the world and you will not find love, marriage, children, there.

But I say to you, all those great treatises are just escapes from the realities of life. Emmanuel Kant is interested in the existence of God but is unable to love anyone. He was not a friend to anyone. These are small things, and these people are great philosophers. But I repeat again: they are cowards.

A woman asked Emmanuel Kant... she had waited long, because it is not the way of the woman's heart to take the initiative, that looks ungraceful. But life is short. You cannot wait too long. And youth is even shorter, and beauty is just a flower that blossoms in the morning and is withered by the evening. Finally the woman -- against the

feminine nature, against herself -- asked Emmanuel Kant: "I love you. Do you love me? Just a small `yes' and I can wait for my whole life."

But Emmanuel Kant could not say yes. He said, "First I have to think about it." It took him three years to consult all the books of different races, countries, of different centuries, to collect data about marriage -- for and against. And he was very much puzzled because they were all balanced. There were reasons in favor of marriage and there were reasons against marriage and their weight was equal.

His servant -- he lived his whole life with a servant -- had been watching all these three years. He said, "Listen to me: I am not a philosopher, I am a poor man, your servant, and it is none of my business but there is a limit. I have been repressing my temptation to say something to you and today I have decided to say it.

"When you have gone to the university, I have been looking into your notes for and against marriage. They are equal; hence you cannot take any decision. Just one thing I want to say to you: that is that you have not experienced love. And all these arguments are impotent, they cannot give you any experience. My humble suggestion is, when both sides are equally weighty and decision is difficult, always decide for `yes' because that is opening a door to experience. `No' will close the door to experience."

Emmanuel Kant could not believe that this thought had never occurred to him. He rushed, knocked on the woman's door. An old man came out. He introduced himself: "I am Emmanuel Kant and perhaps you are the father of the woman. I have come to say yes."

The old man said, "It is too late. She is already married and she has two children. Go and knock on some other door." But he was such a coward, he could not gather courage to approach another woman. All his great philosophy... and the same is the case with all other great philosophers. But nobody has looked into the psychology -- why are they interested in absurd, meaningless problems and not in the real problems of life? Real problems need courage.

The world has known not a single woman who was a great philosopher. And how can a woman be a great philosopher? She wants to know: speak to us of children... about marriage, about love. A woman has a certain authenticity, for the simple reason that all her interest is in the small matters of life, the intimate matters of life -- matters which she has to face moment to moment.

Alas, it has been a great loss. The world is full of stupid philosophies, rooted in fear and cowardliness. It would help humanity immensely if the woman is listened to, if her questions are respected and answered not just through the head but through the heart.

A man's question has no need of the heart. In what way is God connected with your heart? Or life beyond death? These are all thoughts in the head.

Remember this: that Kahlil Gibran's PROPHET opens a totally new dimension to philosophy, gives credit and respect to small things of life -- because life is made of small things and if you cannot solve them, forget all about great problems. How can you solve them? You are simply asking them because you don't want even to be aware of the real and the pragmatic problems of life.

And he said.... Listen very carefully, because very few statements exist in the whole literature of the world which have such beauty, such truth, such sincerity:

YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN.

A child is not a thing. You cannot possess a child. To say that "This is my child," is to assert your ignorance.
Life can never be possessed. You can have it in open hands but the moment your hands become closed fists, life has escaped out of them. Almost all the parents of the world have destroyed their children because they have claimed ownership. To own a child? You cannot create life, how can you own it? It is a gift from the abundance of existence. Be grateful that you have been chosen to be a vehicle.
The child has come through you but that does not mean he belongs to you. You have been nothing but a passage. If parents had remembered this small and simple truth, the world would have been a totally different place.

THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.

It is the eternal life -- flowing through mountains, through forests, through plains. The child that has come through you has been coming through many other people before you. He has eternity behind him and eternity ahead of him. He had been in many houses, in many cities, in many strange places. In those millions of vehicles, you are also one. Be humble and be respectful to the child. No society in the world has been, up to now, respectful to the children.

All respect is for the elders, all respect is for the old, almost dead. All respect is for the graveyards -- no respect for the cradles.
And the child is the purest life -- uncontaminated.
Almustafa is right when he says:

THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF.
THEY COME THROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU....

They are coming from the very beginning.

AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.

These small statements have tremendous implications if you understand that the child is life's longing for itself. Then the child is closer to the very source of life than the old man. The old man is closer to death... but strange -- death has been worshipped, respected, and life has been crushed, destroyed in every possible way.
If you know they come from you but they do not belong to you, then no parent is going to impose his religion, his politics, his ideas on the innocent child. He comes as a tabula rasa -- nothing is written on him -- and the parents are in such a hurry to make him a Christian, to make him a Hindu, to make him a Buddhist.
I remember my own childhood. My parents naturally wanted me to go with them when they went to the temple,

to the religion they belonged to, but I have been a little bit crazy from the very beginning.
I told them, "It is your religion, it is your temple. You should have a little more patience. Give me time. I will find my own religion, my own temple."
They said, "What kind of nonsense are you talking? Every child belongs to the religion he is born into."
I said, "Every other child may belong, may not belong -- that is their business. As far as I am concerned, I do not belong to any religion. I have not even searched for it. Allow me and help me to stand on my own feet. Don't cripple me. Don't destroy me. If there is truth, I will find it. But it cannot be borrowed -- you cannot give it to me."
They were not happy -- obviously. I never wrote with my name, the name of my religion. It was good that I entered school a little later than other children... because my mother's father had only one daughter, my mother. And he lived in a faraway village where people had not seen the railway train, a car, a bus, because there was no road.
He asked my father: "I feel very lonely since you have taken my daughter as your wife. Let your first child be with us. We feel very empty, all the joy of our life has disappeared." And my mother was only seven years old when she was married. That's how things used to be in India -- and still are in the villages.
They said, "Our daughter was our joy, she was our song. She was our life... and she is so young. She may not be able to take enough care of the child. Let the child grow with us, and of course later on you can take him back. And you will have many more children...."

It was such a great blessing to me... because my father's mother died when he got married; he was only ten years old. When I was born, he must have been twenty years old and my mother, seventeen years old. And they themselves were at a loss how to raise a child. So it was a good opportunity. I was raised by my maternal grandfather and grandmother. But there was no school -- I was so fortunate all the way -- there was no temple, there was no priest. I grew almost like a wild child, and I have remained the wild child still.

My maternal grandfather died when I was seven years old. It was old enough to have one's own ideas, so when I came back to my parents, we were strangers. I had never known my mother as my mother. I had known my grandmother. The first seven years are the most important in life, because they are the foundation. So when my father took me to the school and filled out the form in which he was required to write to what religion I belonged, I stopped him.

I said, "Write down that `as yet, he belongs to no religion. He will search, he will try to find.'"

My father said, "But that will look very strange."

I said, "No -- truth, however strange is never really strange. And a lie, however familiar, is never familiar. It does not exist at all."

And it remained a problem with me as I moved from one school to another, from college to the university, everywhere. It is taken for granted that everybody is born into a religion. And this is absolute stupidity. How can one be born into a religion? You may be born to a father who is a doctor -- that does not mean that you become a doctor because you are born as the child of a doctor. Your father

and mother both may be doctors -- that too, does not make any difference. If you want to be a doctor, you will have to go through the whole education, examinations; only then you can become a doctor.

For ordinary things, you know perfectly well that a child is not born a doctor, is not born a professor, is not born a scientist. How can he be born as a mystic?

Filling out forms was always a problem. The clerk would say, "The form has to be filled completely. You have left out one thing."

I said, "I have to leave it out, because I don't know my religion yet."

And I was sent again and again to the principals: "What to do with this boy? He says he has not found his religion yet but the requirement is that the form should be filled out completely. Nothing should be left empty."

I said, "You can reject my form, you can refuse me admission to your institution, but I cannot lie. I don't have a religion."

They persuaded me. Lovingly, they would say, "It is just a form. Your father must have a religion."

I said, "This form concerns me, not my father. As far as my father is concerned, I have put his religion with his name. But I don't have any religion."

They had to accept it. I said, "In fact, you should withdraw this type of form in which religion is required."

Even when I graduated from the university... the education minister was well known to me because he had been a vice-chancellor and I had been to his university many times for debating competitions. I had taken all their seals and their cups, so he was well acquainted with me.

It was a requirement that you had to win a seal continuously for three years and then it became yours. Otherwise, you would keep it for one year and return it the next year when again there would be a debate. But I went on winning continuously. He said, "You are a strange person. These seals, these cups had been with us since the university was established fifty years ago, because nobody was able to win continuously for three years. And now we are in trouble: every year we have to purchase a new seal, a new cup and we know that if you appear again...."

He had become the education minister so I went directly to him. I said, "I have passed my postgraduate examination, I have topped the whole university, and I want to be appointed immediately to any university you feel is right."

He said, "This is not the way. You first fill out the application form." And again, the same problem: "What is your religion?"

I said, "What has religion to do with my qualifications as a teacher? I don't have any religion. And if you refuse me, I am going to have my first press conference."

He said, "Don't do any such thing. Just write anything, any religion. Write it in such a way that nobody can read it. But the form has to be filled out."

I said, "I cannot do that."

Since my first entry into school, that line on my forms has remained empty. It is still empty. I have found religiousness but I have not found any religion. And I am immensely happy that nobody tried to force upon me their idea, their god, their concept of existence.

Every child has the birthright not to be tortured and conditioned by his parents, because everybody's most fundamental right is the search, the seeking, the pilgrimage.

AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.
YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS....

But just the opposite is being done.
Do you remember your parents? Were they interested in giving you their love, unconditionally? Or they were interested in using their love to contaminate your mind with their religion, with their political ideology, with their nationality. Otherwise, how is it that humanity is so divided? Who is the criminal behind it? Why should there be so many nations? Why should there be so many religions?
Humanity is one. Truth is one. But people have not been allowed to search for their own original face. They have been given masks, and people live their whole lives believing that this is their original face.
How do you know you are Christian? You have never been with Christ. You were not given the choice, the opportunity to choose whether you would like to be in love with Christ or Gautam Buddha or Mahavira or Lao Tzu or Zarathustra. Your religion is your bondage. It is your imprisonment. Your Christianity, your Hinduism, your Mohammedanism, your Jainism -- they are all chains which you cannot see, because they are not binding your body, they are binding your very soul. Any man who has accepted ideologies from

others has sold himself. He's a slave, although it is being said from every pulpit in every country that slavery has disappeared.
I say it is not true. Yes, slavery has changed its form; it has become more dangerous. If you handcuff me, still my spirit is free; if you chain my feet, still my spirit is free. You can destroy my body; still my spirit is free. But to pollute your mind with Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, is to bind invisible chains around your very spirit. This is real crime. And all parents of the world up to now are responsible for it.

YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,
FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS.

Their thoughts have not yet become mature, they are still in seed form. They are still only potentialities, but given freedom and love, they will become realities, they will become actualizations. And when your own thought becomes a reality it brings such joy to your being, such fulfillment, such bliss that you cannot dream about it. You cannot have any notion about it, it is beyond the capacity of your mind to conceive it-because it ripens in your heart, it blossoms in your heart.

YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS...

With all good intentions, all parents are murderers of their own children. You see all over the earth only dead people

walking, who have lost their souls even before they had any notion of what it is.

FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW, WHICH YOU CANNOT VISIT, NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.

You belong to the past; your days are over. Parents cannot conceive the future -- and the children are not going to live in the past, so don't burden them with your dead scriptures. They will have their own scriptures, they will have their own saints. They will have their own Buddhas, they will have their own Christs. Why should they be burdened with the past? They have an open future.

And if you love your children, you should keep your hands off. Help them to be strong, help them to be able to go on the search for the unknown but don't give them your ideas; they are absolutely useless to them. Because of them, they will miss their own destiny. You are distracting them.

Just watch small children and see the clarity of their vision. I have heard... in a small school, a Christian priest is teaching the children that God created all things, the whole universe, in six days -- and on the seventh day he rested. One small boy stood up and he said, "What about railway trains?"

The priest was at a loss. Certainly, there is no mention in the New Testament or in the Old Testament that God created railway trains. Another small boy started waving his hand. The teacher said, "You also have a question?" He said, "No, I want to answer."

He could not believe that He could not find the answer and this small child.... He said, "Okay, let us try. What is your answer? This boy is asking, what about railway trains?"
The other boy said, "It is written that God created all creeping things -- railways trains are included!"
Small children have an insight and a clarity. As you become older, you start gathering dust. And everybody is giving you advice -- advice is the only thing in the world which everybody gives and nobody takes -- but this is corrupting the minds of the small children who are dependent on you.
Almustafa is right:

... HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS. FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW.

You belong to the yesterdays, they belong to the tomorrows. Give as much love as you can. The present is a meeting point but also a point of departure. From the present, where you are meeting, you will depart. Every day, the gap between you and your children will become bigger and bigger.
They talk of the generation gap. It is one of the most beautiful things that has happened in this century -- the generation gap. Make every effort to widen it, make it almost unbridgeable. Otherwise you will be carrying corpses all your life.
Gautam Buddha died twenty-five centuries ago. Jesus died two thousand years ago. Is man insane? -- why should anybody go on carrying dead bodies? You are twenty-five

centuries ahead. Evolution has not stopped with Gautam Buddha; Gautam Buddha is twenty-five centuries back. But because you are burdened by that dead corpse, you cannot create your own buddhas.

If you are absolutely free of the past, you will find higher peaks of consciousness -- higher than any Christ and higher than any Buddha. We are not falling downwards. Our consciousnesses are reaching towards the stars, but it is so difficult to understand such an obvious truth.

The past is the greatest barrier to your life.

The police commissioner... remember, I can forgive him but I cannot forget him. I will go on hammering on his head -- even if he's in his grave, my hammer will go on hammering him.

He has asked the ashram in-charge that I should not criticize any religion. What does it mean? It means I should not criticize the past -- and the past has been so ugly that it needs all the criticism that one can make, so that it can be erased from your minds and your minds can be made available to the future.

You are pregnant with many Buddhas and many Christs. Why should you go back? But because you are already burdened, I have to condemn them and I have to criticize them -- although I accept the freedom of everyone to criticize me. But I had never thought that I was going to face such an impotent humanity. It is nothing but impotence that is asking, "Don't criticize any religion."

Mohammedans are marrying four wives. If you criticize it, you are criticizing their religion because in their holy book, the Koran, Mohammed allows them to marry four or more women. The woman is nothing but an object of your sexual

lust -- and you want me not to criticize it? I would not criticize it, I would not have talked about it, if Mohammed had given the same right to women too, so that each woman could marry four husbands. Then the man would have been fair. But right now he is a male chauvinist. And he is one of the causes of creating sexual perversions in the world, because nature creates an equal number of men and women... fortunately, nature knows nothing about Mohammedanism and the HOLY KORAN.

And why am I saying "fortunately"? Because one woman is enough to finish you! Four women for every man... then you will see in every house, one Jesus Christ hanging on a cross.

I have heard that a thief was caught red-handed, stealing, in a house. The magistrate asked, "At what time did you enter the house?"

He said, "Nearabout ten in the night."

The magistrate said, "But what were you doing the whole night? because you were caught early in the morning, six o'clock."

He said, "It is a long and sad story. I just want you to remember: whatever punishment you want, you can give to me. Even crucifixion is acceptable but don't punish me by telling me to marry two women."

The magistrate said, "You seem to be a strange person. The whole night you were in the house. You have not stolen anything, but you have been found in the house and now you are asking this, that I should not punish you by making you marry two women? No such punishment exists. Don't be worried about that. But what is the whole story?"

He said, "The whole story is, unfortunately.... I entered the house; the man has two wives. One wife lives on the ground floor, and the second wife lives on the first floor. And they were both dragging the man to their floors -- on the steps, one woman would come and drag the man upwards, and the other woman would come and drag him back downwards. It was so interesting that I forgot all about my own business, what I had come there for. And anyway, stealing was impossible because the man was crying and the women were screaming... so please -- just avoid this punishment!"

Nature produces an equal number of men and women. The Mohammedan concept is against nature, and nobody can prevent me from condemning it, criticizing it. Yes, everybody has the right to answer my criticism. These are impotent people -- because they cannot answer, they want to prevent somebody with their guns!

Mohammed himself married nine women. What do you think of women? Are they things? Commodities? Cattle? And if it were only that it happened fourteen centuries before, a story, there would be no need to be worried about it. Just in this very century, the Nizam of Hyderabad had five hundred wives -- and you want me not to criticize it? But the poor Nizam is nothing compared to the Hindu god, Krishna -- he had sixteen thousand wives!

And at least this can be said in favor of the Nizam and Mohammed, that they married women with the consent of their parents. Krishna, whom Hindus think is a god, simply took away any woman who was beautiful. They were almost all women married to other men. They had their

children, they had their husbands. They had to look after their own houses, their own families.
This criminal behavior... just because he had the power, the armies. His soldiers would go into anybody's house and drag out the woman he wanted. In this way, he collected sixteen thousand women, a great collector of women. But what about those sixteen thousand families? Their children, their husbands, the old father of the husband, the old mother of the husband? And I am not to criticize any religion.
If you have any answer, I am ready to pay my total attention. And if you can convince me that this kind of behavior is religious, moral, worthy of a man you think is a god, I will accept it. But first you have to prove it. Because you cannot prove it, to hide your impotence you are preventing me, saying that I should not criticize any religion.
The whole past of humanity is my past too, it is my inheritance too, and I have every right to criticize my past, my inheritance. Wherever I see something ugly, inhuman, barbarous, I have to criticize it as strongly as possible. And those who don't want their religions to be criticized should leave those religions, they are of no worth.
I have never said in my whole life, that whatever I am saying should not be criticized. In fact I have been inviting people -- criticize me, because I know what I am saying has a truth. And if I cannot criticize the past -- the ugly past, the rotten past -- then how we are going to create a better future?
You have heard the proverb that history repeats. It repeats because of people like this police commissioner. If the past

is criticized, it will not be repeated again, but if you can go on doing anything in the name of religion....

For example, Sikhs are allowed to have a sword because it is their religious thing. Strange -- if Sikhs are allowed to have a dangerous weapon that can destroy any life, then what is the guarantee and defense for other people? Either everyone should be allowed or nobody should be allowed. Double standards simply show that it is a political game because you are afraid. The Britishers were afraid; for three hundred years, they allowed Sikhs to carry swords.

But then we can make our own religious ideas -- nobody can criticize them. I can make it a point that every sannyasin should have a machine gun. It is our religious right. What is wrong in it? The police commissioner has ordered us that no firearms should be inside the ashram. He should look at his face in a mirror. Then why are the Sikhs allowed? And I'm not saying that Sikhs should not be allowed, I am simply saying there should be one standard for all human beings. These double standards are ugly, immoral, corrupt.

He has asked that police officers should be allowed in the discourses. Can he ask the same to the Mohammedans, that police officers should be allowed in their prayers, in their sermons, in their mosques, inside? And if he cannot do that, he cannot do it to us.

He asks that inside the ashram or outside the ashram, there should be no "obscene behavior" from the sannyasins. All the scriptures of the Hindus are obscene, and anybody who has any guts, I welcome him: I will show him what is written in his scriptures. In the HOLY BIBLE, there are five hundred pages of absolute obscenity. And still it is the

"Holy Bible." You cannot find a more unholy book in the whole world.

One of my friends has collected all the five hundred pages and published a book. No government is going to allow that book entry into their country, it will be banned. But strange -- those five hundred pages are verbatim from the BIBLE. If you are banning anything, the BIBLE should be banned. But strange... double standards everywhere.

Parents should not give their thoughts to their children because their thoughts are already out of date. The children will have their own thoughts.

Even trees know better. Every fall, the old leaves drop and disappear into the earth to give a place for the new leaves -- greener, younger, juicier. If they go on clinging to their old leaves, there will be no space, no possibility for the new leaves to appear.

Have you ever wondered why, in the contemporary world, people like Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Basho, Kabir, Jesus, Zarathustra -- are not born? What has happened? Is humanity a spent force? No -- humanity is more powerful, has more energy than ever. But the past goes on becoming bigger and bigger. Naturally, every day, one day is joined with the yesterdays. And now the past has become almost like a Himalaya on the fragile chest of human beings. This is the reason why you don't have such beautiful beings. And if once in a while a man arises, he looks like such a stranger, such an outsider that you cannot tolerate him. You have forgotten the taste of the world when there were thousands of enlightened people all over. Nobody was annoyed. People were full of gratitude.

But today, the situation is completely different. All that burden on the mind prevents you from seeing the new. And the new is bound to tell the past, the dead, to get lost.
I have been looking into all the scriptures of all the religions -- they are all obscene. Still, no government dares to ban them. And they ask that my people should not behave in any obscene way.
First take care of your own house. First clean your own mind, and if you cannot do it, I am here and my people are here. Come here, we do dry brainwashing! Just one thing is needed -- that you should bring your brain with you, because I have heard....
A politician was on the surgery table -- in fact, every politician should be there but he was going nuts. Even other nuts started saying to him, "You have crossed the limit!" So finally, he went to a brain surgeon. They looked into his brain and they said, "My god! This seems to be a politician's brain -- everything is wrong."
So they took out the whole brain to clean it. They went into another room, because it would take almost six hours to clean. When they were cleaning his brain in the other room, two persons came running, shook the politician, who was lying alone in the surgery room. He opened his eyes.
They said, "What are you doing here? You have been chosen to be the prime minister of the country!"
He jumped, rushed out with his friends, and when the doctors had cleaned the brain, they came back. The man was missing. They had never done such hard work. They said, "My god, where has he disappeared to -- and without a brain!"

They went in search, inquired... somebody said, "We have seen him with two persons, rushing towards the prime minister's house."
So the surgeons went there and they saw him. He had become the prime minister of the country. The surgeons said, "You have forgotten your brain in our surgery!"
He said, "Don't bother, just keep it safe. As long as I'm prime minister, no brain is needed."
Don't give your rotten past as an inheritance to your children. They have their future. Let them grow according to their own potential. You may strive to be like them....
This is where Kahlil Gibran simply surpasses in his insights:

YOU MAY STRIVE TO BE LIKE THEM BUT SEEK NOT TO MAKE THEM LIKE YOU.

And what does the BIBLE say? "God made the man in his own image." Since that time, every father is trying to make his child in his own image. Almustafa is saying just the opposite:
You may strive to be like them, because they are of the future, and they are innocent. They are closer to existence than you are. For you, there is nothing except death to happen, but to them millions of things are going to happen: love is going to happen, meditation is going to happen, gratefulness is going to happen. Please resist the temptation that your child should be a carbon copy of you. It is possible to make the child a carbon copy of you, but you will have to kill him. That's what I'm saying: that all the parents are killing their children just to make them carbon

copies. And the child has the potential to be his own original face.
The original face has beauty, the original face has something of the divine. The original face has charisma. A carbon copy has nothing.

FOR LIFE GOES NOT BACKWARDS NOR TARRIES WITH YESTERDAY.
YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH towards the unknown and the unknowable. Don't prevent them. Give them strength, give them love, so they can reach to the farthest star.
YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT FORTH.
THE ARCHER SEES THE MARK UPON THE PATH OF THE INFINITE, AND HE BENDS YOU WITH HIS MIGHT THAT HIS ARROWS MAY GO SWIFT AND FAR.

Existence wants you to bend like a bow before your own children because they have to travel far and you have to give them strength.

LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS.

Be glad when your child starts moving away from you, when he starts becoming an individual in his own right. Feel blessed that he is not an obedient idiot. Except idiots, nobody is obedient.

Intelligence is rebellion. Feel blessed and bless the child that you have given birth to a rebellious spirit. This should be your pride, but this becomes people's anxiety.

LET YOUR BENDING IN THE ARCHER'S HAND BE FOR GLADNESS;
FOR EVEN AS HE LOVES THE ARROW THAT FLIES, SO HE LOVES ALSO THE BOW THAT IS STABLE.

Existence loves you both.
You are also children of the same existence.
It is just that your time is over; give place to the fresh arrows and bless them.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #10
Chapter title: When you give of yourself
13 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN SAID A RICH MAN, SPEAK TO US OF GIVING.
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.
IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.

FOR WHAT ARE YOUR POSSESSIONS BUT THINGS YOU KEEP AND GUARD FOR FEAR YOU MAY NEED THEM TOMORROW?
AND, TOMORROW, WHAT SHALL TOMORROW BRING TO THE OVER-PRUDENT DOG BURYING BONES IN THE TRACKLESS SAND AS HE FOLLOWS THE PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY CITY?
AND WHAT IS FEAR OF NEED BUT NEED ITSELF? IS NOT DREAD OF THIRST WHEN YOUR WELL IS FULL, THE THIRST THAT IS UNQUENCHABLE?
THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE LITTLE OF THE MUCH WHICH THEY HAVE -- AND THEY GIVE IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE MAKES THEIR GIFTS UNWHOLESOME.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE AND GIVE IT ALL.
THESE ARE THE BELIEVERS IN LIFE AND THE BOUNTY OF LIFE, AND THEIR COFFER IS NEVER EMPTY.
THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH PAIN, AND THAT PAIN IS THEIR BAPTISM.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE AND KNOW NOT PAIN IN GIVING, NOR DO THEY SEEK JOY, NOR GIVE WITH MINDFULNESS OF VIRTUE;
THEY GIVE AS IN YONDER VALLEY THE MYRTLE BREATHES ITS FRAGRANCE INTO SPACE.
THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS,1 AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES HE SMILES UPON THE EARTH.

IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH UNDERSTANDING;
AND TO THE OPEN-HANDED THE SEARCH FOR ONE WHO SHALL RECEIVE IS JOY GREATER THAN GIVING.
AND IS THERE AUGHT YOU WOULD WITHHOLD?
ALL YOU HAVE SHALL SOME DAY BE GIVEN;
THEREFORE GIVE NOW, THAT THE SEASON OF GIVING MAY BE YOURS AND NOT YOUR INHERITORS'.

Almustafa is entering into the world of man, and particularly the man who is rich. Before I say something about his magnificent statements, a few remarks are absolutely necessary.

Life up to now has been corrupted by ambition. There is no other poison which is more potent than ambition because it kills you and yet keeps you breathing. Ambition turns you into vegetables, and the lure of ambition is given to every child with the mother's milk. From the very first moment, his whole life is being based on principles of destructiveness. Nothing destroys more than ambitiousness. You have all been told -- by the parents, by the teachers, by the priests, by the neighbors, by all these so-called well-wishers -- that you have to become somebody special, important, powerful. And money gives more power than anything else, because even the politicians are commodities in the market -- you can purchase them.

In fact, every politician is sold into the hands of the super-rich. But the super-rich is the poorest person on the earth.

He has succeeded in being important, in being powerful, but he has lost his soul. Inside, there is just emptiness and darkness.

Why does it happen? What is the mechanism of its happening?

Ambition is a ladder, and you always see somebody ahead of you. It is competitive. Your whole mind is continuously thinking of ways and means, right or wrong, to reach higher than others. And if you are cunning enough, you may succeed, but in the world of ambition, success is the ultimate failure. But one becomes alert and aware about the failure only when he has reached the last rung of the ladder. He has wasted his whole life in search of being higher than others, holier than others, richer than others. And now, his desire is fulfilled.

Cursed are those people who reach to the final stage of their ambition. This ambition has been their dream day and night -- and it is not easy, because everybody else is also trying for the same success. But by the time you have reached the last rung of the ladder, you are in for a great surprise and a shock because there is no longer anywhere to go and your whole training in life has been just to compete, to fight. It is no ordinary competition, it is cutthroat; it does not matter how many people you destroy. Your eyes are fixed on a faraway fulfillment.

You have heard the saying -- it must have been created by the idiots -- that "Nothing succeeds like success." It is not the saying of a man who has really succeeded. Because I say to you: Nothing fails like success. You have reached the goal but your whole life has slipped by. There was no time for anything -- not even to breathe properly, not even

to smile, not even to love. What kind of life have you lived? It was like a robot, mechanical, and now that you have arrived at the desired goal there is tremendous frustration in your being, because nothing is there.
But very few have been courageous enough to say that it is a strategy of the society to keep people away from living. The whole society is against life, against love, against songs, against dances. Trees are far happier, flowers are more joyous. Those who are sensitive can even hear the sermons in the stones... but these are not the people who are after some goal, because the goal is always tomorrow. Meanwhile, you are miserable. Who knows whether you are going to succeed or not? You have staked your whole life for success, but even if you have all the wealth of the world, you cannot eat it. It cannot be a nourishment to your life and your spirit. On the contrary, it has made you a rich beggar, surrounded by riches but at the very center of your being there is just a begging bowl.
I am reminded of a small story, very ancient. A king, a great king has come out of the palace just to have a little walk in his beautiful, vast garden. As he is stepping out, he faces a beggar with a begging bowl. And the beggar says, "I am fortunate to find you directly. Otherwise... I have been waiting for months for an appointment, but who cares to give an appointment for a beggar?"
The king said, "What do you want?"
He said, "My longing is not for much. Just this small begging bowl -- fill it with anything that you think, as a great king, is worthy of you. Don't think about my worth, I am a worthless beggar. Think about yourself -- fill it with something that you think you are worthy of."

The king had never seen such a beggar -- who is not asking because he is hungry, because he is thirsty, because he has nothing to live on. On the contrary, he is saying, "Think about yourself. Your gift should have the signature of a great king... anything will do."

This was a great challenge, and the king called his prime minister. Before he could say anything to the prime minister, the beggar said, "But remember one thing, one condition: the bowl has to be filled completely."

The king said, "Don't be worried. I have so much, such a vast empire, and your begging bowl is so small. Are you worried that I cannot fill it completely with something?"

And just to show the beggar, he told the prime minister that, "Fill his bowl with diamonds, rubies, emeralds -- the most precious stones -- so that he will remember for his whole life that he has met with an emperor."

There was no problem because the king's palace was full of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones. But immediately there was a problem: the prime minister filled the begging bowl, but the moment anything went into the bowl, it disappeared. The question of filling it completely seemed to be impossible.

But the king was also adamant, an egoist, a conqueror of many lands. He said, "Even if my whole empire is needed, I have given my word and it has to be fulfilled."

Slowly slowly, all the precious stones disappeared. Then gold, then silver... but they went on disappearing. By the evening, the king himself was a beggar, and the bowl was as empty as it had been in the morning.

The beggar said, "I am amazed. Such a great emperor and you cannot fill a poor beggar's bowl?"

People had been watching the whole day, the rumor spread all over the country. The whole capital had gathered. People from faraway places had rushed to see. The king fell at the feet of the beggar and asked, "I have failed to fulfill my promise; forgive me. But I will think that you have forgiven me only if you tell me the secret of your begging bowl, where the whole empire has disappeared. All my wealth -- where has it gone? Is it a magic bowl? Are you a magician?"

The poor beggar laughed. He said, "No, I am not a magician. By accident, because I don't have any money even to purchase a begging bowl, I found this skull of some dead man. I polished it, cut it in the shape of a begging bowl. The secret is, man's skull is so small... but even the greatest empire is not going to fill it. It will go on asking for more. I am not a magician, the magic is in the human head. And because of this bowl, I have been hungry for days. Everything disappears and the desire remains the same."

When a man reaches the highest rung of the ladder, his whole life is gone. and what does he find there? Nothing -- but it needs courage to say it to the others who are behind him, struggling to reach the top.

Gautam Buddha renounced his kingdom, not without reason. Mahavira renounced his kingdom, not without reason. The twenty-four teerthankaras, the great masters of the Jainas, all renounced kingdoms. They cannot all be mad. But they have seen the reality: their fathers were successful, but successful only in the eyes of others. Others could not see inside them. Inside, they were still beggars, bigger beggars than when they started this journey of

ambition. There comes a point when you start feeling that your whole educational system, that your well-intentioned parents, have all been fast asleep.
And there is no way of going back; there is no way of having your youth again. There is no way to let the flowers of love grow in you -- you have become dry and hard and dead, because the competition is tough and to be successful you have to be tough. That toughness destroys all your beautiful values -- love, joy, ecstasy. You never think of meditation. Money is your only meditation.
The first question comes from a rich man:

THEN SAID A RICH MAN, SPEAK TO US OF GIVING.

He's asking: "I have struggled and destroyed myself in getting more and more and now I see that my life began from the very beginning on the wrong track. Please, speak to us of giving.
"I don't want to get anything more. This whole stupid idea of getting and getting, more and more, has been suicidal. Perhaps by giving I may start feeling a little more alive again. Perhaps a breeze of love may enter into my dark soul, perhaps a ray of light. Getting and getting I have tried -- teach me about giving; perhaps that is the right way."
The people in the East who renounce the whole world have inherited a wisdom of centuries: If you want a dance in your heart and peace in your soul; if you want to become more conscious and awake, give it all. It was not against the world. as so-called religious teachers of all religions go on teaching people. They do not understand the basic psychology of it. They have seen the great masters

renouncing everything, all their possessions, and they have logically concluded that perhaps there is a secret in renouncing. So for centuries they have been teaching against riches, against life, against the world. The ultimate result you can see in the East. It has become poorer and poorer, because if you are going to renounce, then what is the point of collecting first? The East has become a beggar. But I say unto you: Unless you have, how can you renounce?

So Mahavira was immensely blissful, Gautam Buddha was in constant ecstasy -- but don't think that a beggar who has nothing to renounce outwardly... he may look like a religious person, but deep down those desires for more -- for pleasure, for being special -- will go on lurking in the darkness. Gautam Buddha and the people of his type were not wrong. But seeing their joy, their peace, their serenity, an absolutely wrong conclusion has been derived by the scholars, the priests. They go on teaching anti-life values. This is a simple arithmetic: you can renounce only if you have it. If you don't have it... apparently both persons look alike -- one has renounced, one does not have it -- both are in the same situation, but not in the same psychology, not in the same spiritual space. Hence, I have been misunderstood all over the world, because I have been teaching people: first have. And then if you are intelligent, you are bound to renounce it.

Religion is not for the poor. The poor can pretend to be religious but inside, all those desires for more go on growing. He talks about renouncing but he knows nothing of renunciation. Renunciation is a second step.

Rejoicing is the first step. Religion happens only to those who have come to the point where they can see that their desires are absurd, they lead nowhere. It has to be your own experience. In that very experience, the psychology of possessiveness disappears; then there is beauty.
Twenty-five centuries have passed and the East has not been able to produce another Buddha. Why? -- a tremendously misunderstood logic. The rich man -- and only a rich man -- can ask, "Teach us of giving." A poor man can only ask, "Teach us of getting." In other words, as long as you are asking for more and more, you are poor. The day the awakening happens to you that this insane idea of getting more and more is not leading you anywhere and your life is slipping out of your hands, then only the question has an authenticity: speak to us of giving.

AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.

The words of Kahlil Gibran should be written in pure gold. If you are thinking of giving your possessions, there is not going to be a revolution in your life. Think of giving up your very desire for possessiveness. Possessions are not a problem: you can live in a palace, the palace is not going to disturb you. The palace is not even aware of you. The problem is that "It is my palace!" That possessiveness has to be given up; whether you give up the palace or not is irrelevant.

YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS.
IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.

Ambition is the way of the ego. It makes you more and more yourself.
It happened: The first prime minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, had gone to the West for a Commonwealth meeting. His number two in the cabinet was Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. He was given the number two position not because of any special quality, but because he had political power in his hands. Mohammedans had divided into two parts: the majority was following Muhammadali Jinnah and asking for a separate land, Pakistan. Maulana Azad remained with the Nationalist Congress, and because of his religious scholarship -- a maulana is the highest degree as far as Mohammedans are concerned -- and because of him, a great number of Mohammedans were not following Muhammadali Jinnah. Maulana Azad was a great orator, but he knew only Urdu, Arabic. And it is a strange craziness of human beings -- the thing that you cannot understand, you think must be of a very high order. All the priests of the world have tried that. The rabbi will speak in Hebrew and the Jews are impressed, although they do not understand anything of it. Translated, it is rubbish. I always have the feeling that the word "rubbish" must have come from "rabbi," I cannot find any other source. The Hindu pundit will speak in Sanskrit. Neither do you know what it means nor perhaps does he

know what he is repeating, because translated, it looks so stupid.

All religious teachers have been against their scriptures being translated because once they are translated into the languages which people understand, the power of the priest is gone. If you listen to a Hindu priest reciting from the VEDAS, you will be impressed, but look into the translations and you will feel as if you have awakened from a sleep. Perhaps two percent of the sentences in all the four VEDAS are significant. Ninety-eight percent are simply crap. And the same is the situation with Buddhism, Jainism and other religions.

Maulana was highly respected, and because of him, India is still the largest Mohammedan country in the world, even after the partition of Pakistan. No other country has as great a number of Mohammedans as India has. Certainly, his power over Mohammedans was great. But he himself was as stupid as every priest needs to be.

He was put second, and he was very much annoyed; he wanted to be the prime minister of India. It was so difficult to convince him -- "It will look very awkward that the country is being divided in two parts because Hindus and Mohammedans don't want to live together, and then both countries have a Mohammedan prime minister? And Hindus will not tolerate it either. You have taken a large part of the country in the name of religion; now leave Hindustan for those who are in the majority -- the Hindus." He became -- reluctantly -- ready to be number two because he knew that in Pakistan he would not even be anywhere. At least here he is number two. But the desire to be the prime minister of the country was such that when

Jawaharlal went away, he immediately ordered Jawaharlal's chauffeur: "Now, as long as Jawaharlal is outside the country, I am the prime minister. I am number two in the cabinet -- acting prime minister." So the prime minister's car with the prime minister's bodyguards, with the prime minister's flag on the car... other cars ahead, a few other cars behind... the whole prime minister's show -- and one day he managed it.

Other cabinet ministers suggested to him, "There is no such thing as acting prime minister because the prime minister is not the formal head of the government. If the president goes out, then the vice-president becomes acting president for the time being, but the prime minister remains prime minister wherever he is. In no country's constitution is there a provision for an acting prime minister. So it is stupid, don't do it."

But he was not ready to listen. Jawaharlal was informed in London. Immediately, he phoned to Maulana to say, "Don't do such a stupidity, the whole world will laugh. Such a thing does not happen. If you are acting prime minister, then what am I doing here in the prime minister's conference? And the president, who is the nominal head of the country is there. Just go back to your own bungalow and behave intelligently."

But it is very difficult to behave intelligently if your unconscious mind is filled with desires, with ambitions.

A Gautam Buddha is empty of any ambitions. He has seen the show. But because twenty-four teerthankaras of the Jainas, Gautam Buddha, the Hindu reincarnations of God -- Rama, Krishna -- were all coming from royal families, the richest in the country, it proved a calamity to the whole

land. People became poverty-worshippers. If the East is poor, this misunderstanding is the reason. And for centuries, they were conditioned with this stupid logic.
So I say that to be really religious you should live totally and intensely the life of the world, so that you can see one day that it is just a dream. When it is your OWN understanding that it is just a dream -- futile, meaningless -- the very desire to possess will disappear. You will not ask about giving, because in giving, there is still the ego and ignorance present. Who are you to give?
Almustafa is pointing to a very significant fact:

LITTLE YOU GIVE IF YOU GIVE OF YOUR POSSESSIONS. IT IS WHEN YOU GIVE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU TRULY GIVE.

The moment you are non-possessive, the ego disappears. You have given yourself.

FOR WHAT ARE YOUR POSSESSIONS BUT THINGS YOU KEEP AND GUARD FOR FEAR YOU MAY NEED THEM TOMORROW?

All possessiveness -- "this is mine, that is mine" -- is rooted in your fear, because what about tomorrow? If you don't cling to possessions, tomorrow you may be in difficulty.

AND TOMORROW, WHAT SHALL TOMORROW BRING TO THE OVER-PRUDENT DOG BURYING BONES IN THE TRACKLESS SAND AS HE FOLLOWS THE PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY CITY?

The same is the situation of all those who cling to their possessions. A dog following the pilgrims hides bones in the sand, without being aware that tomorrow he will not be able to find them because the pilgrims, the caravan will have moved and he's moving with the caravan.
Today is enough unto itself.
And tomorrow will take care of itself.
This is trust -- not believing in this god, in that god, in this holy book, in that holy book.
The day the police commissioner sent his people here, unauthorized -- they entered into my bedroom. I was asleep. I had reached here nearabout four in the night. It was still dark and half-asleep, I could not figure out -- what is all this noise going on? because they were forcing their way, violently.
My people were saying, "He has come late, he's asleep. And what is the reason to see him? His powers of attorney are with Neelam; his legal advisor, Tathagat, is present. If there is anything, it can be settled. Don't disturb him. And you don't have any search warrant, you cannot enter a private bedroom."
But power is blind. They forced their way violently into my room. Hearing the noise, I could not believe -- since when have ghosts started dressing like policemen? I had to rub my eyes to see exactly what was going on. These are ugly days.
I had no idea that they were serving a notice to me, because they simply threw a piece of paper over me in the darkness of early morning. Only later on I came to know that it was a notice for me to leave the city in thirty minutes, from the

police commissioner. A police commissioner is just a servant of the people -- they started phoning him again and again, and the same reply: "He is in worship." I wonder what kind of worship he does? because all worship is stupid, and particularly in this country.

Perhaps he may be worshipping the elephant god, Ganesh. And do you know how Ganesh came into existence? A man with an elephant's head -- with such a big belly, as if he is pregnant -- riding on a poor mouse. The mouse must have been dead long centuries ago, the day he was caught by Ganesh as his vehicle.

And how was Ganesh created? It is not only Christians who are foolish in saying that Jesus was born of a virgin Mary.... It is absolutely unscientific; it is not possible. Without a man, the woman alone cannot give birth to a child. But Ganesh's story is even more outlandish. Shiva, the father of Ganesh, was out. And Parvati, the mother of Ganesh, was taking a bath. Rubbing her body, she collected so much dust... it seems Parvati took only one bath in her whole life, because to make with that dust a statue of Ganesh with such a big belly, the woman must have been covered with layers of dust. And it is certain that she never had another son -- simple logic, that she never took another bath again. This Ganesh is the most-loved god in this part of India. And when she saw that she had made a beautiful statue out of all the dust collected from the bath.... In the first place, one wonders what kind of woman this Parvati was. And then by her divine powers, she made the statue alive. And because she was still cleaning herself, she told Ganesh: "You sit outside and don't allow anybody to come in."

Shiva came back. Ganesh had no idea that he was his father, so he stopped him. And just think of these gods -- just because of being stopped, he became so angry that he cut off the head of Ganesh. Parvati came running -- "What have you done? This was our son!"

So he rushed around to find out... they lived in the Himalayas. The head could have rolled down thousands of feet, and it was just mud. Finding nothing, he came across an elephant so he cut off the head of the elephant. He glued it.

And Ganesh is the most-loved god in this part of the country. Most probably, this police commissioner was worshipping Ganesh. He can worship such a stupid idea but in the notice, he cannot write my full name. He writes, "Dearest Rajneesh" -- just to avoid "Osho."

Nowhere... I have been around the world -- no magistrate, no judge, no police officer has been so discourteous. They have all addressed me the way my people address me. But in my own country, where all kinds of stupidities and idiotic ideas are worshipped as "Osho".... Ganesh is the most important one. Whenever you start a new thing, the first thing is to remember Ganesh -- Shree Ganesh Namah. And nobody bothers -- who is this fellow? And how is it possible?

And he orders me not to criticize any religion. It must be his own fear: if I come to know what kind of god he is worshipping and what kind of holy book he believes in, I will criticize both and destroy them both. And I am ready to argue with him -- these fictitious stories, not even reasonable... and people are worshipping.

The real religious person does not worship, he trusts in existence. Worship is a poor, plastic substitute. He trusts in existence: he knows, "If existence has taken care of me today, tomorrow will also be the same. It will come as today, and if existence needs me, it will take care of me." This is real giving.

AND WHAT IS FEAR OF NEED BUT NEED ITSELF? IS NOT DREAD OF THIRST WHEN YOUR WELL IS FULL, THE THIRST THAT IS UNQUENCHABLE? THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE LITTLE OF THE MUCH WHICH THEY HAVE -- AND THEY GIVE IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE...

All the religions have exploited your hidden desires.
I was participating in a religious conference in Prayag. I heard one shankaracharya speaking to thousands of people, saying, "If you give one rupee in donation, in the other world you will get one thousand rupees." A good bargain! Good business! But all Hindu scriptures are full of such promises -- "Give a little here and you will get much as a reward in heaven."
This is not trust. This is not getting rid of your mad desire for possessions. Here, you are giving one rupee -- people will see: this man is a very religious man, he gave one rupee to a beggar. But they don't know his hidden desire. He is giving it as a guarantee so that he can get one thousand rupees after death. He is depositing in God's bank. But the interest rate seems to be absolutely absurd!
People give just a little to make sure that in the other world they will get much. And in this world, they will get

recognition, respectability; people will think of them as religious people.
One of the successors of Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, went around the country asking people to donate land, just one-sixth of their land to the poor. And he was given millions of acres of land in donation for the poor. Only later on it was discovered that almost all of that land was useless, unfertile. But those people got recognition, got seats in the assemblies and the parliament. Not only did they give the rotten land which had no use, they simply said it; actually they never gave it. It has not been transferred to the poor. And what is the poor man going to do with that land? It has no value at all. But this is the way man's ego has invented to get recognition, respectability, honor.

... THEY GIVE IT FOR RECOGNITION AND THEIR HIDDEN DESIRE MAKES THEIR GIFTS UNWHOLESOME.

Kahlil Gibran is truly a religious man with a sincerity, authenticity which is rare. He is saying, "These gifts are not religious. They are unwholesome."

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE AND GIVE IT ALL. THESE ARE THE BELIEVERS IN LIFE AND THE BOUNTY OF LIFE, AND THEIR COFFER IS NEVER EMPTY.

These are the people who trust. If God or existence or whatever name you give it, can give you life... its bounty, its abundance will be always available to those who trust.

When I left and resigned from the university, naturally my father was very much concerned. He came rushing from the village which was one hundred and twenty miles away from the university and asked me, "Have you thought of tomorrow? Have you thought of sickness? Have you thought of old age?"

I said, "I never thought of my birth, I never thought of my youth. The same source of life that has taken care, will take care. And if I am not needed, then there is no need to care for me; then I should be removed and a place should be made available for someone who is needed. Don't be worried."

But it is very difficult. He could not convince me, but he did whatever he could. I told him, "Remember, I will not take a single rupee in inheritance from you. You have given me enough -- your love, the freedom that you have given me is rare." But a father is a father. He immediately went home and transferred much property into my name, without informing me, because he knew that I was not going to accept it. I came to know about it only when he died. Taxes have to be paid on the property, and for the first time I received a letter saying that "You are not paying taxes."

I said, "Have I to pay taxes on my body? Even my clothes don't belong to me. Nothing belongs to me; I don't possess anything, they have come to me from my sannyasins. And I never accept them forever. I accept them only to use -- they can take them back any time, they are theirs. I don't use the watch twenty-four hours a day -- only for the lecture time, because I don't have any sense of time. I may go on speaking... and once in a while, when I forget to look at the watch, I do go on speaking. My people have asked, "Should

we give you some indication?" I have told them, "Never do such a thing, because I don't like any interference."
I told my father, "I trust existence." And I have proved that existence has taken care of me better than I could have managed myself.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.

All the religions have been lying to you -- and the police commissioner says to me that I should not criticize any religion. They have lied to you. They say that if you give here, you will be rewarded in heaven. Neither do they have any evidence of heaven nor do they have any evidence from millions of people who have gone before -- just a single letter, a postcard -- that "Yes, what these priests are saying is right."
All that money that you give goes to the priests. But the desire to be rewarded blinds you to a simple truth: In the very giving, you feel so joyful... what more reward is needed?
This is one of the principles I insist on most: that each act comes with either its reward or with its punishment. There is no need of any God who is twenty-four hours noting things into his books about millions of people of this earth... and scientists say there are at least fifty thousand planets where life exists.
Have mercy on poor God, don't burden him unnecessarily. Life has an autonomous mechanism of its own. Your very act is either a reward or a punishment. And that can give you the criterion, too: if it is a reward, it is right; if it is a

punishment, it is wrong. If it is a reward, it is virtue; if it is a punishment, it is sin. There is no need to go to anybody to ask. Each act, twenty-four hours a day, is teaching you.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH JOY, AND THAT JOY IS THEIR REWARD.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE WITH PAIN, AND THAT PAIN IS THEIR BAPTISM.

This is so beautiful of Kahlil Gibran, that even pain becomes a religious transformation. Even if you give not with joy but with pain, that pain will purify you. That pain is a fire, it will burn all that is wrong in you. You will come out of it more sincere, more human, more religious. This is the meaning of baptism, not the baptism of the Christian priests.
And I am going to criticize it -- dropping a little water on small babies' heads is not baptism, it is simply foolishness.
I have heard a story. One great bishop lived opposite a great rabbi, and naturally there was continuous competition. Even in religious people, the same thing continues.
One day the rabbi came out in the morning and saw that in the bishop's garage there was sitting a beautiful Chevrolet, the latest model. And the bishop came out and sprinkled water on it. The rabbi could not resist his temptation -- what is this idiot doing? He went and asked, "Dear sir, what are you doing?"
The bishop said, "Baptism; now the car is Christian."
The rabbi was very much offended by the new Chevrolet, but a rabbi is a Jew, intelligent as far as money is

concerned. He managed that night to collect enough money to purchase a beautiful Lincoln Continental, a much higher-class car than the Chevrolet. The Chevrolet in America is the poor man's car. The Lincoln Continental is their best car -- the rich man's car.
The bishop saw it from his house. He said, "My god, this rabbi is something!"
He went to the rabbi's house and asked, "Whose car is this?"
The rabbi said, "Whose? I have purchased it. It is the latest model Lincoln Continental."
And the bishop said, "What are you doing?" With garden scissors he was cutting the exhaust pipe.
He said, "I am doing the circumcision; now it is a Jew."
And these idiots are not only in stories, they are realities spread all over the world.
A real baptism is the fire through which you pass, the pain through which you pass. You don't escape it. You still trust in existence: if it gives you pain there must be some reason in it, something in your heart has to be burned so that you can become pure.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO GIVE AND KNOW NOT PAIN IN GIVING, NOR DO THEY SEEK JOY...

These are the purest, the most religious.

... NOR GIVE WITH MINDFULNESS OF VIRTUE.

They don't give because giving is taught by every religion as virtue.

THEY GIVE AS IN YONDER VALLEY THE MYRTLE BREATHES ITS FRAGRANCE INTO SPACE.

They give just like flowers give their fragrance to the winds, to take it wherever the wind is going. They never come to know to whom they have given. They are not concerned. They simply give out of their love, for no reward, for no virtue. These are the highest givers. They are not even aware of giving.

THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS, AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES HE SMILES....

They have become one with existence. Their hands are God's hands and their eyes are God's eyes....

THROUGH THE HANDS OF SUCH AS THESE GOD SPEAKS,
AND FROM BEHIND THEIR EYES HE SMILES UPON THE EARTH.

These are the highest peaks of consciousness, beauty, love. Everybody has the potential to become the hands of God, the eyes of God. And unless you become that, you have missed the very point of your life.

IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH UNDERSTANDING.

Why humiliate a person and force him to ask? That is ugly. When you see that some need exists and you are able to fulfill it through your own understanding, fulfill it.

When I was a student in the university, I used to receive two hundred rupees per month from someone, I knew not who. I had tried every way to find out who the person was. On the first day of each month, the money order was there but there was no name, no address. Only when the person died... and he was no one other than the founder of the university in which I was a student.

I went to his home. His wife said, "I am worried -- not because my husband has died; everybody has to die. My concern is, from where am I going to get two hundred rupees to send you?"

I said, "My god, your husband has been sending it? I never asked, and there was no need because I am getting a scholarship from the university, free lodging, free boarding -- everything free."

The wife said, "I also asked him many times: Why do you go on sending two hundred rupees to him? And he said, `He needs it. He loves books but he has no money for books. And his need for books is greater than his need for food.'"

But he was a rare man. In his whole life, whatever he earned he donated to create the university in his town. India has almost one thousand universities. I have seen many. His university is small; it is a small place. But his university is the most beautiful -- on a hilltop surrounded by great trees, and below it such a big lake full of lotus flowers... the lake is so big that you cannot see the other

shore. And I came to know that he had given everything to the university. Nobody was asking, nobody was even expecting that in that small place there would be a great university.
He was a world-known legal expert. He had offices in London, in New Delhi, in Peking; he was continuously on the move.
I had asked him, "Why have you chosen this place?"
He said, "I have gone all over the world and I have never seen such a beautiful small hill, with big trees, with such a beautiful lake, with so many lotuses...." The whole lake is covered with flowers and lotus leaves. In the early morning, on all the lotus petals... dewdrops gather in the night... in the morning you can see -- that lake is the richest in the world because each dewdrop shines like a diamond.
He had taken me around the place and he said, "It is not a question of my town, it is a question of the beauty of this place."
But I had never imagined that he would be sending me two hundred rupees per month, unsigned. So I cannot even send him a thank you note.

IT IS WELL TO GIVE WHEN ASKED, BUT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE UNASKED, THROUGH UNDERSTANDING;
AND TO THE OPEN-HANDED THE SEARCH FOR ONE WHO SHALL RECEIVE IS JOY GREATER THAN GIVING.

What can we give? Everything is mundane.

Almustafa is right when he says that the true giver is not concerned to attain some joy by giving. His joy is in searching for someone to whom he can give -- who is receptive, who is open, who will not feel offended.

AND IS THERE AUGHT YOU WOULD WITHHOLD?
ALL YOU HAVE SHALL SOME DAY BE GIVEN;
THEREFORE GIVE NOW...

Death will take everything away. Hence, never be worried about giving. Life has given to you, life will take it away. Why miss the chance of the joy of giving? Why miss the chance of becoming the hands of God, and the eyes of God?

... THAT THE SEASON OF GIVING MAY BE YOURS AND NOT YOUR INHERITORS'.

People collect for their inheritors. This is wrong for two reasons: one, you miss the chance of giving; secondly, whoever is going to inherit your money will miss the chance of earning it himself. You have destroyed two persons -- yourself and your children.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1

Chapter #11
Chapter title: Life gives unto life
13 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
YOU OFTEN SAY, "I WOULD GIVE, BUT ONLY TO THE DESERVING."
THE TREES IN YOUR ORCHARD SAY NOT SO, NOR THE FLOCKS IN YOUR PASTURE.
THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.
SURELY HE WHO IS WORTHY TO RECEIVE HIS DAYS AND HIS NIGHTS IS WORTHY OF ALL ELSE FROM YOU.
AND HE WHO HAS DESERVED TO DRINK FROM THE OCEAN OF LIFE DESERVES TO FILL HIS CUP FROM YOUR LITTLE STREAM.
AND WHAT DESERT GREATER SHALL THERE BE, THAN THAT WHICH LIES IN THE COURAGE AND THE CONFIDENCE, NAY THE CHARITY, OF RECEIVING?
AND WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE, THAT YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?
SEE FIRST THAT YOU YOURSELF DESERVE TO BE A GIVER, AND AN INSTRUMENT OF GIVING.
FOR IN TRUTH IT IS LIFE THAT GIVES UNTO LIFE -- WHILE YOU, WHO DEEM YOURSELF A GIVER, ARE BUT A WITNESS.
AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS -- ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF

GRATITUDE, LEST YOU LAY A YOKE UPON YOURSELF AND UPON HIM WHO GIVES.
RATHER RISE TOGETHER WITH THE GIVER ON HIS GIFTS AS ON WINGS;
FOR TO BE OVERMINDFUL OF YOUR DEBT IS TO DOUBT HIS GENEROSITY WHO HAS THE FREE-HEARTED EARTH FOR MOTHER, AND GOD FOR FATHER.

All the religions of the world teach charity, service, giving. But look at the world they have created -- there is neither any charity nor any service nor any giving. They have used beautiful words, but their beautiful words are like the words of a blind man who is talking about light. His words may be beautiful but they don't carry any truth.
Almustafa is giving you one of the most important secrets of transforming your life. He says:

YOU OFTEN SAY, "I WOULD GIVE, BUT ONLY TO THE DESERVING."

This is what all the religions have been teaching. The Buddhist scriptures are full of teachings that you should give only to the Buddhists because they are the deserving. And the brahmin scriptures are full, teaching everybody to give and share and serve -- not those who need, who are starving, who are dying -- but give to the brahmins because they deserve it. They have all misled humanity; hence this mess all over the world.
Almustafa is bringing you something of a very original insight -- fresh, unpolluted. It cannot be a borrowed truth

because there is no scripture in the world from which it can be borrowed. It is a heartfelt experience.

THE TREES IN YOUR ORCHARD SAY NOT SO, NOR THE FLOCKS IN YOUR PASTURE.

They simply give out of their abundance. If a tree is heavy with fruits, even if there is no one to take those fruits the tree is going to return them to the earth. It cannot go on living so heavily laden, burdened with abundance.
Give out of your abundance.

THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.

Life is a constant movement. Whenever the flow stops, there is death. All full stops belong to death; life is unaware of any full stop.
The really authentic religious person gives because he has; he gives because if he does not give it, it will perish, and with its perishing he will also perish. The religious person shares. It is not an obligation to anybody. On the contrary, the person who receives is obliging you because he has saved you from a burden that could have killed you.

THEY GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE, FOR TO WITHHOLD IS TO PERISH.

Look into your own experience. The moments of giving are the most pleasant moments. The greatest joy comes to those who can give without any distinctions. The question is not

to whom you are giving, the question is that you are so full, your giving is your overflowing. And overflowing is the dance of life, the song of existence.

Cling to it, hold it, and it is going to die. It needs a continuous movement to live, just like your breathing. Try to hold it, out of fear -- who knows whether it will come back or not? -- and you will be committing suicide. Because you go on giving your breath... and it is a giving, whether you are aware of it or not. And the more you give, the fuller is your giving, the healthier you are, the younger you are.

It is a well-known fact that ordinarily we breathe very superficially. We have almost six thousand small openings in our lungs, but it is very rare that anybody breathes with his full lungs. The healthiest person you know breathes only through two thousand small openings. But the other four thousand openings remain without any oxygen -- which is your life. That's why exercise, or running, or jogging, or swimming helps you -- because you breathe deeply. But before you can breathe, you have to empty your lungs of all carbon dioxide that goes on collecting. If your lungs become full of carbon dioxide, you are dead.

The trees around you here also breathe, but they breathe carbon dioxide. So when you breathe out, you are giving to the trees. They need carbon dioxide -- without you, they will die. And they exhale oxygen -- without them, you cannot live. But in his blindness, man goes on cutting trees, not knowing that he is cutting his own life.

I have observed minutely all kinds of people. The miser breathes the shallowest. He clings even to the carbon dioxide which is his death. But we have made up strange

things, strange ideas of humanity, and because they have been repeated so often you have forgotten completely to question them.
Do you know that not a single case in the whole history of man has happened that a man has died by heart attack while making love? It cannot be just coincidence. People are having heart attacks in all kinds of situations. The one situation in which the heart attack does not happen is while you are making love. And the simple reason is, while you are making love you start breathing more fully, more deeply. You are giving, and in your giving is your life.
Do not be worried about whether the person deserves it or not. That is the question and the concern of the miser.
I have observed people who are not misers. They will not have heart attacks. Your whole life is an organic unity. Whatever you do, it reflects your whole personality in all directions.
Almustafa is right:

SURELY HE WHO IS WORTHY TO RECEIVE HIS DAYS AND HIS NIGHTS IS WORTHY OF ALL ELSE FROM YOU.

If existence is willing to give that person life, you cannot give him a cup of tea? If existence is ready to keep him alive for seventy, eighty or more years; if existence never thinks of whether he deserves it or not, what are you giving that you are so much concerned about? In fact, you don't want to give. You want some excuse: "I am not giving, not because I am a miser -- I am not giving because there is nobody who deserves."

AND HE WHO HAS DESERVED TO DRINK FROM THE OCEAN OF LIFE DESERVES TO FILL HIS CUP FROM YOUR LITTLE STREAM.

But the brahmin scriptures say, "Give only to the brahmins. Then it is charity, then it is virtuous." They never say, "Give to the sudras, the untouchables." In fact, they need. But according to the ugly classification of Hinduism, they don't deserve.

And we are so blind that we never see that the real person who deserves is the one who needs. He may be a thief, he may be a murderer -- who are you to judge? In your very judgment, you have shown your inhumanity.

I have heard that in a master's small cottage far away from the town, one fullmoon night a thief entered.

The master was awake. He had only one thing, a blanket -- half he used as his mattress and half to cover himself. In the day, he used the same blanket to cover his nakedness because he had no other clothes.

Seeing the man in the fullmoon night -- because the doors were open, the windows were open and the moon was coming in.... The thief was well known. The master closed his eyes, because to keep your eyes open... if the thief knows it, it is disrespectful to his humanity. If he has come miles from the town to steal from a poor master's house, he must be in great need.

He wept. He covered himself under the blanket... "What will he find in my house? He will have to go eight miles again empty-handed. If he had just informed me two or three days before, I could have begged all over the town,

collected something for him. This is not the right way to come to a poor man's house." He is not concerned that he is a thief. He is concerned that he has nothing that the man can steal and be satisfied.

Inside the house there was darkness, and the master was worried -- he may stumble, fall, may get hurt. So he lit a candle and went inside, following the thief.

The thief looked back: suddenly the light had come into the darkness, and as he saw the master, he was frozen with fear. "If this man says a single word, the whole town is going to believe him."

But the master said, "Don't be afraid. I have come just to help you. Inside the house it is very dark. Moreover, for thirty years I have lived in this house and I have not found anything. Just accept me as a partner: whatever we find, we can divide it fifty-fifty. Or, if you want to keep it all, that too is okay because I have not been able to find anything. It is yours; you are the finder."

The heart of the thief was touched. He had heard the word "compassion" but now he came to know it for the first time in his life. No condemnation, no judgment. On the contrary, he was going to help him to steal from his own house.

The thief said, "Just forgive me, master. I was unaware that it was your house; otherwise, I would not have dared to enter."

The master said, "But you cannot go empty-handed, and I have only this blanket. Outside it is too cold. Please, accept this blanket."

He gave his blanket and the thief was amazed that he was naked inside -- that was all he possessed. The thief tried to persuaded him....

The master said, "Don't wound me any more. Next time when you come just let me know in advance; I will make arrangements, and if you need a certain thing you can mention that too. There are so many lovers in this town, so many disciples and devotees, I assure you. I am ashamed because my blanket is old. It is not worth giving to anyone... but just see my helplessness and be kind enough to accept it. I will remain grateful to you for my whole life."

The thief was in a dilemma: what to do? He had never seen such a man. He touched the feet of the master, took the blanket -- because now it was too difficult to refuse -- and rushed out of the home, because it was getting too hard to remain in his presence. He had seen emperors and he had seen generals but he had never seen a human being.

As he was going out, the master said, "Remember, don't forget. You have made me so happy. For my whole life, I have been a beggar. I have never known the joy of giving. You have turned me from a beggar into an emperor by receiving my old and rotten blanket. Your heart is large, your understanding is deep. Come again and again."

As the thief left, the master was sitting, shivering. It was so cold... and he saw the full moon from his window and he wrote a small haiku which means:

Why has the existence made me so poor?
Only this moment, encountering the thief

I have felt my poverty. If I could give him this beautiful moon, I would have given it also.

The question is not whether the person to whom you are giving something deserves it or not. The question is

whether he needs it or not. Give to him out of love; give out of respect. Don't destroy anybody's dignity.

AND WHAT DESERT GREATER SHALL THERE BE THAN THAT WHICH LIES IN THE COURAGE AND THE CONFIDENCE, NAY THE CHARITY, OF RECEIVING?

This is simply a virgin statement. Nobody -- no Krishna, no Buddha, no Jesus -- has ever been able to assert such a deep truth: ...the charity of receiving. They have all been talking about the charity of giving.
Feel obliged to those who receive from you. Look at their courage and confidence -- they could have refused. Look at their charity. They have allowed you to shower on them just like a cloud which is heavy with rain. And when there is a cloud heavy with rainwater and showers, do you think it goes all around finding who deserves it? Does it rain more in the brahmin's field and less in the poor sudra's field? It is unconcerned. It is simply grateful to the thirsty earth that receives it with joy. And all over, the joy comes into green foliage, flowers with fragrance. Suddenly the dry land is no longer dry -- it is full of juice and full of life. But still, the thirsty land has done a charitable act: it has unburdened a cloud. It has freed the cloud -- now it can move more easily in any direction the wind is blowing. But no religion has ever thought about it. In fact, the religions have been concerned with the money and power that can come from rich people. They were really trying to persuade the rich to give... but in such a roundabout way.

Reading a Buddhist scripture on charity, I was amazed at how cunning is the mind of people you think are religious. I don't think those words have been uttered by Gautam Buddha himself, because they were compiled after his death. And he had been speaking for forty-two years continuously, so there are so many schools -- exactly thirty-two schools -- with different scriptures saying that "This has been asserted by Buddha." Now there is no way to decide.

But reading... first it talks about the beauty of charity, the virtue of charity, the reward that you will get in the other world if you are charitable. And in the end it says, "But remember, give only to those who deserve." And it defines who the people are who deserve. The definition is such that only a Buddhist monk will fit into it. Give to a bhikku, the Buddhist monk -- he is not saying exactly to the Buddhist monk, but he gives a definition which is applicable only to a Buddhist monk.

And the same is true about Hindus and about Mohammedans and about Christians. But none of them has really thought about the charity of receiving, because they were not concerned about themselves; they were concerned about the money -- how to get it, how to allure people to donate, how to convince them that whatever they are giving is a good business, because they will be receiving much more in the other life.

Here, Almustafa rises to the highest consciousness possible.

AND WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE, THAT

YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?

Who are you? You are giving something mundane -- money, bread, clothes, shelter for the night.

It happened once that I was traveling from one village to another village. There were no railway trains in that area, and my chauffeur was new, and there were two towns with very similar names. So he got into the wrong town in the middle of the night. It was a Mohammedan town. I wanted just to rest for the night.

The first question was, "Are you a Mohammedan?"

I said, "Is it necessary to be a Mohammedan? I will only be sleeping under the shelter of your house."

They said, "If you are a Mohammedan, you are welcome. If you are not a Mohammedan, we are sorry" -- because that is what their preachers have been telling them.

Hilariously, my chauffeur was a Mohammedan, so he said, "In the next house, you are not to speak at all. You look perfectly like a Mohammedan, there is no problem. You just don't speak and I will manage. I will say, `My master, my boss, is in silence.'"

I said, "Try it." It worked! I received all their hospitality, even more because I was keeping silence. But in the morning when we were leaving, I said, "It will only be right to make you aware that I am not a Mohammedan and I'm not keeping silence. Of course, my chauffeur is a Mohammedan."

They were really angry and annoyed. The whole town gathered. My chauffeur said, "What trouble are you creating? It was just a question of two minutes more. If you

had kept silent, they all would have welcomed you and thought a great saint, a sage had blessed their house, their town."
I said, "But it was not true. I agreed with you because I was feeling too tired and sleepy."
But things became too hot. My chauffeur said, "You have to do something, because these are all fanatics." Anybody who belongs to an organized religion is a bigot and a fanatic because his basic understanding is that only his religion is right and all other religions are wrong. He may say so, he may not say so.
Seeing the situation -- and I had to reach a certain place in time, and the joke had gone already too far -- I laughed and said, "You people are so simple and innocent. Can't you recognize a Mohammedan when you see one?"
They said, "We can see, you look like a Mohammedan."
And I said, "As for my silence, this was my last night of silence. That's why I'm speaking now."
And they all laughed and they all hugged me and they said, "Whenever you want, you are welcome. Whenever you pass along this route, all houses are open for you."

WHO ARE YOU THAT MEN SHOULD REND THEIR BOSOM AND UNVEIL THEIR PRIDE, THAT YOU MAY SEE THEIR WORTH NAKED AND THEIR PRIDE UNABASHED?

Is this an act of charity? This is not charity. Charity imposes no conditions, charity knows no conditions. Charity simply gives and feels grateful that you received, that you did not reject.

SEE FIRST THAT YOU YOURSELF DESERVE TO BE A GIVER
-- that should be your concern: are you worthy of giving? --

AND AN INSTRUMENT OF GIVING.
FOR IN TRUTH IT IS LIFE THAT GIVES UNTO LIFE -- WHILE YOU, WHO DEEM YOURSELF A GIVER, ARE BUT A WITNESS.

Can you find something more beautiful ever asserted? Life gives to life, while you are unnecessarily fulfilling your ego that you are the giver. How can you be the giver? You had come naked without anything, and you will leave this world naked and without anything. And just in between these two nakednesses, you become a possessor, a giver.
Everything belongs to existence.
One who understands, sees himself as only an instrument through whom life gives to life. And he is just a witness.
Just today, Nirvano brought me a small press cutting: DEVELOP WISDOM TO SAVE HUMANITY. "The prime minister, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi, today posed the question whether man, who has developed enough knowledge to wipe out humanity, will be able to acquire enough wisdom to save it."
And Rajiv Gandhi has deceived the whole country, saying that "If you vote us into power, we are going to usher the whole country into the twenty-first century." It seems now he's growing his wisdom tooth too late. Was he not aware of this fact, that man is not wise enough even to be called

human? He's not even contemporary -- and particularly in this country, he is centuries behind. While he was promising that he would take you into the twenty-first century, he befooled you. He took you for a good ride.
And now: "Inaugurating a five-day international conference in memory of Indira Gandhi entitled TOWARDS NEW BEGINNINGS Mr. Gandhi said, `Man has not changed his basic thinking, though he has exchanged the club used by the primitive man with nuclear missiles to destroy each other.'"
When he was talking to the country and telling people that he was going to take the country into the twenty-first century before anybody else enters it, the chief editor of ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY had come to take my interview in America. His last question was, "Do you have any message for Rajiv Gandhi?"
And this was my message: "Tell him that just by bringing more technology you cannot bring the twenty-first century to your country. First, people's minds have to be changed. Their prejudices are rotten; they are living in the past, not in the present -- and you are talking about the future. Yes, you can have all the technology that the West has, but that does not mean that you will have the wisdom to use nuclear bombs for creative purposes. You are fighting for small things: Mohammedans fighting Hindus, Hindus are fighting with Sikhs...."
He was annoyed by my message. But now he's coming to his senses because new elections are coming close. Now he has to find some new slogans. These are my words he is repeating, but when I sent them he was annoyed. Because

in the whole country, nobody was asking him, "What nonsense are you talking?"

People of this country are thinking of bringing back the same old age when Rama ruled -- ram raja, the kingdom of Rama. Mahatma Gandhi, one of the most cunning politicians the world has ever produced, was continuously talking about it -- "The moment the country becomes independent, the spinning wheel is going to be the only technology." He was against railway trains, he was against telephones. He was against telegrams, post offices. He had been insisting his whole life that the spinning wheel was the last invention of humanity. After that, whatever has happened has to be dropped; only then can man live in peace.

I agree with him. Only then can man live in peace because only then will man be in his grave! Of course, graveyards are the most peaceful places -- ghosts don't fight and ghosts don't belong to Hindus, to Mohammedans, to Christians. A ghost is a ghost. Even ghosts are far wiser than your living people.

"The prime minister wondered whether the present generation was in any way better than the generation that had gone by." Now great wisdom is arising in him. He should first try to change the character and the consciousness of his cabinet, of his parliament, of his government and its bureaucracy.

One of the members of Parliament has asked, "Is the Indian government against Osho's disciples coming from other countries to see him and to be with him?" And Rajiv Gandhi's cabinet minister flatly denied it -- "This is absolutely wrong. Everybody is welcomed."

And this is an absolute lie. Because now I am receiving messages from all over the world that sannyasins are being refused by all the Indian embassies. And you will be aware of what is happening in Poona. Whatever is happening in Poona, a small public servant, the police commissioner, has not the guts to do it. He must have had the support of the Maharashtra government and the central government from New Delhi.

If everybody is welcome then why in every embassy are my sannyasins being refused?

The cabinet minister is lying to the parliament, and to lie to the parliament is to lie to the whole nation because the parliament is representative of the whole country. To lie to the parliament is to lie to the whole world.

So one thing is being said in the parliament and just the contrary orders are being given to all the embassies.

Now I have withdrawn orange clothes, malas, seeing the stupidity of the politicians. They can not recognize my sannyasins, so they have started asking, "For what do you want to go to India?"

And I have received from many countries the same report: whenever they said that they wanted to go to India to learn the art of meditation, the ambassadors said, "Now India is no longer allowing people to come for learning meditation. You can come to see the Taj Mahal, you are welcome to visit the country, but as far as meditation is concerned, a visa cannot be given." Now, my people are simple and innocent, and that is the whole approach that I am teaching to them. They had never thought that the Indian government would be against meditation.

I would like to ask Mr. Rajiv Gandhi: Is there any other way to create wisdom than meditation? This is my open challenge -- either he can come here or I am ready to go to his parliament -- there is only one way to be wise and that comes out of a silent mind. But the silent mind is another name for meditation.

Is he aware what he is talking about? Wisdom... he should start changing his cabinet. It consists of characterless people, lying, and it must be completely in his awareness.

He was present when the minister said, "We are not preventing anyone. Osho's disciples are welcome." But there seems to be no sign at all.

Hundreds of sannyasins have been given visas because they saw that it was better not to mention meditation, because meditation has now become synonymous with my name. So they started saying, "We are just tourists going to see beautiful cities in India." They got visas but at Bombay airport they have names of the sannyasins who used to live with me continuously for seven years here in this city of the dead.

Of course, the dead were a little disturbed, because a living people cannot behave according to the dead. Have you ever seen two dead persons hugging each other? -- and when two dead persons see two living beings joyously hugging each other, just a gesture of love, they feel jealous. They feel that they have missed life. They are irritated, they start tossing and turning in their graves.

Hundreds of sannyasins are being turned back from Bombay airport. Now who is going to pay their fare, their hard-earned money? They earned money just to come to

see me and be here for a few weeks and they are thrown back.

I would like to tell Mr. Rajiv Gandhi that your government owes that money to my sannyasins. That money should be given back. On what grounds are you turning them back from the airport? They have never committed a crime in your country, they are not coming here to commit crimes. They can commit crimes anywhere in their own countries. And if they are coming here to sit silently and listen to me, or just sit silently in my presence, to share my love -- who are you to throw them out from the airport? And who is going to give them back their hard-earned money?

The Indian government should be aware of the fact that if you don't stop all this nonsense, I am going to the high court or to the supreme court, and bringing Mr. Rajiv Gandhi there. Things are so clear that I don't even need a legal expert -- just common sense is enough.

The news clipping is saying that he was inaugurating a five-day international conference. In his conference, people from other countries are welcome to listen to his garbage. What does he know? If it was a conference on the mechanical science of airplanes or a conference of pilots, of course he would be entitled to address it or to participate in it. But about wisdom... what wisdom has he got?

And the conference was arranged in memory of Indira Gandhi. What has Indira Gandhi done? I had great hopes for her, but she failed utterly. In fact, she initiated the violence. What about thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who have been killed and assassinated? No conference will be held for them, and they were innocent people, doing no

harm to anybody. The same cannot be said about Indira Gandhi.

And I had always loved her; I was the only person in the whole of India who blessed her when she was fighting to come back into power. I had blessed her because I wanted this country to get rid of Morarji Desai. My blessing was directly for Indira Gandhi, but it was an indirect way of saying that all these senile people should be thrown out. But she had not the guts even publicly to recognize my blessings. She said to her secretary, "Osho is the only man." Vinoba Bhave did not bless her, and he was her spiritual guru, her spiritual master. When she went for his blessing, the people of his ashram said, "He is in silence. So you can see him, but he cannot speak."

Gurus of politicians cannot be other than politicians. Just a day before, he was not in silence, and just a day afterwards he was not in silence! Exactly on the day she came, he went into silence. And the same strategy was adopted by the shankaracharya. There also, she went to receive blessings and he was in silence.

She had been telling my private secretary, Laxmi, again and again: "I want to come to Poona and to meet Osho. I have to ask many questions concerning the future of this country." Many times appointments were decided -- she's coming on this date -- and just one day before, it was cancelled. It happened so many times that I told Laxmi, "When you see her again tell her that from Osho's side it is cancelled forever."

What kind of stupid thing is... for nine months continuously she was coming, she was coming, she was coming. And she came to Poona and Laxmi went to see her and she said, "I

am very sorry. I wanted to come to the ashram but I have so many appointments" -- appointments with dead people. Appointments with whom? She could not find time to come from the circuit house to the ashram, but she went to Kolhapur because another shankaracharya was visiting Kolhapur. She wasted six hours, and the shankaracharya was silent -- because these are all politicians in different masks. Nobody wants to say anything controversial. Naturally, you can understand why they cannot say anything controversial....

I have not committed any crime except that I am controversial. Every man of integrity, every man of understanding is bound to be controversial. If I see something is wrong, I am going to say it is wrong. And if I see something is right, the whole world may not agree with me, but I am going to say it is right. It is better to die for the truth than to live and compromise with lies.

The fact is that forty years of freedom have been wasted by one family -- the Nehru family. From Jawaharlal Nehru up to Rajiv Gandhi, forty years of this great country have been simply wasted. Their own interest has been to continue a family dynasty they have created. Otherwise, what other qualifications does Rajiv have to be a prime minister of a country which is so full of problems? It does not need cowards.

I can change the whole fate of this country within ten years without any problem. There is not much to it, you just have to be courageous enough to destroy all the superstitions. Whether they belong to Hindus or to Mohammedans or to Christians, it does not matter.

You have to stop your growing crowd... which can be stopped without any difficulty. In my commune in America, where five thousand people were living, in five years' time not a single child was born. And there was no enforcement of any kind. Sheer understanding just made people see the situation.

But rather than making people understand the situation, you go on praising Mother Teresa, who is against birth control. Whoever is against birth control should be behind bars! -- Mother Teresa or father pope does not matter. All these fathers and mothers can get married and get lost! What business do they have? Their business is that if birth control comes, from where will you get more orphans? And without orphans how can you go on increasing the population of Catholics? It is sheer politics -- not religion at all.

If Rajiv Gandhi really wants the country to become a little wise, the beginning should be from the prime minister's house. They should learn how to meditate. Every session of the parliament should start with one hour of meditation. They should change the whole bureaucracy which we have inherited from the British imperialists. This bureaucracy was not created to give people freedom, to give people freedom of expression. This bureaucracy was created just for opposite reasons: to destroy people, their freedom, their individuality, to destroy all kinds of intelligence. And the same bureaucracy continues.

If Rajiv Gandhi really means what he is saying, he should start with his own government. It is full of all kinds of idiots. Their whole function is not to allow the country to grow.

When the police commissioner created unnecessary nuisance in a religious temple, where he has no business to interfere..... Even if he enters, he should enter with permission and he should leave his shoes outside the gate and all his firearms and his idea of being a police commissioner. These people were created to be brutal, to be inhuman. They are still in power.

If Rajiv Gandhi is sincere and honest, the police commissioner of Poona should be demoted and suspended immediately. No such thing should be tolerated at all.

When we phoned him again and again, at his office they said, "He has not come to the office yet." When we said, "Then please just give us his phone number," they would not give us his phone number. It took almost one hour for our people there at the commissioner's office just to get the phone number of his house. If he is not in the office, and it is office time....

And when we phoned his home, they said, "He is worshipping." Again and again he was always "worshipping." Is this government paying government and public money to people to worship in their homes at the time when they should be in the office?

Rajiv Gandhi should start doing something to change his bureaucracy. A small file takes years to move; an ordinary thing which can be decided within minutes, takes lifetimes. The file goes on moving from one table to another and it moves only when you bribe the person. Then it moves to another table. Then you have to bribe the other person. Then it moves to another table... and there is a long line of tables from here to New Delhi.

How do you expect a country where ninety-eight percent of the people are uneducated... and they don't know what is going on. Change the government first. The country has to be given the right guidelines, which of course you and your colleagues cannot give.

Every university should have classes of meditation -- not only for the students but also for the other citizens. Whoever wants to learn meditation should be allowed to learn. And your ambassadors are preventing people, exactly because of the word "meditation." The moment they say, "We are going to learn meditation," the visa is denied.

I would love to know -- is there another way of becoming wise? Has Rajiv Gandhi found some other key which Buddha missed, Mahavira missed, Patanjali missed, Lao Tzu missed? For ten thousand years, all the great masters have missed that which Rajiv Gandhi has found -- the key to wisdom. Then at least distribute those keys to people.

It is very easy to use big words to impress people. Neither they know the meaning of it nor you know the meaning of it. Most probably, the speech was written by a clerk. That is the routine business of all the leaders -- somebody writes their speeches. They are simply gramophone records. Particularly of a company called "His Master's Voice." And have you seen their symbol? That dog seems to really wise, listening so intently, sitting before the speaker.

It was Indira Gandhi who was responsible for all the deaths that have occurred. And more deaths will occur, because the problem is still a problem. Indira Gandhi supported Bangladesh in separating from Pakistan. She sent armies to Bangladesh, which was not her business, to support pundit

Muzibur Rahman. He also belongs to the same Nehru family it seems.

When it is a question of Pakistan, and Bangladesh wants to be separate, and their reasons are valid, then why should there be double standards? If Sikhs want freedom... it is everybody's right.

These politicians go on repeating that "Democracy is for the people, of the people, by the people." And whenever the people ask, "We want to rule ourselves," immediately democracy and the definition of democracy is forgotten. What is the problem? If Punjab wants to be independent... the theory of separation has been accepted, Mr. Rajiv Gandhi, by your grandfather! It is not my proposal. It was Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who accepted the separation of India into Pakistan and India. And why did they accept it? -- for a simple reason: they all were getting old and they were worried about whether they would be able to achieve power in their lifetimes or not. So even if they cannot get the whole of India, something is better than nothing; they will accept the separation. And then Indira Gandhi repeated the same policy again; she supported Bangladesh to be separate.

My simple understanding is that once a certain group of people wants to be free, nobody should create any hindrances. Freedom is such a high value. Indira Gandhi would have been loved and respected by the Sikhs, would have been remembered for centuries to come if she had willingly and lovingly accepted the idea that if you want to be free, it is your birthright. "You be free, and whatever help we can give you, we are prepared to give."

She would not have been assassinated. Perhaps the Sikhs would have dropped the idea of separating from a country which is so willing, so supportive, so loving. What is the point of being separated? But Indira Gandhi created a trouble which will continue unless somebody is ready to give freedom to anybody who wants it.
There is no law above freedom.
But nobody will remember those thousands and thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who have been massacred. It was she who sent the armies into the temple of the Sikhs -- which is absolutely ugly, against the Indian constitution. She destroyed the sanctity of a holy place.
Now the police commissioner wants to do the same here. He wants us not to have arms -- we don't have. It will be a really easy job: they can bring all their machine guns and shoot all of my people.
But that will record for the coming humanity that all these politicians are the enemies of democracy, freedom, humanity -- of the birth of a new man.

AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS -- ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF OF GRATITUDE....

Almustafa is continuously showering as many beautiful roses on you as possible.

AND YOU RECEIVERS -- AND YOU ARE ALL RECEIVERS,
because we have all received life. We are all receiving life-giving air every moment. We are receiving from the fruits,

life; from the water, life. We are all receivers. Don't get into the egoist idea that "I am a giver." The moment you think in terms that you are a giver, you burden the person to whom you are giving. You humiliate him, it is really a very subtle insult. And he will continue to carry the burden that he's grateful to you.

ASSUME NO WEIGHT OF GRATITUDE, LEST YOU LAY A YOKE UPON YOURSELF AND UPON HIM WHO GIVES.
RATHER RISE TOGETHER WITH THE GIVER OF HIS GIFTS AS ON WINGS;
FOR TO BE OVERMINDFUL OF YOUR DEBTS IS TO DOUBT HIS GENEROSITY WHO HAS THE FREE-HEARTED EARTH FOR MOTHER, AND GOD FOR FATHER.

There is no need for anyone to feel that "I am the giver" and there is no need for anyone to be grateful to the person. It is life that gives. You are both the wings of the same bird. Rise high together, don't be separate as giver and receiver.
It is something to be continuously remembered: share, and forget all about it. The giver has to forget, the receiver has to forget. Both should be grateful towards life because it is life which gives.
To life, you are only a witness.
I would like to add only one thing which Almustafa has forgotten. The receiver is also a witness, not only the giver. They are both witnessing the tremendous drama of existence and life.

If it can happen that there is no giver and no receiver, but only a life moving continuously between two shores of the ocean, then you are tasting for the first time something of what I call godliness.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #12
Chapter title: The wine and the winepress
14 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN AN OLD MAN, A KEEPER OF AN INN, SAID, SPEAK TO US OF EATING AND DRINKING.
AND HE SAID:
WOULD THAT YOU COULD LIVE ON THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH, AND LIKE AN AIR PLANT BE SUSTAINED BY THE LIGHT.
BUT SINCE YOU MUST KILL TO EAT, AND ROB THE NEWLY BORN OF ITS MOTHER'S MILK TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST, LET IT THEN BE AN ACT OF WORSHIP,
AND LET YOUR BOARD STAND AN ALTAR ON WHICH THE PURE AND THE INNOCENT OF FOREST AND PLAIN ARE SACRIFICED FOR THAT WHICH IS PURER AND STILL MORE INNOCENT IN MAN.
WHEN YOU KILL A BEAST SAY TO HIM IN YOUR HEART:

BY THE SAME POWER THAT SLAYS YOU, I TOO AM SLAIN; AND I TOO SHALL BE CONSUMED.
FOR THE LAW THAT DELIVERED YOU INTO MY HAND SHALL DELIVER ME INTO A MIGHTIER HAND.
YOUR BLOOD AND MY BLOOD IS NAUGHT BUT THE SAP THAT FEEDS THE TREE OF HEAVEN."
AND WHEN YOU CRUSH AN APPLE WITH YOUR TEETH, SAY TO IT IN YOUR HEART:
YOUR SEEDS SHALL LIVE IN MY BODY, AND THE BUDS OF YOUR TO-MORROW SHALL BLOSSOM IN MY HEART,
AND YOUR FRAGRANCE SHALL BE MY BREATH.
AND TOGETHER WE SHALL REJOICE THROUGH ALL THE SEASONS.
AND IN THE AUTUMN, WHEN YOU GATHER THE GRAPES OF YOUR VINEYARDS FOR THE WINEPRESS, SAY IN YOUR HEART:
I TOO AM A VINEYARD, AND MY FRUIT SHALL BE GATHERED FOR THE WINEPRESS,
AND LIKE NEW WINE I SHALL BE KEPT IN ETERNAL VESSELS.
AND IN WINTER, WHEN YOU DRAW THE WINE, LET THERE BE IN YOUR HEART A SONG FOR EACH CUP;
AND LET THERE BE IN THE SONG A REMEMBRANCE FOR THE AUTUMN DAYS, AND FOR THE VINEYARD, AND FOR THE WINEPRESS.

It is significant that now the question is from an old man. These are metaphors, because Kahlil Gibran is a poet. He

has glimpses of mysticism, but he is not a mystic himself. Hence I will not be agreeing on all points that he is giving in reply to the old man.
The old man is representative of the traditional mind, of the orthodox, of the past, of all those who are dead. But still, there was no need to answer him the way he has answered. That shows the difference between a poet and a mystic.
These words are coming from Kahlil Gibran himself. He is no more the hands through which God speaks, the eyes that smile at you but the smile is of God. The window that was opening to the eternal is for a moment closed.
I have talked about the distinction between the poet and the mystic: the mystic is always the same, on the same height, on the same sunlit peaks, but the poet goes on falling back.

THEN AN OLD MAN, A KEEPER OF AN INN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF EATING AND DRINKING.
AND HE SAID:
WOULD THAT YOU COULD LIVE ON THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH, AND LIKE AN AIR PLANT BE SUSTAINED BY THE LIGHT....

But now the authority is gone. The words are still beautiful, but something is missing. Up to now he was speaking from the heights; now he is standing amongst the crowd, just one of them.

BUT SINCE YOU MUST KILL TO EAT, AND ROB THE NEWLY BORN OF ITS MOTHER'S MILK TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST, LET IT THEN BE AN ACT OF WORSHIP....

This is compromise. And this is one of the reasons why the world was not annoyed with Kahlil Gibran. He reaches to high peaks -- that too, through a fictitious figure, Almustafa -- but he will go on many times falling back and will not have the courage to go against the tradition, the traditional mind, the society, its old, deep-rooted ugly behavior.

It is strange that a man like Kahlil Gibran will agree with killing living animals to eat. He was born in a nonvegetarian society; he has not been able to be completely free of its bondage, its conditioning. Otherwise it would be impossible to say that you can go on killing animals for eating, and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to quench your thirst.

Man for thousands of years has been a hunter. And if you are born in a society which eats living animals, you certainly don't have any reverence for life. He is allowing the old man in himself to say these things.

Violence cannot come from the divine. Violence is barbarous. And it is only because the whole humanity is almost asleep that you never question a simple thing: if you are eating living beings, killing living beings for your food, it is not very far away -- you can easily kill human beings too. What is the difference?

Life is one, whether it exists in the singing birds or in the beautiful deer or in the glories of a lion -- they are also our brothers and sisters.

What is the difference between a cannibal and a meat eater? One of my friends was caught in Africa where there still exist small groups of cannibals who eat human flesh, who kill man just for eating. And because they had nothing else

to offer him to eat.... They had enough human meat, so they were not interested in killing him right away; they were preserving him in the same way all meat-eating people preserve their cattle for the right moment when they will be killed.

He was hungry and he wanted to eat something. There was no other way than to share whatever they were eating. And he told me -- he managed to escape in the deep darkness of the night -- a very strange thing. He is a meat eater, but to eat the meat of other human beings was a shock. But, hungry and tired, he managed to eat... and he was surprised: the human meat is the most delicious.

In the beginning of this century, the cannibals in Africa were three thousand. Now they are only three hundred, because when they cannot get anybody else -- and nobody goes into those parts -- then they start eating their own children, their own wives. From three thousand they are reduced to three hundred. All over the world, population is a problem -- the population explosion. And those poor cannibals are shrinking, and are bound to disappear soon. But I want you to consider the fact that the moment you kill, it does not matter whom you are killing, it is always life that is destroyed. Whether it was in the form of man or in the form of an animal makes no difference. And this stupidity continues without considering the fact that with the new technology we can produce enough, and there is no need to kill any bird, any animal, any human being.

But because Kahlil Gibran was born in a nonvegetarian society, that conditioning is still lingering somewhere in his unconscious. He allows it very lightly: But since you must kill to eat and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to

quench your thirst, let it then be an act of worship. That is trying to cover it up -- Let it be an act of worship.
Can Kahlil Gibran say the same to the cannibals, that "When you are eating a man, let it be an act of worship"?
I have heard a very beautiful story about the first Christian missionary who dared to go to the cannibals in Africa to teach them Christianity, to convert them to Christianity. He was caught hold of and he saw a big pot of boiling water on the fire. Fear started coming to him. He had been told by his friends, "Don't go there; it is impossible to convert those people to Christianity. And anyway they are disappearing by themselves. By the end of this century perhaps there will be no cannibals in the world." But the missionary was very adamant. He wanted to be the pioneer, who converted even the cannibals.
While they were putting him into the boiling water, he said, "What are you doing?"
They said, "Soon you will see."
Just as a last resort, he said, "Have you ever tasted Christianity?"
They said, "No, not yet, but soon we are going to taste -- just let the soup be ready."
I don't see any difference between nonvegetarians and cannibals. A man of love, compassion, understanding, can only be a vegetarian.
And the trees are available to give their abundance. There is no need to kill. It is a sheer hangover from the past hunting days, when there was no cultivation.
You will be surprised to know that Jainas, who are the only community in the whole world which is vegetarian... not even the Buddhists are vegetarians, although Buddha

preached vegetarianism. Then what happened? How did the whole of Asia, which is Buddhist, become meat eaters? This will show you the cunning mind of man. If he can find some small loophole he is not going to miss the opportunity to remain his old self. He is not going to transform.

The story is that Buddha had absolutely told his disciples not to eat meat. Because it is not only a question of reverence for life; it is also a question that if you are not full of reverence for life, your own heart is going to become hard. Your love is going to be phony, your compassion, just a word.

The concern of Mahavira and Gautam Buddha was that man should eat not only to live; man should eat to grow into purer consciousness. A meat eater remains unconsciousness, tethered to the earth. He cannot fly into the sky of consciousness. Both things cannot exist together, that you are becoming more and more conscious and you are not even aware what you are doing -- and just for taste, which is not impossible without killing. You can have the tastiest food possible. So it is absolutely unnecessary, an old past hangover.

But one day an incident happened -- because this was the teaching of Buddha, that his sannyasins should eat only one time a day, and that is enough. And perhaps science is going to say the same to you, to eat only one time a day. Because it has now been found that if you eat less you live longer. If you eat more, you die sooner.

And the reason is that eating for taste becomes an obsession; you want more and more. Americans eat at least five times a day. That is just the average; I'm not talking about REAL Americans.

When I was in America I felt that Charles Darwin had come a little too early. That happens to all geniuses. He proved as far as what evidence was available at that time, that man has come from the monkeys. Have you seen the monkeys? They are continuously chewing something or other. But he failed to find the missing link, because the monkeys and man... there is a big gap. There must have been a link also, that he worked his whole life to find -- some animal which is part monkey, part man. That would have put his hypothesis on absolutely certain ground. Seeing the Americans, I felt very sad for Charles Darwin, because these are the missing links! Either they are eating, or if there is no possibility to contain more.... Thirty million Americans are dying because of overeating, and they still continue to eat! It is an obsession.

You cannot behave like monkeys the whole day long while you are awake, but you can at least chew chewing gum -- just a substitute so your mouth continues to feel you are eating. Even in your sleep you can go on crushing your teeth together, and there are people -- I know them personally -- who are eating the whole day, in between chewing gum, smoking cigarettes. In the night you cannot drop the whole day's practice just because you are asleep. They must be dreaming of delicious food; that's why they are crushing their teeth.

It is a strange coincidence: In America, thirty million people are dying because they don't have anything to eat. They are called in America, "street people." Most of them -- almost all of them -- are black. They don't have any shelter, they don't have anything to eat. And exactly the same number of people, thirty million other Americans --

they are all white, without exception -- are dying of overeating. The question can be solved for sixty million people within minutes, with just a little understanding. And America goes on sending its missionaries to poor countries. The logic is clear. They come here and to other poor countries to give food, shelter, clothes, because these poor people can be converted. Those thirty million Americans are already Christians, so there is no need to bother about them. The whole question seems to be how to increase the number, because in the final count the number decides who is powerful.

Another thing -- he talks about the newly born being robbed of their mother's milk. I was speaking in a Jaina conference, which is the only vegetarian community in the whole world. And I said to them, "If you want to be really and totally vegetarian, you have to stop drinking milk and eating milk products also." Because a cow gives birth to a kid, the milk belongs to the kid. The cow is not giving milk for you.

And have you observed? All other animals, after a short time, stop drinking milk and move to solid food. It is only man who goes on drinking milk to the very end of his life. It must have physiological and psychological consequences; they cannot be avoided.

First, the milk was for the cow's child and the cow's child was going to become a bull; hence the milk has all the chemicals and elements necessary to make a strong bull. And if man drinks the same milk, he is going to become more like a bull than like a man! And on top of it, monogamy, celibacy... bulls are not known for celibacy. In fact, one bull is enough for hundreds of cows.

The blindness is such that Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, all think that milk is the purest food. It is not. And these are the people who worship somebody who simply remains on milk.

I used to live in a city and there was a big ashram... I inquired, "What is the attraction? because I have seen the man -- he looks to me like just an average idiot."

They said, "No, he is a great saint. He lives only on milk. He is called Dundadari Baba -- the milk-drinking saint."

I said, "If he has been drinking only milk, he should be called a dangerous bull!"

And finally it was found that he was a dangerous bull -- because the milk was not from a human mother, and milk is an animal product. It comes from the animal's body, just as the blood does. Those who pretend to be vegetarians should stop all milk products. Otherwise, it is a substitute, at the cost of those animals' small kids. That milk is for them, not for you.

The Jainas were very much angry with me, but they had no argument against it.

Buddhists became meat eaters because of a small incident. Buddha's teaching was that one should not ask when he goes to beg. Every sannyasin had to go every day for begging -- one should not ask; otherwise, sannyasins will become a burden on people. Whatever is given, accept it with thankfulness. But one day, a monk came and asked, "I am in difficulty," because the other rule was that whatever is given to you in the begging bowl, you have to eat it all. It is not much, because you are eating one time in twenty-four hours. No chewing gum, no cigarettes.... And for another reason too -- that food is scarce; people are giving to you

out of reverence for you. You should not throw their food. Nothing should be thrown from the begging bowl.
This sannyasin came with his begging bowl and he said, "I am in a dilemma. As I was coming home, a bird flying over dropped a piece of meat into my begging bowl. So what do you suggest to me? Should I throw it out? That goes against your teaching that nothing should be thrown out or left uneaten. There should be a respect for food, because it is your very life. Or should I eat this piece of meat? That too is against your teaching that we should not eat meat."
Even Gautam Buddha had to close his eyes and to think what to say to this man. Both the alternatives were dangerous. If he says you can throw it, that will become an example for others to come. Whatever they don't like they can throw. If he says eat it, he is allowing the person to eat meat. He weighed all the pros and cons, and then he thought: This kind of accident is not going to happen every day. In my eighty years' life, this is the first instance. So it is better to let him eat.
He allowed him to eat, and that became the loophole. When Buddhism spread all over Asia... they would not ask directly, but indirectly they would indicate to their friends, intimate disciples, sympathizers... and all over Asia all the Buddhists are eating meat because of that one stupid bird. They have followed the bird, not the Buddha.
But Gautam Buddha and Mahavira tried their best to make human beings so full of reverence for life that no animal is killed.
Man can produce vegetables and other vegetarian varieties of fruits, and with the modern technology miracles are possible. In the Soviet Union they have fruits which man

has never heard of. They are cross-breeding. Once in a while you also eat something which was not produced by nature, but you are not aware that it is from cross-breeding. You all eat oranges -- they are not natural fruits. They are a cross-breed between lemons and mossambis. And the proof of whether any fruit is a cross-breed is very simple: its seeds are useless. You cannot produce it just by sowing its seeds; it has always to be brought into existence by cross-breeding. The oranges are like Anglo-Indians!

Nothing is wrong in it. And in Russia they have created thousands of fruits, through the same process. Then you can make them as delicious, as potent as possible. So now there exists no necessity at all for anyone to be a cannibal, because to me anybody who eats meat is a cannibal. We are all children of the same nature -- why should you confine it to, and condemn, the cannibals and not condemn yourselves?

But Kahlil Gibran has fallen into the old trap of tradition, conditioning, upbringing. That's why I cannot count him in the category of the enlightened ones. He has come very close, but has not entered the temple yet. A great man, full of tremendous insights, but he remained only on the steps of the temple.

And he says, let it be an act of worship. My feeling is that he himself could have seen what he was saying. So just to cover up -- let it be an act of worship. But all the barbarians in the world in the past have been sacrificing human beings -- and because it was "an act of worship" they were never thought to be cannibals. Even today, in the great temple of Calcutta, the temple of Mother Goddess Kali, every day animals are sacrificed -- as "an act of worship." And once

they are sacrificed they are distributed amongst the worshippers as the prasad, the gift of God.
When I went in I could not believe my eyes -- how cunning the man can be! He wants to eat meat, so he has made it "an act of worship." I asked the high priest of the great temple of Kali in Calcutta: "Do you really believe that it is an act of worship? What happens to the animal's soul?"
He said, "The animal who is sacrificed is blessed, because he goes directly to paradise."
I said, "Then why don't you sacrifice your father, your mother, your children, and send them directly to paradise?" It is a simple fact:YOU are not sacrificing. Why have you not sacrificed yourself? If you have found such a shortcut, then why sacrifice an animal? -- who has not asked to go to paradise, and there are millions of people who are continuously thinking of how to reach paradise and enjoy all the pleasures there. Sacrifice them!
In Bengal, the main food of people is rice and fish. Even a man like Ramakrishna could not get out of the old conditioning. Just like Kahlil Gibran, but again the same cunningness. They don't call a fish a fish. They call it jaldandi, a plant, a flower of the water. Just by changing words, do you think you can deceive existence?
I went to Ramakrishna's temple where he used to live, and where many sannyasins lived who followed Ramakrishna. They have a Ramakrishna order of sannyasins. I said, "What is the point of changing the word? Do you think that by calling a fish a water plant, or a water flower, it will change anything?" But it all goes on happening in unconsciousness.

AND LET YOUR BOW STAND AN ALTAR ON WHICH THE PURE AND THE INNOCENT OF THE FOREST AND PLAIN ARE SACRIFICED FOR THAT WHICH IS PURER AND STILL MORE INNOCENT IN MAN.

I absolutely condemn these statements. He is saying: The animals from the wild are innocent -- sacrifice them for a greater innocence, which is in you. As I see it, the reverse may be true. The animals are far more innocent than man. Have you heard of any animal creating a world war? Any animal becoming Ronald Reagan, Adolf Hitler? Have you heard about animals being money-minded, collecting currency notes? Have you heard of any animal stealing in the darkness of the night? Have you heard about any animal being a rapist? Has any animal knocked on any psychoanalyst's door, saying that "I am going crazy"?
No animal commits murders, suicides. No animal in the wild ever becomes sexually perverted, because there are no priests -- they are absolutely needed to make people sexually perverted. Again, with a very sophisticated philosophical strategies: they teach celibacy, and celibacy is against nature. On the one hand they say God made man in his own image -- if he wanted to make men and women celibate, who was preventing him? And at least now after so many many thousands of years... but the priests are teaching celibacy, and they are the people who have created all kinds of perversions, homosexuality....
And homosexuality has brought AIDS, which is the most dangerous disease man has ever encountered, because it seems we will not be able to find any medicine for it. But

nobody has the courage to say that celibacy should be made a crime, because AIDS is a by-product of celibacy. It was born -- homosexuality was born -- in monasteries, where they prevented any woman from entering, in nunneries where they prevented any man from entering.

In the oldest monastery in Europe -- it is one thousand years old; the most strict monastery in the world -- its basic rule is that you enter into it but you cannot get out of it unless you die. Second, not even a six-month-old baby girl can be allowed inside the monastery. For one thousand years, no woman has entered the monastery. Now, what are these monks going to do?

To teach celibacy is as stupid as to teach that to urinate is irreligious -- stop urinating, only then God will be happy with you. And I say unto you, you will find stupid people who will be ready even to do that. But then they will have a double personality. To the world they will show they don't urinate, and inside the monastery where nobody can enter, they will urinate -- how can a man live without urination? If he really wants not to urinate he will have to stop drinking water.

If a man wants to be celibate he will have to stop all nourishment from food, from water, from air... in other words, he will have to commit suicide. Only dead people are celibate. The more alive you are, the more energy you have, and the energy needs to be shared because every day you are creating more and more energy from nourishment. Celibacy is one of the ugliest things that religions have preached to man. They have a certain point behind it. Once they convince you -- and they have convinced the whole of humanity that celibacy is great -- they have done two

things. Those who are not celibate have been made to feel guilty, weak, that "We are not strong enough." On the other hand, those who have taken to the life of celibacy have been turned into a sort of schizophrenia. Half of them wants to remain celibate and half of them -- which is more powerful, because it is more natural -- will have to find some way for the energy to be released. But he will also feel guilty, that he is going against his own promise.

All the religions of the world have done one thing: they have made every person feel guilty. This is a great strategy to enslave man, to destroy his dignity, to destroy his individuality and unnecessarily make him perverted.

In England they continually pray -- in every public meeting, in the movies, wherever people gather, the first thing is: "God save the Queen." I was always thinking, "From whom do they want to save the queen?" Just now I have come to know they want to save the queen from the king, Prince Phillip, because he is gay. And who knows? he may be suffering from AIDS. Naturally, God has to interfere.

But this is just a rumor that he is gay. I don't have any guarantee about it. But the rumor is all over England.

The pope before this pope was a world-famous homosexual. Before becoming a pope, he was the cardinal in Milan, and this was the talk of the city because he was always moving with a young, beautiful man. Slowly slowly it became known that he was gay. But he was senior, powerful -- he was elected as pope. The moment he became pope, his boyfriend from Milan was immediately called, and became his secretary.

People keep beautiful secretaries -- girls -- just for a change from the old rotten wife. But he was keeping his boyfriend as a secretary and everybody knew it, and nobody objected to it.

These are the reasons why all religions are annoyed with me, but I am determined. I don't care who is annoyed, irritated, becomes my enemy, but I am going to say the truth. I don't have any hangover from the past. I have dropped it all.

Perhaps I am the first new man, the beginning of a new humanity which will be natural, sincere and truthful.

In these statements, Kahlil Gibran has certainly proved my point that he is not yet a mystic and fully enlightened person, although he comes very close. But it doesn't matter whether you are close to the temple or far away from the temple. If you are not in the temple what difference does it make how many yards or miles or light years away you are, or how close?

WHEN YOU KILL A BEAST, SAY TO HIM IN YOUR HEART:

BY THE SAME POWER THAT SLAYS YOU I AM SLAIN; AND I TOO SHALL BE CONSUMED.

FOR THE LAW THAT DELIVERED YOU INTO MY HAND SHALL DELIVER ME INTO A MIGHTIER HAND.

YOUR BLOOD AND MY BLOOD IS NAUGHT BUT THE SAP THAT FEEDS THE TREE OF HEAVEN.

These are words... if he had avoided them, his book would be totally free from all dirt. When you kill a beast -- but

why should you kill a beast? It is strange: when you kill a beast it is a game, hunting, and when the beast kills you nobody says it is a game, it is hunting. Then it is a calamity. Double standards are always of the cunning mind -- although he is trying to put them in such a way that they can deceive anybody, particularly those who are nonvegetarians. They will feel immensely happy that Kahlil Gibran, a man like Kahlil Gibran, is supporting their ugliest act in life.

AND WHEN YOU CRUSH AN APPLE WITH YOUR TEETH, SAY TO IT IN YOUR HEART:
YOUR SEED SHALL LIVE IN MY BODY...

It is very strange: why should you not go to a lion and say, "Eat me please, my seeds will live in your body"?

... AND THE BUDS OF YOUR TO-MORROW SHALL BLOSSOM IN MY HEART...

When are you going to blossom into a lion's heart?

... AND YOUR FRAGRANCE SHALL BE MY BREATH...

But just for a change, once in a while, let your fragrance be in the breath of a beautiful lion! If he had added that too, I would not have said of him that he has fallen from the heights.

... AND TOGETHER WE SHALL REJOICE THROUGH ALL THE SEASONS.

Perfectly good! Get eaten by the beast and enjoy together all the seasons. In fact, the beast will be enjoying more than a man can enjoy.

AND IN THE AUTUMN WHEN YOU GATHER THE GRAPES OF YOUR VINEYARDS FOR THE WINEPRESS, SAY IN YOUR HEART:
I TOO AM A VINEYARD...

But when are you going to be put in a winepress?

... AND MY FRUIT SHALL BE GATHERED FOR THE WINEPRESS,
AND LIKE NEW WINE I SHALL BE KEPT IN ETERNAL VESSELS.

These are empty words. He should have proved it by going to the vineyard, mixing himself in the mud, becoming manure so the vineyard becomes richer. And the grapes will be your life, and if those grapes become wine you will be in the wine. But why this one-sided thing, that the GRAPES should think so? This is sheer exploitation, decorated in beautiful words.
I deny this part completely.
And in winter when you draw the wine -- but it is always you who are either killing the beast or drawing the wine -- let there be in your heart a song for each cup;
This is easy -- too easy.

AND LET THERE BE IN THE SONG A REMEMBRANCE FOR THE AUTUMN DAYS, AND FOR THE VINEYARD, AND FOR THE WINEPRESS.

But first go through the winepress! This is not only about this particular subject. Anywhere when you find double standards you are facing a hypocrite.

Yesterday I talked about a few statements made by the prime minister of India, Rajiv Gandhi. Something more has come to me through another press cutting. He said, "Man's instinct for violence was reflected in acts of terrorism, the concept of power blocs, the arms race, and the practice of apartheid. We have exchanged the primitive club for nuclear missiles; we have not changed in our thinking."

The instinct of violence, he says, "was reflected in acts of terrorism." And what is reflected in your armies? And why does a poor country like India go on wasting seventy-five percent of its total income on growing armies? And only twenty-five percent remains for nine hundred million people. Which instinct is showing there?

And India has been asking America for almost five years continuously: "Give us more uranium, because we also want to make nuclear weapons." And Rajiv Gandhi himself has gone to America for the same purpose. But strange... people say something and do something else. India is already an atomic power -- for what? Fifty percent of Indians are undernourished. In the coming two or three years they will be dying of starvation. Will you give them your atomic weapons to eat, your atomic bombs?

And this was my message, sent to him, that there is no point at all in creating atom bombs and nuclear weapons, because whatever you do you cannot become a world power comparable to America or the Soviet Union. They are too far ahead. It will take three hundred years for India to become a great world power, but do you think those great world powers will wait for you? In three hundred years they will have again gone at least six hundred years ahead of you.

Now small nations should simply forget all about atomic weapons, nuclear missiles. And for what are you keeping a big army, and feeding and preparing those people to kill or to be killed? And remember: your basic need is food for the country, clothes for people. I have known people who have eaten grass, roots of trees. I have known people... they are so hungry that they sleep with a brick tied on their stomachs so they don't feel the hunger. And this country wants to create nuclear weapons.

But when I had sent the message, he was really annoyed. Now is the time -- he should offer an apology.

He is saying that man's violence is reflected in terrorism -- but who creates terrorism? Our experience is that the Indian government is forcing us to be terrorists. My whole philosophy is based on love and nonviolence, but it is not the nonviolence of a coward. If the police commissioner is not removed from this place to a faraway Nagaland with all those police officers who entered into my room, forcibly, violently... who is responsible for creating terrorism?

And if Rajiv Gandhi goes on doing such stupid acts... because this police commissioner cannot do anything; they all know me, and unless they have an indication from New

Delhi they will not put their necks out and get into unnecessary trouble. And if this police commissioner comes to the ashram with firearms and asks us not to have any firearms -- we don't have -- do you want us just to be oppressed, humiliated? killed? butchered?

I love my people. And I am not a man with whom you can behave in this way. We are silently doing our meditations; there is no question of any police officers being here. But if you force it, I have many terrorists whom I have transformed into peaceful meditators. If I am forced, I will not hesitate at all. Then this country will see another struggle for freedom, because the old struggle for freedom has failed. In the name of freedom we have not got anything. We are in a far worse condition than we have ever been before.

Terrorism doesn't drop suddenly from the sky. What can individuals do when governments having all the power start destroying their individuality, their freedom, their freedom of expression. They are forcing silent, simple people who have no business with violence, who are not politicians... but if forced too much... there is a limit.

In the name of freedom one family has been ruling for forty years. And Rajiv says, "the concept of power blocs..." And your ambassadors are preventing my people from coming here to meditate and just listen to me. You are discriminating. You are talking of power blocs and still you go on saying why foreigners should be allowed here. What is the idea of "foreigners"? It is creating discrimination and power blocs.

In America they did everything to destroy my commune, which we had created with tremendous labor. People

worked twelve hours, fourteen hours a day to create an oasis in the desert. The desert was for sale for almost half a century, and there was not a single buyer... because who would buy that desert?

We found a letter from one of the most prominent real estate dealers, which was sent before the purchase of that desert. A real estate agent praises the property you are interested in, because he is going to get his commission of two percent. And it was not small, because we were purchasing that desert for six million dollars. But the man must have had some human heart. He had written a letter, saying "Please don't purchase this parcel; although it is big, eighty-four thousand acres, it is absolutely barren and you will have to put in millions of dollars to make it livable." That letter was never shown to me; otherwise I would have refused.

We transformed the desert. All the Americans around were laughing, saying that it was impossible: "You will go on pouring money into it, labor into it, and still a desert is a desert." They were not worried in the beginning. They became worried only when we succeeded, because we poured in almost three hundred million dollars. From all over the world sannyasins were sending their hard-earned money, and we made it an oasis. Five thousand sannyasins were living there and at festival times, four times a year, the population used to increase to twenty thousand people. We had every arrangement for twenty thousand people. There was a hall where twenty thousand people could sit and listen to me, and we created special tents which could be air conditioned, which could be heated, which could be used all year 'round without any trouble. Because for

twenty thousand people we wanted to give the best we could. They were coming from far away; otherwise who has ever heard of anybody going to America in search of truth ?

We created the first holy place in America. We created a new Kaaba, a new Kashi. It is ten times more expensive there. And the American government did everything illegal, criminal, to destroy the commune. They had never thought that we would succeed so they waited. But when we succeeded, then they were shocked.

And just a few weeks ago, the United States attorney in a press conference told the truth, because one journalist asked him, "Why have you not put Osho into jail? Why have you deported him? If he committed any crime he should be in jail."

He said, "There were three reasons: one, our priority was to destroy the commune; second, we did not want Osho to be put in jail because 0we did not want him to become a martyr; and thirdly, it was impossible to put him in jail because he had not committed any crime, he had not done anything against the law. We had no proof at all, no evidence against him."

And this is the same man... in the court he brought thirty-six charges against me. Who creates terrorists?

I was ordered to leave America within fifteen minutes, because they were afraid that if I went back to the commune, five thousand sannyasins were there and it would not be easy to arrest me again. Those five thousand sannyasins were not going to take it easily.

Those five thousand sannyasins are now all over the world, with a wound in their hearts. Rajiv Gandhi should behave

himself: Remove this police commissioner from here, and don't interfere in our right of freedom, freedom of expression, our right to seek the truth, our right to meditate. We are not harming anybody. But I think all these politicians are blind.

And Rajiv Gandhi is talking against the arms race, and he is doing the same thing in India -- even though I have warned that India can never become a world power, we are too late. For two thousand years we have been under slavery. Those countries which are now great powers have lived in freedom. They have created immense capacity to destroy. And it is simple to know: in his own grandfather, Jawaharlal Nehru's time, China attacked India and Jawaharlal was furious, thinking that his armies would be able to throw out the enemy at least from our land. But no, thousands of miles of beautiful Himalaya is still in China's power. And these people have accepted it. Now nobody talks about it, that they have been defeated, and if China wants it can come and take even more, the whole Himalayan range.

For forty years continuously, Indian armies have been standing on alert in Kashmir, because just after independence, Pakistan attacked Kashmir and has taken a big portion -- one of the most unique portions in the world. Just like Caucasus, that part of Kashmir has the longest life span for people: one hundred and fifty years is very common; one hundred and eighty, two hundred years you can also find here and there. And still those people who are one hundred and eighty years old are working in the fields, they are still young.

And you have taken the defeat by Pakistan without any shame, and Pakistan is a smaller country than your country. It is so stupid to keep a great army in Kashmir.
Politicians want people never to be left in peace. That's why I said that within ten years I can destroy all the problems, because I am not a politician. Kashmir is a simple thing: ninety percent of Kashmir is Mohammedan, and they want to go to Pakistan. The fear is not of Pakistan, the fear is of ninety percent Mohammedans living in Kashmir. So you are really imprisoning Kashmir for forty years. A simple thing would be a vote under neutral observers from the U.N., on where Kashmir wants to live. If Kashmiris want to live in India, they can live there. There is no need to create a wall of armies. But the fear is that the voting will go in favor of Pakistan.
But if Kashmiris want to live in Pakistan, who are you to prevent them? Let them go to Pakistan, there is no need of any fight. All over India there are continuous riots everywhere. One day it is Ahmedabad, another day it is somewhere else. In Punjab it is continuing... even the news media has been prevented from publishing anything about what is happening in Punjab. We don't know exactly what the Indian armies are doing in Punjab.
And this man is not even ashamed of stating these facts. India is continuously expanding its arms race, and he is talking as if the whole world is doing these things and we are not doing these things. But politicians are the ugliest people in the world.
Mahatma Gandhi, who is responsible for giving the India to Rajiv Gandhi's family... and just a few facts and you will understand why I say he was the most cunning politician

the world has ever known. One American writer who was working on a biography of Mahatma Gandhi asked him: "You are against arms, armies. If the country becomes independent, what will you do with all the armies you have and all the arms you have?"

And he said, without blinking an eye, "Armies will be dispersed. They should go to the fields to work, to the factories to produce. And arms will be thrown into the ocean. We are nonviolent people."

And then independence came and Pakistan attacked Kashmir, and Mahatma Gandhi was the first one -- because he was thought to be the father of the nation -- he blessed three airplanes flying over his house. It should not be called "house," it is a palace. India's richest man of that time, Jugal Kishore Birla, lived in that palace; it was his palace, and Mahatma Gandhi was staying there. He came out in the garden to bless the airplanes because they were going ahead, followed by other airplanes, to attack Pakistan.

He had forgotten all about nonviolence. And he never again mentioned a single word about throwing the arms in the ocean, dispersing the armies, letting these people go to the fields to produce... because this unproductive mass of armies that they have created consumes seventy-five percent of the income of the land. They are simply parasites.

And Rajiv Gandhi is saying man has to become wise.

And just because I had said in one of my statements that the Indian parliament has members who are almost retarded, immediately a notice was served to me: "You have insulted the country's greatest institution." I have never heard that; I have been hearing from my childhood that these are public

servants and the parliament is for the people, and people are not for the parliament.
I replied to them... it has been almost two months that I have been waiting, because I said, "I am ready to come to the parliament and repeat whatever I said, with more strength. And it is not an insult to the parliament. If you feel it is an insult I can bring my therapists, my psychologists, or you can bring your therapists and psychologists and let each and every parliament member be checked to see whether he is retarded or not. Without checking it, you cannot say that I have insulted you." To call a spade a spade is not an insult to the spade.
But these politicians are the same all over the world. I want you to understand one thing: that I am not going to leave America either. They owe more than three hundred million dollars to my sannyasins. And if they have any sense of dignity, the money should be returned to the people who had put it there, to the people who worked for five years continuously.
Just a little time more... because the Italian Radical Party has said that they will be very happy if I accept the presidency of their party, and I have said I am absolutely ready. Once I am the president of Italian Radical Party, then I will see who prevents me from entering Italy. And then I am going to take the suit to the world court that America owes three hundred million dollars to us; it should be returned immediately.
And do you know, they destroyed the commune and now they have said that their priority was to destroy the commune. But why? The commune was not doing any harm to them. The commune was twenty miles away from

any American town, and nobody bothered even to go those towns. We were self-sufficient, we were producing our own food, we were producing our own milk products, we were producing everything we needed. And we were not using any money for exchange. If you needed something, the commune would provide it. Money you could donate, but you could not purchase anything. Money would be needed if the commune wanted to purchase something from outside. It was a unique commune, of its own kind. Everybody was equal, for the simple reason that you could not use your money. You may have millions of dollars and somebody may be without a single dollar, but you were both equal as far as being inside the commune was concerned. This was the highest form of communism that has ever happened in the world, and it was not only simple communism. It was also an impossible miracle, it was anarchism. Nobody was governing.

You can see it here: nobody is forcing you to do something. It is your love; if you want to do something, do it. Whatever you want to do, choose it. It was a great synthesis between two opposing philosophies of communism and anarchism.

And as the commune became more and more successful, America became more and more threatened. President Ronald Reagan is a fundamentalist Christian, which is another name for a fanatic Christian. So all the fanatic Christians and Ronald Reagan together destroyed the commune. Who creates terrorism?

Because I was not a citizen of America, I remained silent. But I am a citizen of India; I will not remain silent. I will give a new freedom struggle to the whole nation. I have no

interest in politics, but if I see that they go on interfering with my work, then one thing is certain: Rajiv Gandhi cannot be the prime minister again. I will follow him in his election campaign everywhere -- not as a candidate against him, because I don't care to be the prime minister of India, but to expose him and to make people aware that this has again become slavery. A single family goes on and on for forty years ruling the country and doing nothing.

Perhaps we need another revolution in this country. The revolution that we fought and the freedom that came proved fake, bogus.

In America -- you can see the stupidity -- they have raised a marble monument in The Dalles, the county seat where our commune existed, a memorial saying that "We have succeeded in throwing out the enemies; we have succeeded in destroying the commune which was a danger to the nation." I have asked somebody to send me the exact words and the picture, because we are also going to make a monument here, that America owes three hundred million dollars to us, "In the sacred memory of Rajneeshpuram" so that history remembers. I am not going to leave Ronald Reagan so easily. He has to pay all the money, and he has to apologize too. Because his own attorney is saying that "our priority was to destroy the commune."

But why? And he himself is accepting that I had not committed any crime and there was no evidence. And still I have been fined four hundred thousand dollars -- that is nearabout sixty lakh rupees. And I don't have a single rupee. But as I have been telling you again and again, I have trusted existence. I have loved people. Within ten minutes they managed to collect four hundred thousand

dollars -- sixty lakh rupees. Even the magistrate was surprised, because they were thinking that neither would we be able to produce that money nor could I get out of the prison.

That money has also to be returned, because your attorney has accepted publicly that there is no proof against me. Then for what am I punished? And the punishment also states that for five years I cannot enter America. But if I have not committed any crime, then this judge should be punished. Your judicial process is as corrupted as any.

Not only that for five years I should not enter America, but a fifteen year suspended jail sentence. That means that if I enter America there will be no need of any trial -- I will be simply put in jail for fifteen years.

And this is being done to a man whom the attorney general of America.... He is a close bosom friend of Ronald Reagan. They have been educated together, they have been in the Hollywood cowboy third-class films together. And as Ronald Reagan became the president, immediately this man was appointed as the highest law authority, the attorney general of America. And if the office of the highest law authority of America says they don't have any evidence that I have committed any crime, then for what am I punished? But I have to wait. Once I am the president of the Radical Party of Italy, I am going to sue Ronald Reagan, the judge, and ask the U.N. to interfere in the matter. And Italy has its best and most intelligent people in the Radical Party.

I have many Italian sannyasins -- who used to be terrorists. I have persuaded them to drop it. Just a single moment's indication and all over India and all over the world, the Indian government will have to face me. They should not

think I am alone. I also have my friends, I also have my lovers, I also have my sympathizers -- in millions.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #13
Chapter title: Speak to us of work
14 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A PLOUGHMAN SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF WORK.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU WORK THAT YOU MAY KEEP PACE WITH THE EARTH AND THE SOUL OF THE EARTH.
FOR TO BE IDLE IS TO BECOME A STRANGER UNTO THE SEASONS, AND TO STEP OUT OF LIFE'S PROCESSION THAT MARCHES IN MAJESTY AND PROUD SUBMISSION TOWARDS THE INFINITE.
WHEN YOU WORK YOU ARE A FLUTE THROUGH WHOSE HEART THE WHISPERING OF THE HOURS TURNS TO MUSIC.
WHICH OF YOU WOULD BE A REED, DUMB AND SILENT,
WHEN ALL ELSE SINGS TOGETHER IN UNISON?
ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE

BUT I SAY TO YOU THAT WHEN YOU WORK YOU FULFIL A PART OF EARTH'S FURTHEST DREAM, ASSIGNED TO YOU WHEN THAT DREAM WAS BORN,
AND IN KEEPING YOURSELF WITH LABOUR YOU ARE IN TRUTH LOVING LIFE,
AND TO LOVE LIFE THROUGH LABOUR IS TO BE INTIMATE WITH LIFE'S INMOST SECRET.
BUT IF YOU IN YOUR PAIN CALL BIRTH AN AFFLICTION AND THE SUPPORT OF THE FLESH A CURSE WRITTEN UPON YOUR BROW, THEN I ANSWER THAT NAUGHT BUT THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW SHALL WASH AWAY THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN.
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD ALSO THAT LIFE IS DARKNESS,
AND IN YOUR WEARINESS YOU ECHO WHAT WAS SAID BY THE WEARY.
AND I SAY THAT LIFE IS INDEED DARKNESS SAVE WHEN THERE IS URGE,
AND ALL URGE IS BLIND SAVE WHEN THERE IS KNOWLEDGE.
AND ALL KNOWLEDGE IS VAIN SAVE WHEN THERE IS WORK. AND ALL WORK IS EMPTY SAVE WHEN THERE IS LOVE. AND WHEN YOU WORK WITH LOVE YOU BIND YOURSELF TO YOURSELF, AND TO ONE ANOTHER, AND TO GOD.

In these words, Almustafa is giving the deepest experience of creativity. Life belongs to those who are creative because life is nothing but a long, eternal procession of

creating more beauty, more truth... of creating higher states of consciousness, and finally of creating a god in your own being.
There are people who think that without being creative, they can be happy. It is impossible, because creativity is the only way to relate with the ecstasy of existence.
Hence, listen to his words not through your mind but through your heart -- because they come from the heart, and can be understood only if you receive them in the heart. It is not a communication of words from one mind to another mind. It is a communion -- the deepest calling -- to your depths, which you have completely forgotten.

THEN A PLOUGHMAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF WORK.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU WORK THAT YOU MAY KEEP PACE WITH THE EARTH AND THE SOUL OF THE EARTH.

Have you observed? -- all around you, the whole existence is continuously creating. The biblical story is absurd that God created everything in six days and then rested on the seventh day. And since then, nothing has been heard about it; he's still resting. What kind of rest is this? He must have died! The very idea that God created existence and all that it contains in six days is sheer nonsense.
I used to travel all over the country, for almost twenty years continuously. I had an old tailor who prepared clothes for me. I told him, "I am in urgent need -- this time please don't behave like a tailor! I need my robes prepared in six days because on the seventh day, I'm leaving the city."

That old tailor looked at me and said, "I have no objection. They will be prepared. But just look at the world: God created it in six days, and what a mess it is in! The same will be the case with your robes; then don't tell me about it."

In six days, this whole existence?

I say unto you that creativity is a continuity, the seventh day never comes. Have you seen trees on holiday, rivers on holiday? On Sunday, which is the day for the sun, he should not rise; it is a holiday. Even God rested, why should the poor sun rise and go on and on?

Existence is a continuous creativity. It has not been created by anyone, it itself is divine. So I would like you to replace it in your minds and in your hearts: the word "god" does not mean the creator, it means creativity. And it is my experience that the most blissful people in the world are those who can create something. The most miserable are those who are uncreative because the more uncreative you are, the farther and farther you are from nature -- from earth, from the sky, from the stars -- whose dance knows no beginning and no end.

Almustafa is absolutely right:

You work that you may keep pace with the earth and the soul of the earth. If your work is just a burden to you, somehow to be done, you are not keeping pace with the whole existence. You are falling backwards. And to be in tune with existence is the only bliss -- there is no other -- and to fall out of pace with the earth and the sky is the only misery.

Man is miserable and is going to remain miserable because he has lost contact with the creative forces that have given

birth to him, that are keeping him alive. He has become futile. He looks almost as if he would rather enjoy the rest in a grave than work, create, and dance with the whole existence.

FOR TO BE IDLE IS TO BECOME A STRANGER UNTO THE SEASONS....

We have been given such a beautiful existence with such glorious seasons. In the fall, when the leaves start falling from the trees, have you heard the song? When the wind passes through the dead leaves which have gathered on the ground... even the dead leaves are not as dead as man has become; still they can sing. They don't complain that the tree has dropped them. They go with nature wherever it leads. And this is the way of a true religious heart: no complaint, no grudge but just being blissful for all that existence has given to you -- which you had not asked for, which you had not earned.

Have you danced while it is raining? No, you have created umbrellas. And it is not only against the rain... you have created many umbrellas to protect you from the constant creativity of existence.

When I was a student in the university, whenever it used to rain it was an absolute certainty that I would leave the class, and my professors became aware that "When it is raining, you cannot stop him. He has to go." And I had found the loneliest street, with tall trees reaching and touching the clouds. On that silent and deserted road, there were only a few bungalows belonging to professors and

deans, and the vice chancellor. It was a silent place and it was a dead-end street.

The last bungalow belonged to the head of the department of physics. His family had become accustomed to it, that if I was there, the rain was bound to come; or if it was raining, I was bound to come. We had become simultaneous, to the family.

The whole family used to look -- "What kind of crazy boy is this?" Soaked in the falling rain, in the dancing winds... and because that was the dead-end, I used to stay under a tree as long as it continued to rain. The family was certainly curious. They wanted to inquire, "Who is this boy?" But the head of the department of physics had become interested in me for other reasons. He was a lover of books and he always found me in the library. There were days when we were the only two persons in the library.

He started becoming more and more loving and friendly towards me and he said, "You are a little strange. You should be in your class, but I see you most of the time in the library."

I said, "In the class, the professor is almost always out of date. He is saying things which he read when he was in the university thirty years ago. In these thirty years, everything has changed. I want to keep pace with the growing wisdom, knowledge, science. In fact, in the library I am more a contemporary, in touch with the latest findings. So I go to class once in a while when I feel a desire to argue. My professors are happy that I remain in the library because whenever I visit their classes, it is always trouble. There is a gap of thirty years and I have all the latest information."

He said, "One day I would like to take you to my home. I want you to be introduced to my children, my wife, to show them that here is a student who has come to the university not for degrees but to learn; not for certificates and gold medals but to keep in tune with the explosion of knowledge in all directions, in all dimensions. Sometimes, even although I am the head of the department of physics and you have nothing to do with physics, you know more than I know. Now it is too late to cover the gap of thirty years; I have lost contact."

So one day he invited me. He was feeling that his family would be immensely happy to meet me, to talk with me, to listen to what I had to say. But he was very much shocked -- as we entered his house, the whole family started laughing, and they escaped inside the house!

He said, "This is very strange. They have never done this before. My wife is a postgraduate, all my children are getting educated. This is not a behavior...."

I said, "You don't know; I know your family, we are well acquainted. Although we have not spoken to each other, we have known each other for two years."

He said, "This is strange. I wasn't even aware of the fact."

I said, "Don't be worried and don't feel sad and sorry and hurt by the behavior of your family. What they have done is absolutely right."

We entered, and the family gathered. He asked them: "What was the reason for you all to start laughing and why did you all escape? Is this a way to welcome a guest? And I had informed you that I was bringing a guest that you would all love."

They said, "But we are almost in love with the guest already. He's the craziest fellow in your university. Not only does he waste his time, when it rains, he wastes our time too because we cannot go inside until he leaves. He's an interesting fellow."
Then I explained to him that I loved running miles against the wind -- one feels so alive -- going for long walks without any umbrella, particularly when it is raining. Even when it is a hot day and the sun is throwing fire, it has its own beauty -- to perspire and then to have a jump in the lake. The water feels so cool, just the contrast.
One who understands life will not be left behind.
In fact, what Almustafa is saying is very moderate -- to keep pace with life. I teach my sannyasins to dance ahead of life. Why wait for life to move? Let life try to keep pace with YOU and that will bring great joy and bliss to you which millions of people on the earth remain absolutely unaware of.

... AND TO STEP OUT OF LIFE'S PROCESSION THAT MARCHES IN MAJESTY AND PROUD SUBMISSION TOWARDS THE INFINITE.

Life is continuously moving towards the eternal, the infinite, the ultimate. If you lose contact, you start feeling like just a living corpse. You cannot have laughter and you cannot have tears of joy. You have died before death; you may live fifty years more but that is posthumous life. You are no longer part of the beautiful caravan of life moving always into the unknown.
It is an adventure, a moment-to-moment challenge.

WHEN YOU WORK YOU ARE A FLUTE THROUGH WHOSE HEART THE WHISPERING OF THE HOURS TURNS TO MUSIC.

It is not a question of any particular work -- any work that you love. You need not be the president of a country to be happy. Perhaps just making shoes... but making them with such intensity and totality that you are completely lost in the act, and you are far more blessed than any president can be.
The moment you are lost in work, you become almost like a flute on the lips of existence itself. Your every gesture turns into grace, and your every moment brings celestial music to the earth. You become a vehicle.

WHICH OF YOU WOULD WOULD BE A REED, DUMB AND SILENT, WHEN ALL ELSE SINGS TOGETHER IN UNISON?

It is almost inconceivable how vast the universe is. And the latest discoveries of physics are that it is not a static universe, such that there is a boundary to it. It is continually expanding, becoming bigger and bigger. With the speed of light, all the stars are running farther away from the center. The universe today is far bigger than it was yesterday. Tomorrow you will be living in an even bigger universe. It seems there are no limits to existence and its expansion. But there are people who are not in tune with this vast universal harmony.

Even here I see two or three persons every day: when you are all singing, rejoicing, they are sitting like the dead, freshly driven from their graves. If they cannot be part of the dance and the music, they should not be here. Even while I am paying respect to them with my folded hands, they are sitting dead and stiff.

You have to watch: Whenever you see any dead person here, he should never be allowed in this temple of the living. I am not wasting my time with the dead; otherwise there are many graveyards I can go to, and without any trouble, without disturbing anybody, without any controversy, talk to the dead to my heart's content.

This is a living temple of god. If you cannot be in communion with my people, please don't enter here. This is not the place for you. Perhaps they are the agents of the dead police commissioner! Otherwise, I am paying respect to their dignity with folded hands and they cannot even show that much courtesy. And when you are all singing and rejoicing, I watch them -- they look so ugly, so out of place.

So everyone of you has to be alert. If you find some dead person sitting by your side, make sure he never again crosses the doors of this temple. And strangely enough, those dead people are always sitting on the chairs! I know one should be respectful of the dead but the dead have also some duty towards the living.

So remember: from tomorrow, if I see anybody not in tune with you, I will have to enter among you and take hold of that man and throw him out. Enough is enough -- I have been waiting -- and these people should be searched well; they may be carrying firearms with them. And if anybody is found with firearms, report him to the police. Even if he

says that he's a policeman in plainclothes; even if he shows his identity card, everything can be false. If notes can be printed, do you think identity cards cannot be printed?
No firearms are allowed in this temple. This is sacrilegious. This is against intelligence, against love, against prayer. They can come, even if they are agents of the police, if they come as disciples. Everybody has some profession... here, even thieves and murderers are welcome.
And in fact, the psychological fact is that the people who enter the police service are the same people who turn out to be criminals. Criminals are doing the same work as the policemen are doing; they belong to the same category, to the same psychology. They are two sides of the same coin. Criminals are a little more courageous -- they are doing their business alone. The weaker criminals are not capable enough to do their crimes alone; they want the support of the government, firearms. But what they do is exactly the same -- sometimes even more criminal.
Everybody is welcome here except the dead. So you have to be aware -- don't put me to the trouble of going inside and taking some donkey by his ears. Don't force me to do that.
Don't let them come in. And you can watch, just watch around you. If somebody is sitting dead, just tell him: "This is not the place for you. There are graveyards -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan. Go wherever you want, but get lost!"

ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE.

Man has been fed such great lies that one wonders: why do we go on and on feeding our children on the same lies -- which have not given you anything in life. Your insanity, your unconsciousness, your blindness must be enormous.
In this country you can see it. The country has been divided for five thousand years by one of the most criminal minds of the world. But Hindus think that he is a great seer. His name is Manu and his book is MANUSMRITI. It divides humanity into four categories: the highest is the brahmin -- who never works, who only worships, who only prays, and he's the highest. And the lowest is the sudra, who works and supports the whole society. You can live without brahmins without any trouble. In fact, because of them there is always trouble. But you cannot live without the sudras. Who is going to clean your streets, your gutters, your absolutely unhygienic, ugly toilets?
In fact, most Indian houses don't have any toilets. People are using the earth openly, urinating anywhere, defecating anywhere. And these people think they are the most cultured people in the world.
In Bombay, I became aware that the whole city is floating in urine and shit! I have always wondered why Morarji Desai had chosen Bombay to be his residence. It is because the perfume that surrounds the great city of Bombay... except Morarji Desai, nobody else could enjoy it.
We are, and we have been for centuries, so inhuman to one-fourth of our people -- who are the very foundation of our society; without them, you cannot live a single day. But they are condemned, they are not even accepted as human beings.

They cannot live in the middle of the city, they have to live outside the city. Their other name in Sanskrit is antyaja -- those who live outside the town. And there have been times when even their shadow was thought to be disgusting, so every sudra had to move with a bell in his hand -- it was in the north of India -- so that people could disperse, hearing his bell. You think the West has invented the horn? You are wrong, it is an invention of Hindu society, thousands of years old. No sudra was allowed to move in all parts of the city -- only a few parts, but there too he had to keep ringing a bell continuously so everybody should know who he is. How you have taken the dignity of a human being, how you have reduced him! Dogs can move, buffaloes can move, donkeys can move, police officers can move -- but a sudra cannot move because if even his shadow touches you, you will have to take a bath immediately to clean yourself.

In the south, it became even more absurd. Every sudra had a long brush attached to a belt at the back, and in his hand, a bell. And why was this long brush attached? -- so that the earth does not become unclean. When he moves, the brush goes on cleaning it.

And you think this country is civilized?

A brahmin can marry any woman -- she may belong to the warriors, the second category; she may belong to the vaishyas, the business people, the third category. She may even belong to the fourth category, the sudras -- although if he marries a sudra, he will be expelled from the highest caste. He will become a sudra, that is the only punishment. But the sudra cannot marry any woman beyond his caste; it is a more heinous crime, according to Manu, than murder. And Manu is still the lawgiver to the Hindus.

I am asked continuously not to criticize anybody. You just tell me: if nobody criticizes these idiots of the past, then how are we going to get rid of all this nonsense?

The sudra is not allowed to have any education, he's not allowed to read any religious scripture. Obviously, he cannot read because he has never been in a school.

It was the British government who made a law that sudras can and should be allowed in the schools. When I was a child and I first entered school, I was surprised that a few children were sitting outside the class. I asked, "What is the matter? Why are these children sitting out of the class?" And the teacher told me, "They are sudras. Although the law has been enforced, we cannot drop our culture. They have to sit outside."

Even if some sudra somehow manages to learn to read, he cannot read any religious scripture. The penalty and the punishment is death. Forget all about reading religious scriptures -- he cannot even listen. If somewhere brahmins are reciting the VEDAS, the sudra is not allowed to listen. This is the respect that you have given to labor. The parasites, the brahmins, are the highest caste; you have to touch their feet. Always you have been told that work is a curse.... And certainly, when religious priests were saying that work is a curse, it appeared to be absolutely a fact, because for thousands of years you have been cursing the workers. It is a vicious circle. First you take the dignity of the laborer, of the worker; first you destroy his pride, his integrity. He cannot do another business.

In Hinduism, there is no movement -- you are born a brahmin, you cannot become a brahmin. Even if you are

more learned, more wise... even a Gautam Buddha cannot become a brahmin.

And the brahmins have not been able to produce a single Gautam Buddha. But you will be surprised: the sudras have produced people almost equal to Gautam Buddha -- of course, unrecognized by the society. But now you can see... a Kabir who was a weaver, and weavers belong to the sudras. He's uneducated; hence he has not the refined expression of a Gautam Buddha but what he says in the simple and ordinary language of the people has the same flight. And sometimes -- because it is raw, uncut diamonds -- it has more potential, more possibility, more meaning. Buddha is a well-cut diamond, well polished, but now you cannot do anything more to him. Kabir is a Kohinoor, just out of the mine. Let me remind you: when the Kohinoor was found, it was three times bigger than it now is in the crown of the Queen of England. To cut it, to give it facets, to give it a beautiful shape, to polish it, two-thirds was lost. Kabir is an uncut, freshly taken out diamond; he has many more possibilities than the Kohinoor.

Raidas was a shoemaker but has the same attainment of consciousness. He was uneducated, never heard of any religious scriptures. His case proves that all religious scriptures are useless, there is no need. A Raidas just making shoes can rise to the same height as a Gautam Buddha -- then what is the need of unnecessarily burdening yourself with religious scriptures?

A Gora... he was a potter. He's also part of the sudras, the untouchables -- they cannot be touched. But the poetry of Kabir, Raidas, Gora, is so beautiful, so authentic, so unburdened with unnecessary ornaments -- just pure and

simple. No brahmin has been able even to produce a Raidas, a Gora or a Kabir, and still they continue to be the most respected people in the society. And the most unproductive, because they are not working at all; they are not creating anything.
I repeat: they are parasites, bloodsuckers. They should be brought back to the earth and they should be made aware that unless you create and work, you don't deserve anything. Why have they not been able to create a Kabir or a Buddha? The reason is simple: because they have fallen far away from nature and existence. Remaining uncreative, nobody can go on dancing with the tune, in harmony with the stars.

ALWAYS YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT WORK IS A CURSE AND LABOUR A MISFORTUNE
BUT I SAY TO YOU THAT WHEN YOU WORK YOU FULFILL A PART OF EARTH'S FURTHEST DREAM....

You are participating when you are working, creating, with love and devotion and joy. You have become, without knowing, part of the creativity of the whole existence. Your life will be showered with great bliss and great benediction. Existence has a dream to fulfill: to create in every living being, ultimately, the qualities of a god. And this dream was assigned to you when that dream was born... from the very beginning.
You are the arrows of existence to reach to the farthest stars.

AND IN KEEPING YOURSELF WITH LABOUR YOU ARE IN TRUTH LOVING LIFE.

How can you show your love to life? There is a beautiful Sufi story. A great emperor used to go around the town every day early in the morning when the sun was rising, on his horse. It was a beautiful exercise for him and also an experience of how the city was growing, how his capital was becoming more and more beautiful.

He had a dream to make it the most beautiful place on the earth. But he was always puzzled... and he always stopped his horse and watched an old man, who must have been one hundred and twenty years old. He was always working in the garden, sowing seeds, watering trees -- trees which would take hundreds of years to come to their youth; trees that live for four thousand years.

He was puzzled: this man is half in the grave; for whom is he sowing these seeds? He will never be able to see the fruits and the flowers. It is impossible to conceive that this man is going to see the outcome of his labor.

One day, he could not resist his temptation. He stepped down from the horse and asked the old man: "I have been passing every day and the same question arises every time. Now it has become almost impossible not to interfere with your work, just for a moment. I want to know: for whom are you sowing these seeds? These trees will become ripe, young, when you are not here."

The old man looked at the emperor and laughed. He said, "If this had been the logic of my forefathers, then I would not have been able to get fruits and flowers and this beautiful garden. I am a gardener for generations -- my

father and my forefathers planted seeds, I have eaten the fruit. What about my children? What about my children's children? If they had also been of your opinion, there would have been no garden. People come from faraway places to see this place because I have trees that are thousands of years old. I am simply doing whatever I can in thankfulness.

"And as far as sowing the seeds... when the spring comes, seeing green leaves coming out is such a joy that I have completely forgotten how old I am. I am as young as ever. I have remained young because I have continued to be creative. Death takes away people who become useless; perhaps that's why I have lived so long, and still I am young. Death is compassionate to me because I am keeping pace with existence. Existence will miss me; existence is not able to replace anybody. Perhaps that's why I am still alive. But you are young and you are asking questions like a man who is dying. The reason is, you are uncreative."

The only way to love life is to create more life, is to make life more beautiful, more fruitful, more juicy. Don't leave this earth unless you have made it a little better than you found it when you were born -- this is the only religion that I know of. All other religions are just fake.

I teach you the religion of creativity. And by creating more life, you will be transformed because one who can create life has already become part of God, of godliness.

AND TO LOVE LIFE THROUGH LABOUR IS TO BE INTIMATE WITH LIFE'S INMOST SECRET.

What is the most intimate secret? -- that life never dies. Only forms change: old leaves fall, new leaves are arriving; old trees disappear but before disappearing they have spread millions of seeds all around.
In India there is a tree... perhaps just behind our campus. The name of the tree is semal. It is a very intelligent tree because... it is big; under its shade, thousands of people can sit. Naturally, it is afraid: if its seeds fall underneath, without sun, they will die. It has to find a way so that the seeds can go as far as possible.
So the semal tree creates a seed with cotton wool around it... it is the most beautiful cotton wool. Because of the cotton wool, the seed cannot fall directly to the earth, and the wind takes it far away. The tree has secured for its children a place where they will be able to grow. This existence is not stupid. Its very intelligence is another name of God. This semal tree one day will die, but before dying it will make certain that thousands of semal trees, its children, are going to live the same beautiful life of dance in the rain, in the sun, in the wind.

BUT IF YOU IN YOUR PAIN CALL BIRTH AN AFFLICTION AND THE SUPPORT OF THE FLESH A CURSE WRITTEN UPON YOUR BROW, THEN I ANSWER THAT NAUGHT BUT THE SWEAT OF YOUR BROW SHALL WASH AWAY THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN.

All the religions have been telling such lies to people. It seems the very profession of the priest is to lie, and to lie with such a method that people start believing in it. They

have been saying, "Whatever you do, you cannot change your fate. It is written on your brow." Nothing is written there. You have to write it by what you do, by what you become.

Everybody creates his own destiny. And even if there is written something, Almustafa is saying, "Don't be worried. The sweat, the perspiration will wash it away. Be creative with such intensity that even if something is written there, it will be washed away" -- although the truth is, there is nothing that is written.

You come into the world absolutely free.

What you become is your responsibility. Only fools go to the astrologers, only fools are concerned about their birth charts. The intelligent person creates his own destiny, his own life. Don't waste your time in astrology, birth charts, tarot cards, I Ching. Just learn to love life and enhance life with your heart. Whatever you can do, do it.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD ALSO THAT LIFE IS DARKNESS,
AND IN YOUR WEARINESS YOU ECHO WHAT WAS SAID BY THE WEARY.

This statement is more important than all the religious scriptures of the world, because they are all saying, "Life is darkness, life is a punishment. You are suffering all these miseries and pains and anxieties because of your evil acts in your past lives." These are the people who themselves are uncreative; hence they have fallen out of tune. They are miserable.

Look at your saints -- whether they are Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan or Jaina, it makes no difference -- they are all against life, anti-life. You have to renounce this life; only in your renunciation will you be able to please God. But if you renounce life, you naturally become uncreative. That's why your saints are the most uncreative people in the world. Otherwise, this world would have been a paradise. But because they have fallen out of tune and become miserable, because they are tired of misery, because they are weary, they think something is wrong with life.

The reality is just the opposite: everything is right with life, something is wrong with those saints. Your saints are all sick people, they need psychological treatment. And instead of giving them psychological treatment, you have been worshipping them, fulfilling their egos. They become even more sad because sadness is bringing, without any effort, a fulfillment of the ego.

The politician has to fight, struggle, to fulfill his ego. The man who is after money -- it is not an easy job because there are millions of competitors. But for the saint, there is no competition. His is the only business where competition does not exist. You can stand on your head as long as you want; no one is going to come and compete. You can torture your body, you can fast for months; people will come to worship you. They will bring flowers, touch your feet and receive your teaching -- which is going to be sick, because it is out of a sick mind.

Humanity has been tortured by psychologically sick people, and they are still in power, and people are listening to them without ever thinking for a moment that no tree ever becomes a saint, no mountain, no ocean, no river, no star in

existence -- only man can become psychologically sick. And if you start worshipping a sick man, he will start teaching the same sickness to you.

Life is light. Life is joy. Life is celebration.

But ask those who have experienced life -- not those who have renounced it. Just by their renunciation, they have closed the doors of ever knowing the deepest secrets and the mysteries of existence. I have seen all kinds of idiots but your saints are incomparable. They have reached to the highest peak of being an idiot.

Listen to the singers, listen to the dancers, listen to the painters, listen to the poets. Listen to those who are creating something beautiful, who are enhancing life. Stop listening to people who are anti-life. If they are anti-life it is their business -- leave them! Don't worship them, because your worship is keeping them sick. If you stop worshipping them, soon they will realize: "Something is wrong with me."

I have heard a story. One dog had become a saint, and he was continuously teaching one thing to all the dogs of the city: "We have not been evolving to higher peaks of consciousness because we are wasting our energy in unnecessary barking at each other. Barking is our problem. Stop barking!"

And every dog thought, "There seems to be some reasonability in what he is saying because we are unnecessarily barking -- barking at the moon."

Now the people who are going to the moon are called astronauts. What will you call the dogs? -- astroNUTS. But they are the most ancient astronuts: from the very

beginning, they have been against the moon. Full moon night, and they cannot even sleep.
So it looked logical: "Our whole energy is being wasted in barking." They all started worshipping that dog, and the more they worshipped, the more authoritative the dog became. Their conviction made him convinced in return that what he was saying must be right. Otherwise, so many dogs cannot listen, with their heads down in shame... "Our great teacher, great saint, our first saint in the whole of history, and nobody listens to him. The moment he is gone, barking starts."
But there is a limit to everything. One full moon night, they decided: "At least for one night, whatever temptations come -- a policeman passes, a strange dog from another town passes -- we will keep our eyes closed. And at least one night every year we will devote to our saint's teaching." So they all became silent.
The teacher could not believe what had happened. The whole city was silent, no dog barking. He went around the city. Dogs were hiding wherever they could find a place to hide -- with closed eyes, with clenched teeth. It was very strenuous and very difficult, but it was only a question of one night.... "In the morning we can bark with vengeance but if we have decided, then we should stick to the decision."
But the saint became very much worried: what would happen to his sainthood? All the dogs had stopped barking -- what was he going to do? His only business was to teach them that barking was wrong.
As the middle of the night came, the teacher felt for the first time a strange irritation in his throat. He said, "My

god, what is happening? All the dogs are silent and a great urge to bark is arising in me."
In fact, his urge to bark had been fulfilled because he was continuously barking in the form of teaching all over the town -- moving from here to there, his throat was never unemployed. It was the first time for six hours he had not talked. And of course, he was a dog so he went into a dark corner and started barking.
When other dogs heard that one dog had broken the promise, then they could not resist the temptation. The whole city burst, all the dogs barking as they had never barked. And the teacher came from the darkness and started saying, "This is the curse of our race; otherwise we could have risen above humanity. Stop barking! Barking is the only problem, the only sin!"
If you don't go to your saints, I say to you they will be in the same position as the saint of the dogs. They will rush and do things against that which they have been teaching you. Just give them a little chance.
But you are continuously worshipping them. There is always a crowd around them. It is so fulfilling. Politicians come to be blessed by them for their elections -- presidents, prime ministers. And what is their qualification? Their qualification is that they are anti-life.
I teach you life, love, laughter.

AND I SAY THAT LIFE IS INDEED DARKNESS SAVE WHEN THERE IS URGE...

If your longing to reach to the stars has died, life is darkness.

AND ALL URGE IS BLIND SAVE WHEN THERE IS KNOWLEDGE.

All longing is blind unless it arises out of wisdom and your meditativeness, out of your silence.

AND ALL KNOWLEDGE IS VAIN SAVE WHEN THERE IS WORK...

A knowledge that is uncreative, unproductive, is barren, is meaningless. It is vain.

AND ALL WORK IS EMPTY SAVE WHEN THERE IS LOVE.

If you work without love, you are working like a slave. When you work with love, you work like an emperor. Your work is your joy, your work is your dance. Your work is your poetry.
And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God.
Work based in love brings you closer to yourself and closer to others and finally, closer to God himself.
Remember, I repeat again: If anybody is not going to participate in the song there is still time -- get lost!

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

Chapter #14

Chapter title: Work is love made visible
15 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND WHAT IS IT
TO WORK WITH LOVE?
IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO WEAR THAT CLOTH.
IT IS TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH AFFECTION, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO DWELL IN THAT HOUSE.
IT IS TO SOW SEEDS WITH TENDERNESS AND REAP THE HARVEST WITH JOY, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO EAT THE FRUIT.
IT IS TO CHARGE ALL THINGS YOU FASHION WITH A BREATH OF YOUR OWN SPIRIT,
AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.
OFTEN I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY, AS IF SPEAKING IN SLEEP,
"HE WHO WORKS IN MARBLE AND FINDS THE SHAPE OF HIS OWN SOUL IN THE STONE, IS NOBLER THAN HE WHO PLOUGHS THE SOIL.
"AND HE WHO SEIZES THE RAINBOW TO LAY IT ON A CLOTH IN THE LIKENESS OF MAN, IS MORE THAN HE WHO MAKES THE SANDALS FOR OUR FEET."

BUT I SAY, NOT IN SLEEP, BUT IN THE OVERWAKEFULNESS OF NOONTIDE, THAT THE WIND SPEAKS NOT MORE SWEETLY TO THE GIANT OAKS THAN TO THE LEAST OF ALL THE BLADES OF GRASS;
AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE WIND INTO A SONG MADE SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.
WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE.
AND IF YOU CANNOT WORK WITH LOVE BUT ONLY WITH DISTASTE, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR WORK
AND SIT AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE AND TAKE ALMS OF THOSE WHO WORK WITH JOY.
FOR IF YOU BAKE BREAD WITH INDIFFERENCE, YOU BAKE A BITTER BREAD THAT FEEDS BUT HALF MAN'S HUNGER.
AND IF YOU GRUDGE THE CRUSHING OF THE GRAPES, YOUR GRUDGE DISTILS A POISON IN THE WINE.
AND IF YOU SING THOUGH AS ANGELS, AND LOVE NOT THE SINGING YOU MUFFLE MAN'S EARS TO THE VOICES OF THE DAY AND THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Almustafa is saying immensely beautiful things, but the most important thing is missing. That is the misery of a poet: he comes to know as deeply as possible but he never reaches the very center. Only a mystic is able to reach to the very center. So although all these statements are

beautiful, keep in mind that something is missing. And I am going to make you aware of what is missing.
I am not a poet. I can understand the beauty of poetry because I am a mystic; I am rooted in my own center, in my own being. I would love you to understand Almustafa's statements -- perhaps they will help you reach to the center, of which he himself is not aware.
And what I am saying about Almustafa, I am really saying about Kahlil Gibran. I have not spoken on him. For many years, again and again, I thought to give new blood and new life to his statements, but whenever I saw that there was something missing, I wondered whether I would be doing justice to you if I simply commented on Kahlil Gibran without telling you that he is not an enlightened man. Very close, but even closeness is a distance. Unless you become one, the distance remains. But finally I decided that it is better to make Kahlil Gibran and his spokesman, Almustafa, complete and whole.

AND WHAT IS IT TO WORK WITH LOVE?
IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART, EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO WEAR THAT CLOTH.

It is a very loving attitude towards work but still it is not work that arises out of love, because the beloved is separate. And the one who is beloved today may not be tomorrow. The love that humanity knows can easily turn into hate. The ordinary love is a double-edged sword. When you are in love with someone... it may be God, but it

does not mean that your love cannot turn into hate any moment.

Once a man came to me and he said, "I am a great believer in God."

I said, "I have seen you before. You were always complaining against God, what has happened?"

He said, "I was complaining because I didn't have a child. And I was praying for ten years continuously and God had no response to my prayers. I stopped praying, I stopped going to the temple. I felt cheated, deceived. It became clear to me that there is no God.

"But I was impatient. Just yesterday, a child was born. I wanted first to inform you -- because you know my ten years' misery -- that I am greatly happy. God is. Though he may delay his decisions for his own reasons which we know not, the prayer is always heard -- if not today, then tomorrow."

I said, "You are still impatient. The child can die also -- what will happen to your love and your trust and your belief in God? With the death of the child, your God will also die. He is born with the child, and with the child he will be gone, and you will hate him more than ever. Before, he was just not listening to your prayers but now he has taken away your long, long desired child."

He said, "Don't say such a thing!"

I said, "I have to say it to make you aware that your love for God is seasonal. Just like the seasonal flowers -- within weeks, they are there dancing in the wind and within weeks they are gone. Your love has not arisen from the center of your being. It is not an experience, it is just a bribe."

And by the way, I would like you to know that it is very difficult to destroy the ugly existence of bribery from this land because this land has been bribing even God for thousands of years.
People go to the temples and they say, "If our desires are fulfilled, we will offer you sweets, fruits. We will believe in you. The fulfillment of our desires is the only evidence that you exist."
That's why I say Kahlil Gibran is not a mystic yet. First, let us hear what Almustafa is saying:

IT IS TO WEAVE THE CLOTH WITH THREADS DRAWN FROM YOUR HEART...

The heart is better than the head, but you are not the heart. You are still deeper: you are the being, eternal being. The moment your head dies, your heart will also stop beating. Your head and your heart both belong to the body and to the world.
Only you, in your total purity of consciousness, belong to the eternal flow of life. Only you belong to God. And if you are basing your belief on some desires which are fulfilled... it is better than to believe because certain arguments have convinced your head but it is not yet the real thing.
You should love, not because of any reason; you should love because you are so overflowing with love. It should not be addressed to the beloved. And you all know -- your love goes on, up and down. The enemy can become your friend, the friend can become your enemy. You are not free, it depends on the object.

Your love is freedom only when it does not depend on any object but simply flows from your being for no cause at all. That's why it cannot be changed. It is going to be eternal. Whether God exists or not makes no difference, whether there is any beloved or not makes no difference. You will still be loving.

It is not a question of loving someone, it is a question of being love yourself. That does not come from the heart, it comes from a very deep source -- the ultimate depth of your being -- and showers over all: the deserving, the undeserving, the worthy, the unworthy. It makes no discriminations.

But that kind of love arises not because you have a beloved; that kind of love arises because you have reached to your very innermost center. It comes out of meditation; that is the missing point. Otherwise, it is a beautiful poetry and what he is saying is significant:

IT IS TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH AFFECTION EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO DWELL IN THAT HOUSE.

This is the poverty of the poet... once in a while, he makes the effort to reach to the stars but he goes on falling back to the earth again and again. His poetry is mixed -- sometimes it reaches to the open sky on the wing and sometimes it creeps on the earth. And unless you are a meditator, you will not be able to make the distinction, because his words are always beautiful. Just see: he is saying, it is to build a house with affection... but from where are you going to get affection?

And he says: Even as if.... Remember those two words: as if. It is all imagination: Even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house. As if? -- you are trying to create a hallucination around yourself.
When you see a beautiful sunset, you don't say "Look, it seems as if the sunset is very beautiful." Your "as if" is your doubt, your "as if" is simply your inference.
Just think: You love a woman or a man and you say, "It seem s as if I love you." Do you think this is going to convince the woman? If she's really a woman and not a bogus lady, she is going to hit you hard! As if?
But the difference is clear: the mystic speaks with an authority. The poet, at the most, can speak always rooted in "ifs" and "buts."
There is a great book by a very famous philosopher; its name is AS IF. The man is sincere. He does not say, "God exists." He says AS IF... "I think God exists."
Beware of these ugly words like as if. Either you love or you don't love, there is no middle ground.

IT IS TO SOW SEEDS WITH TENDERNESS AND REAP THE HARVEST WITH JOY EVEN AS IF YOUR BELOVED WERE TO EAT THE FRUIT.

The words are beautiful but the content, the substance, is on shaky ground. That as if means you are making a castle in the sand, believing that no wind is going to destroy it. But the winds don't follow your orders.
The religious man never uses the words "as if." It is the philosopher, the poet, it is the blind person who thinks as if there is light. He has not seen it, he has heard about it.

Everybody is talking about it, perhaps they are right. But it is not his own direct experience and unless the experience is direct and YOURS, it is not liberating. It is going to create a bondage. It will make you a dreamer but dreams need sleep and unconsciousness.

IT IS TO CHARGE ALL THINGS YOU FASHION WITH A BREATH OF YOUR OWN SPIRIT.
AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.

This seems to have some truth, at least in this city of the dead. But I will not call them "the blessed dead." There is only one blessing and that is life. It is pure mannerism, etiquette, that you call the dead "the blessed." Then what are you doing here? Why don't you get dead and become blessed? Living, you are cursed -- and a cursed man, once dead, becomes "the blessed."
Just the other day I told you that this is a temple of a living god. If you come here, come with your total being and participate with the people in their joy, in their song. But still I have seen on the chairs -- or have you removed the chairs? -- one lady... I will not call her a woman because "woman" is a respectable word; a lady is just bribed by the male chauvinists to function almost like the dead. I have seen one woman not participating in your song and in your joy. I don't see many dead people here; just one poor woman keeping herself apart, afraid to be joyous, afraid to merge and meet you in spirit.
I will have another look when I leave, whether the miracle happens or not. In the past it used to -- Jesus called Lazarus

and after four days of living as dead, he immediately came out alive. There are still two hours for the dead lady to become a living woman.
And do you know, the word "lady" is ugly. It means a good lay. And the lady is supposed to lie down while making love, almost dead -- not moving, not showing her joy, not screaming. This is a very cunning strategy of man because he knows: the woman can have multiple orgasms. One man can have only one orgasm; his love is finished within two, three minutes. By that time, the lady has not even become warm enough, what to say about hot dogs?
For thousands of years, the woman has been exploited in such cunning ways. She has been told, "This is being graceful, to lie dead and suffer the whole agony." That's why all women, when you are making love to them, close their eyes. They don't want to see what is happening because they are not participants. Otherwise it is the most beautiful dance of meeting, of merging, of two lovers in oneness.
I cannot support the statement:

AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THE BLESSED DEAD ARE
STANDING ABOUT YOU AND WATCHING.

But in a Christian conditioning... Kahlil Gibran is a converted Christian; his forefathers changed their religion from Mohammedanism to Christianity. All the religions born outside of India believe that you have only one life, and then sit on trees -- blessed, dead -- or stand, as you

wish, and watch for eternity until the last day comes, the day of judgment.

Jesus was asked again and again, "When is the day of judgment coming?" Because his apostles were greedy, they wanted to enter paradise as soon as possible. And Jesus lied to them, or perhaps he himself was living in an illusion. He said, "Very soon. In your very life you will see the gates of paradise flung open. I will be standing with my father, God, indicating who has followed me -- he will be allowed in. And those who have not followed me will fall into the eternal darkness of hell."

This small statement made Bertrand Russell, who was born a Christian, very irritated and annoyed. He dropped out of Christianity and wrote a book, WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN. Of all the reasons that he has given, this is the most important: that the whole religion is just without any sense of justice.

In one life, how many sins can you commit? If you go on committing sins every moment -- without eating, without drinking, without sleeping, for seventy years non-stop -- even then, you cannot commit enough sins in seventy years to deserve eternal hellfire. Eternal! There should be some justice.

Bertrand Russell himself said, "I have committed many things which can be condemned by Christians as sin and I have dreamed many things which can be also condemned as sin. My actions and my dreams both could be joined together -- the hardest judge could not send me to jail for more than four or five years."

Eternal condemnation to hellfire, with no exit, no way of coming out is sheer stupidity, nonsense, unreasonable. But a man like Kahlil Gibran is still burdened with the idea.
(A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE, A VISITOR, RISES TO LEAVE THE HALL.)
Look at this man... where are you going? And if you were going to leave this place, why have you come? These are the dead people! Look at his face ... and the woman I indicated -- they should not be allowed in. This is a congregation, this is not a film show!
But all the religions that have been born in India are more rational in this sense. They do not believe in one life, but in reincarnation. You go on being reborn again and again. The whole eternity is given to your life, without any beginning and without any end.
So I have been watching in the morning -- I don't see any dead soul watching from the trees. Just a few dead souls enter out of curiosity, or perhaps they are in plainclothes, just police dogs. But I will not tolerate anybody who is here out of curiosity, who is here as an observer, who is here as a detective, who is here as an informer. And you all have to be aware. Whenever you see somebody not participating, this is the last time he has entered this temple of God.
Often have I heard you say, as if speaking in sleep.... But that as if goes on. He's not certain what he is saying. He is simply assuming -- as if speaking in sleep:

"HE WHO WORKS IN MARBLE AND FINDS THE SHAPE OF HIS OWN SOUL IN THE STONE IS NOBLER THAN HE WHO PLOUGHS THE SOIL.

Painters, poets, sculptors, dancers, are being awarded with Nobel prizes. Have you heard that a gardener who creates life, beautifies life, has received a Nobel prize? A farmer, who plows the field and brings nourishment to you all -- has he ever been rewarded? No, he lives and dies as if he has never been here.

This is an ugly demarcation. Every creative soul -- it does not matter what he creates -- should be respected and honored, so that creativity is honored. But even politicians get Nobel Prizes -- who are nothing but clever criminals. All the bloodshed that has happened in the world has happened because of these politicians and they are still preparing more and more nuclear weapons to commit a global suicide.

In a real, honest human society, creativity will be honored, respected, because the creative soul is participating in the work of God.

"AND HE WHO SEIZES THE RAINBOW TO LAY IT ON A CLOTH IN THE LIKENESS OF MAN IS MORE THAN HE WHO MAKES THE SANDALS FOR OUR FEET."

Our sense of aesthetics is not very rich.

I am reminded of Abraham Lincoln. He was the son of a shoemaker and he became the president of America. Naturally, all the aristocrats were tremendously disturbed, annoyed, irritated. And it is not a coincidence that soon Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. They could not tolerate the idea that the country had a shoemaker's son as the president.

On the first day, when he was going to give his inaugural address to the Senate, just as he was going to stand up, one ugly aristocrat stood up and he said, "Mr. Lincoln, although by some accident you have become the president of the country, don't forget that you used to come with your father to my house to prepare shoes for our family. And there are many senators who are wearing the shoes made by your father, so never forget your origins."

He was thinking he was going to humiliate him. But you cannot humiliate a man like Abraham Lincoln. Only small people, suffering from inferiority, can be humiliated. The greatest of human beings are beyond humiliation.

Abraham Lincoln said something which should be remembered by everyone. He said, "I am very grateful to you for reminding me of my father just before I give my first address to the Senate. My father was so beautiful, and such a creative artist -- there was no other man who could make such beautiful shoes. I know perfectly well, whatever I do, I will never be such a great president as he was a great creator. I cannot surpass him.

"But by the way, I want to remind all you aristocrats that if the shoes made by my father are pinching you, I have also learned the art with him. I am not a great shoemaker, but at least I can correct your shoes. You just inform me, I will come to your house."

There was great silence in the Senate, and the senators understood that it was impossible to humiliate this man. But he has shown a tremendous respect for creativity.

It does not matter whether you paint, sculpt, or make shoes; whether you are a gardener, a farmer, a fisherman, a carpenter -- it does not matter. What matters is, are you

putting your very soul into what you are creating? Then your creative products have something of the quality of divine.
Except creativity, there is nothing divine.

BUT I SAY NOT IN SLEEP, BUT IN THE OVERWAKEFULNESS OF NOONTIDE, THAT THE WIND SPEAKS NOT MORE SWEETLY TO THE GIANT OAKS THAN TO THE LEAST OF ALL THE BLADES OF GRASS.

Existence treats everyone equally. The sun does not rise only for the rich people; neither is the full moon night dedicated to the presidents and prime ministers of the world. When the wind blows and brings fragrance, it does not bother whether you are a famous man or just a nobody. Existence is pure communism, it treats everybody equally. The saint and the sinner are not demarcated. The water will not say to the sinner, "You cannot quench your thirst because you are a sinner. I am here for the saints." Just learn something from existence, because this is the only holy scripture. I don't know any other scripture which is holy -- but nature is innocent, pure, sacred.
If we had listened to nature, man would have been part of this tremendous equality, respect for all, reverence for life. But man has forgotten the ways of nature, he has become absolutely unnatural. His misery is a by-product of his being unnatural.

AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE WIND INTO A SONG MADE SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.

But you will not find the names of those people in your history books, because they were not murderers on a great scale -- like Alexander the Great, who killed for no reason at all; just an idiotic desire to conquer the whole world. These conquerors cannot be creators. These are the most destructive people in the world.

The whole world's pressure is on Ronald Reagan to stop creating more nuclear weapons. But he seems to be absolutely insane. He is not listening to anybody. And these American politicians have been condemning the Soviet Union continuously. But the Soviet Union, seeing the stubborn attitude of Ronald Reagan, has stopped creating more nuclear weapons ten months ago. This needs courage. Ronald Reagan and his company are a company of cowards. Now what is the point? -- when the Soviet Union was also creating nuclear weapons, there was some point... "Don't be left behind." The Soviets tried their best to convince them: "We are ready to reduce our nuclear weapons; you start reducing yours in the same proportion." Seeing that there is no possibility from a religious bigot and a political fanatic like Ronald Reagan, they themselves have stopped -- alone. This has raised their prestige all over the world.

Ronald Reagan is already a defeated soul. You have shown your cowardliness, and all your propaganda against the Soviet Union seems to be nothing but lies.

You will be surprised to know that I have been expelled from America for no reason, and the Soviet Union has invited me to their international book fair and said that if I cannot come, I can send anybody with all my literature: "We want the Soviet Union to know all the best literature of the world."

In America, nearabout one million dollars' worth of my books were being sold every year. But suddenly no bookseller, no chain stores -- who were continually saying that "your supply is not enough for our demand" -- are ready to put my books in their showcases. Who is a fascist country today? America has turned into a far more fascist country than the Soviet Union or Germany has ever been. And Ronald Reagan is a very religious person, he is a fundamentalist Christian. What kind of religiousness is this? He is deceiving the beautiful American people and he is trying to destroy the whole world. The world has never before seen a worse criminal in power. Adolf Hitler is left miles behind.

But these names make history: Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah. They have only destroyed.

I am reminded about Nadir Shah -- he had invaded India, and each night he wanted beautiful women and wine. The whole day he was killing people and at night, it was a celebration.

One night, his soldiers brought a prostitute who was very beautiful. She danced, and Nadir Shah was very happy. In the middle of the night, he said, "I am feeling tired, and tomorrow morning we are going to invade another country. So stop the dancing."

But the frail, young and beautiful woman said, "In the dark night, passing through a forest, I will have to go to my village. At least allow me to stay overnight. In the morning, when there is light, I can go."
He said, "Don't be worried. You are a guest of no ordinary person; you are a guest of Nadir Shah. I will make your path full of light right now! And he ordered his soldiers to put all the villages on fire on the way, all the trees on fire on the way, so the prostitute could go in full light. Twenty villages, with living beings who were asleep, were put on fire and the whole forest was put on fire to create a morning in the middle of the dark night -- just for the prostitute to go, because she was no ordinary person's guest.
These are names which make history. You will never come across in your history books those who are humble, silent, peaceful.
But Kahlil Gibran is right:

AND HE ALONE IS GREAT WHO TURNS THE VOICE OF THE
WIND INTO A SONG MADE SWEETER BY HIS OWN LOVING.

Except a loving heart, there is no greatness anywhere. And you all have the loving heart. You just have to be told that it needs to be opened, made available to existence -- to life, to people, to trees, to oceans, to everything that surrounds you.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE...

Whenever you create, you are making your love for existence visible. But your religious saints are telling you to renounce the world.

In India, there are thousands and thousands of monks -- of Hindus, of Jainas, of Mohammedans -- but they are all uncreative. They don't even paint or write poetry. No, work is condemned, and these people who are the condemnors of life and its creativity are worshipped.

I have been asking people, "Where are you going?" And in India, to go to a saint is called seva -- service. They are going to serve the saint. The saint cannot work, cannot create, is the most useless person -- an unnecessary burden on a poor country -- and he needs service.

I used to know a very beautiful man, Magga Baba. He was so tired of these people continuously serving him, because there is a limit to everything. They wouldn't let him sleep! Ten persons are massaging him... he was such a simple, innocent soul that he would not say anything. "Let them do...."

But one night he disappeared. He used to disappear, not on his own accord. He was perhaps the only person who was continuously being stolen. Because one village had served him enough, some other village, finding the chance, would steal him. And he would not say anything. If they said to him, "Sit in the rickshaw," he would sit.

Many times he was found in different villages and brought back. But finally he got so tired....

I was a university student in those days, and once in a while I used to go to him -- just to sit by that silent man, because he never used to speak to anybody. But I was blessed that if there was no one else, he would whisper something into my

ear. And the last thing he whispered in my ear was: "Tears are coming into my eyes because I will not be able to see you again."
I said, "What happened? Any indication of being stolen?"
He said, "No, I have got so tired of all these people who are serving me. I cannot sleep, so I am just going to disappear in the mountains. And I will not be coming back because humanity is not the place to live silently."
He was an enlightened being. But no history book will ever mention him. History seems to be obsessed with the murderers, with the powerful, with people who have created all kinds of nuisance in the world and have not been a help or a blessing but a curse.

If the new humanity arises, the first thing is to make bonfires of all the history books. Get rid of Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Ronald Reagan. Don't let your children's minds be poisoned by these people!
History should take note of the creators, of people who are nobodies, but because of their nobodiness they have turned into flutes -- hollow bamboos. The wind blows and the flute turns the wind into a song. These are the people who love existence because they beautify it.
But all the religions are against life. They say, "Renounce life," and life includes work, life includes love, life includes everything. "Renounce life, because your renunciation of life is going to be, after your death, an entry into paradise." But it is always after death.
All these religious people and the politicians are angry with me for the simple reason that I am telling people that life is

herenow -- not after death -- don't wait. And life is in love, life is in being creative, life is in understanding your innermost being. Because only then can you become a constantly overflowing source of beauty, love, and joy. Who cares about life after death? Life is before death, and if you can live totally, there is no death for you. This is the experience of all those who have entered into silence. They have witnessed the greatest miracle: that their innermost core, their consciousness, is eternal. Life can take away the clothes, the bodies, but life cannot destroy you. But only the creator -- and a creator out of love -- transcends death.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE.
AND IF YOU CANNOT WORK WITH LOVE BUT ONLY WITH DISTASTE, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR WORK AND SIT AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE AND TAKE ALMS OF THOSE WHO WORK WITH JOY.

If you cannot be a creator, if you cannot love work, if you cannot love life, then the only possibility for you is just to be a beggar. The lover is an emperor, the creator is an emperor -- without invading the whole world. He has invaded the whole universe out of sheer, loving creativity. But if you cannot do that, then at least just sit before the temple as a beggar.
Why is he particularly suggesting the temple? Because if the temple is a living temple -- and I mean by a living temple one where the master is still alive -- there will be seekers coming, lovers, creators, and you will be constantly seeing that they are as much human beings as you are.

Perhaps you may start feeling ashamed of being a beggar. Perhaps one day you may wake up and enter the temple, not as a beggar but as a seeker of truth, as a seeker of love, as a learner of how to create.

FOR IF YOU BAKE BREAD WITH INDIFFERENCE, YOU BAKE A BITTER BREAD THAT FEEDS BUT HALF MAN'S HUNGER.
AND IF YOU GRUDGE THE CRUSHING OF THE GRAPES, YOUR GRUDGE DISTILS A POISON IN THE WINE.
AND IF YOU SING THOUGH AS ANGELS, AND LOVE NOT THE SINGING, YOU MUFFLE MAN'S EARS TO THE VOICES OF THE DAY AND THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The song is continuous. The birds are singing, the flowers are singing. Whether you can hear it or not is a different matter. You think the flowers are not singing? You should think that you are deaf! Because I have heard them singing, dancing. Even in the dark night, the silence is a song. If you cannot do anything, at least allow existence to enter into your being. It will transform you.
I call the science of transformation, meditation.
Just sitting here, listening to the birds, is being filled with the eternal creativity.
I have been in this garden for seven years before I went to America. My people had planted small plants and now it has become really a jungle, so beautiful that you need not do anything -- just sit silently under the shade of a tree and

feel what trees are whispering to each other. There is constant communion between the earth and the sky.
And if you have heard that whispering, your heart will start dancing with joy. That whispering will become your song of life. That whispering will make you understand the Song of Solomon.
It is a strange fact that in the Old Testament, which is the holy book of the Jews... they don't allow the New Testament in their holy book; the New Testament concerns Jesus and his teachings. In the Old Testament, there is only one thing which has any spiritual significance and that is the Song of Solomon. But Jews are very much afraid that people should know about that song. It is not discussed in their synagogues because it is a song of life -- not of renunciation but of rejoicing. It is a song of love. That is the only part of the Old Testament which is really religious. The Old Testament, without the Song of Solomon, has no worth, no value at all.
But the rabbis and the synagogues and the scholars are all concerned with the Old Testament and somehow feel ashamed that the Song of Solomon is there -- what to do with it? And it is the only beauty in the whole Old Testament, the very essence of spirituality.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #15
Chapter title: Beyond joy and sorrow
15 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A WOMAN SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF JOY AND SORROW.
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOUR JOY IS YOUR SORROW UNMASKED.
AND THE SELFSAME WELL FROM WHICH YOUR LAUGHTER RISES WAS OFTENTIMES FILLED WITH YOUR TEARS.
AND HOW ELSE CAN IT BE?
THE DEEPER THAT SORROW CARVES INTO YOUR BEING, THE MORE JOY YOU CAN CONTAIN.
IS NOT THE CUP THAT HOLDS YOUR WINE THE VERY CUP THAT WAS BURNED IN THE POTTER'S OVEN?
AND IS NOT THE LUTE THAT SOOTHES YOUR SPIRIT THE VERY WOOD THAT WAS HOLLOWED WITH KNIVES?
WHEN YOU ARE JOYOUS, LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR HEART AND YOU SHALL FIND IT IS ONLY THAT WHICH HAS GIVEN YOU SORROW THAT IS GIVING YOU JOY.
WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN TRUTH YOU ARE WEEPING FOR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR DELIGHT.
SOME OF YOU SAY, "JOY IS GREATER THAN SORROW," AND OTHERS SAY, "NAY, SORROW IS THE GREATER."
BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, THEY ARE INSEPARABLE.

TOGETHER THEY COME, AND WHEN ONE SITS ALONE WITH YOU AT YOUR BOARD, REMEMBER THAT THE OTHER IS ASLEEP UPON YOUR BED.
VERILY YOU ARE SUSPENDED LIKE SCALES BETWEEN YOUR SORROW AND YOUR JOY.
ONLY WHEN YOU ARE EMPTY BE YOU AT STANDSTILL AND BALANCED.
WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS MUST YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL.

Kahlil Gibran sometimes touches almost the center of your being. But sometimes he misses the target completely. And those who understand only poetry will not be able to make the distinction when he is on the sunlit peaks and when he is just like you in the darkness of the valleys.

Yes, even when he is with you in the darkness of the valleys, he is a great poet. He can manage to make statements which sound very profound. But they are absolutely empty. Today's statements belong to that category -- beautiful poetry but utterly contentless.

My commentaries on Kahlil Gibran are going to be the beginning of a new sort of commentary. There are almost one thousand commentaries on SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, the Hindu holy scripture. They all differ from each other. And so is the case with other scriptures -- like Badarayana's BRAHMASUTRAS. They have been commented upon for centuries.

But there is not a single commentary in the whole world which finds statements which are not right or which are superficial. They are the commentaries of followers, and

followers are always blind. They think everything that is written in SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA has to be right. Therefore I am saying this is the beginning of a new way of commentary. I am not a follower of anybody. When I see the truth, I am ready to die for it. It does not matter from whom it comes -- from Raidas, a shoemaker; or Badarayana, a great seer, perhaps the greatest Hindu who has some truth in him -- if I see that what is being said is superficial, I am not going hide it from you. And if I see there is something which is false, I am going to expose it to you.

All the old commentaries are false in a way. Everything is right -- the idea seems to be, "How can Badarayana be wrong?" So the commentators have been trying to manipulate words, to give them new meanings, new colors, just to protect the idea that Badarayana is consistently true. I cannot do that. I may agree with anyone if truth is there. And I will disagree with anyone. However ancient and however respected, I am going to disagree, because to me it is not a question of the man who has written the book. It is a question of being always with truth and never allowing untruth just for the sake of consistency.

Kahlil Gibran cannot be consistent, because he is a great poet -- but only a poet; he is not a mystic. He has not seen the reality in its totality. He has not experienced himself, his own individuality.

But he is a magician as far as words are concerned. Even in these statements, his magic is profound. But the meaning is missing.

THEN A WOMAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF JOY AND SORROW.
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOUR JOY IS YOUR SORROW UNMASKED.
AND THE SELFSAME WELL FROM WHICH YOUR LAUGHTER RISES WAS OFTENTIMES FILLED WITH YOUR TEARS.

There is beauty in the words, poetry in the expression, but there is no profundity of meaning. This statement is true only for those who are fast asleep and unconscious. The statement is not true; it simply shows your sleepiness, your unconsciousness.
As far as the unconscious man is concerned, his joy is nothing but his sorrow unmasked because the unconscious man lives in contradictions. His joy and his sorrow are only two sides of the same coin. His laughter and his tears are not intrinsically different, they come from the selfsame well....
In one of the very important statements of Friedrich Nietzsche... and it is well to remember Friedrich Nietzsche at this moment because Kahlil Gibran was impressed by Friedrich Nietzsche more than by anybody else. In fact, he wrote the book, THE PROPHET under the influence of Friedrich Nietzsche's book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.
Friedrich Nietzsche, in ZARATHUSTRA says: "I laugh because I am afraid if I don't laugh, I may start weeping. My laughter is nothing but a strategy to hide my tears."
Have you observed that people who are very fat seem to be always more smiling, happy, joyous? What could be the

reason? Fatness cannot create joy. But the reason is, the fat person goes on becoming more and more ugly and his eyes are full of tears. He knows his ugliness, he knows that he has missed the opportunity to be beautiful. To hide the fact, he smiles more, laughs more, appears always joyful. He may not be aware of the phenomenon because whatever unconscious people are doing, they don't know why they are doing it.

Just to emphasize the fact, I would like to remind you that Jews have the best and the most beautiful jokes in the world. And they are the people who have suffered the most. I have been in search for years to find a single Indian joke but I have not been successful; all the jokes are borrowed from somewhere else. Their origins are not India. Most of them come from the Jews.

It looks very strange: the race that has suffered so much for almost four thousand years, has been tortured in every possible way, has lived without a country, has been butchered, massacred, in millions... and yet they have the most refined jokes. The psychology behind it is that they want to hide their wounds. They want to forget their misery, their torture.

I have heard from one of my sannyasins who was in a concentration camp of Adolf Hitler in Germany. The war ended and just by chance, he survived. He told me... he is not a Jew. But when there are millions of people burned in gas chambers, who cares who you are? He used to live with a Jewish family, and he was also caught. He denied that he was a Jew, but who was there to listen?

He told me, "The strangest phenomenon that I saw in the concentration camp -- where thousands of Jews were

reduced, humiliated, in such ugly ways as it has never been done before. First all their belongings would be taken; even a wristwatch was not allowed. Their clothes were taken. They had to stand naked -- men and women and children, in long queues -- to be medically examined, for hours. Still, they were joking and laughing. They were telling jokes to one another."

They knew their time to die had come. Tomorrow had never been more uncertain. Even when they were entering the gas chambers... and they knew that whoever had entered those chambers had never come back. They had seen thousands of people entering the gas chamber and within minutes, the chimneys of the gas chamber were releasing smoke. All those people had been killed through technology so quickly.

Just five minutes before entering the same chamber -- and they knew that it was the last time they would see the beautiful world, the trees, the flowers, the people, their children, their wife, their mother, their old father -- still they were telling jokes.

He was puzzled. He could not understand because he is a Hindu. He had gone to Germany to study. Just by chance, a rich Jewish family became interested in him -- and he was a man of genius -- and they asked him, "Don't stay anywhere else. Be our guest." This is how he was caught.

But even more than the gas chamber and the concentration camp and all kinds of humiliations, the most puzzling thing for him was, "What kind of people are these Jews? Is this a time to laugh?"

India has no jokes of its own for a certain reason. It has never suffered the way Jews have suffered. For another

reason, its religion teaches it to accept suffering as a punishment from God, because of your past evil acts. "Be patient, accept it. And you will be well rewarded after death."

But the Jews don't have any after-death. This is the only life they know. This is the only earth they know. These are the only people, the only trees, the only sun and moon they know. And they have been continuously tortured.

First they were tortured in Egypt as slaves. Moses must be honored as one of the greatest revolutionaries of the world; he provoked them to revolt. It was very difficult, because they had become accustomed to the misery. Have you seen all those great pyramids? They were created, not by Egyptians -- yes, they were created for Egyptian kings and queens, but they were created by Jewish slaves.

Even science is unable to understand how such huge blocks of stone... even today we don't have cranes to put them on top of a highrise pyramid. How did the Egyptians manage four thousand years ago? The credit does not belong to Egyptians. On the contrary, those pyramids are standing as a condemnation of the Egyptian kings and queens. They are their graves, but before a grave for a king or a queen was finished, thousands of Jews had died in making the grave, the pyramid.

Egyptian soldiers were following when the Jews were carrying those huge stones on their shoulders. And the burden was such that many would simply die because of the burden, would be crushed under the stone, under the rock. His dead body would be thrown by the side of the road and another Jew would be put in his place to carry the stone. Even if a thousand lives were needed to put the stone

on top of the pyramid, it was perfectly okay. And on both sides, Egyptian soldiers were continuously beating people: "You are lazy! It is not because of the weight of the rock that you are so slow, you are simply lazy!" Many would die because of the beatings. They were treated in a far worse way than even animals have ever been treated.

Since those days, Moses had somehow managed to convince them that "You are God's chosen people, and I have come to liberate you." I know it was a fiction, but it was certainly needed because those Jews had lost completely the dignity of being human beings. Somebody had to convince them: "You are human beings -- not only human beings but the most superior human beings, the very chosen people of God. Just follow me out of Egypt and I will show you that God has prepared a beautiful land for you, Israel."

This was all beautiful fiction. But it worked, the Jews went out of Egypt. There was no Israel anywhere. For forty years, they wandered in the Middle East, the vast desert, without food, without water -- like beggars. And they were asking again and again, "Where is Israel? And how long is it going to take?"

My own insight is that, tired and weary, finally Moses reached the place that he showed to them -- "This is Israel." It was a barren land. In forty years, almost ninety percent of the original people who had left Egypt had died. Forty years is a long time. And when you are in misery, it becomes even longer.

Time is very elastic. When you are blissful it becomes very small: sitting with your friend, hours pass and it seems only minutes have passed. But hungry, thirsty, desert all around

as far as human eyes could see -- no Garden of Eden. It was certain that people would die.

When Moses reached the place that he named Israel, he was surrounded by almost all new people, who had been born on the way. And there was such a gap. The generation gap that you talk about today was first felt by Moses and his people. Those new people had no idea who this fellow Moses was. There was no possibility of communication. Hence, Moses had to leave the land with the new generation, with an excuse: "I am going to find one of our tribes which has lost its way somewhere in the desert." It was true. One tribe of the Jews had lost its way and reached Kashmir -- and Kashmir looks closer to God's garden than Israel, so they settled there, thinking that they had reached and all the others had lost their way in the desert.

Moses found them just at the very end of his life. He died in Kashmir. I have been to his grave... because there are only two graves in India -- one of Moses and another of Jesus -- on which the inscriptions are in Hebrew. And both graves are in one place, in Pahalgam in Kashmir. The word pahalgam means, "the village of the shepherd." Because Jesus used to say, "I am the shepherd and you are the sheep. Follow me: I will take you to your real home, your real land."

Pahalgam, in Kashmiri, means "the village of the shepherd." It is strange that Moses and Jesus should die in India, where there are no Jews. Both were Jews.

Remember, Jesus had never heard the word "Christian." He had never known that he would be known as "Jesus Christ," because in Hebrew, there is no such word as "Christ." He used to call himself "the messiah."

Christ is the Greek translation of the word Messiah. And of course, the followers became known as Christians. Otherwise, Jesus was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. Two great Jews... strange mysteries of existence... had to come to a land where there were no other Jews. And it was good; otherwise they would have been crucified.

Jews cannot forgive Moses because he deceived them -- although he was the man who made them free of a long, long slavery. But he landed in a rotten place and then escaped. Seeing the situation, that after forty years this is the outcome... and he was so tired, naturally.

And they have not been able to forgive Jesus either because it is in his name that the greatest and the richest business has been founded -- Christianity. How can Jews forgive? Their own son has founded the greatest establishment, and it is in the hands of others.

Since those days, Jews have been in trouble. Israel is surrounded now by Mohammedans. Fourteen centuries before, it was surrounded by robbers whose whole business was to kill and rob... because the earth yields nothing to eat. Caravans passing through the desert were robbed, killed -- that was the only business of the desert people. First they tortured Jews as much as possible, and then came the Mohammedans. Mohammed transformed those same nomads into the religion of Islam.

After Mohammed, Israel has been surrounded. It is a small island in a vast ocean of Mohammedans. They have been torturing -- they tortured them so much, and finally took over their land. They even changed the name of Israel. Before 1947, its name was Palestine, it was a Mohammedan country.

And now, the ugliest politicians of America and Britain, after the second world war have managed -- because they were occupying Palestine -- to give the Jews back their land. And the Jews thought this was Christian generosity -- it was not. The truth is... although nobody says it, the truth is that the American politicians again put them into the same situation, where they will be tortured by Mohammedans continuously. Israel cannot exist.

And now it has become a problem of prestige. They have poured all their money into Israel, they have come from all over the world to live in their own land. And the Mohammedans are forcing them to go back -- "It is not your country."

The American cunningness has never reached higher than that. In such a sweet manner, they persuaded the Jews -- who themselves were asking, "We need a land, our own country." Now they are dependent on America. Israel is not a sovereign country -- can never be. If America stops giving them arms, the next day they will be massacred. So this is good business and good politics. America got rid of its own Jews. It is a fanatic Christian mind, but they found a very clever way of getting rid of Jews without killing them.

Adolf Hitler killed six million Jews but he was at least straightforward. America has put all the Jews, for centuries to come, in the position to be continuously in a gas chamber. And any day America can decide that "We cannot waste more arms. We have helped enough." And they are not helping for free; the American Jews are paying. They are the greatest customers for all the old, rotten weapons which cannot be used by America. They are being sold to

the Jews. And they will remain in constant need, and in constant paranoia.
Still, they laugh the best. They go on finding beautiful jokes. The psychology is simple: their whole being is full of tears and they don't want it to be exposed to the world. Any excuse to laugh is enough for them. That's why I say Kahlil Gibran's statement is superficial.
This contradiction between laughter and tears, between joy and sorrow is just a part of the mind. Mind cannot live without contradictions.
But Kahlil Gibran knows nothing beyond the mind. Once in a while, he has glimpses of the heart which is only a mid-way stopover. It is not your true being. Of course, it is better than the mind but don't be deceived by it, because it is also part of the same body as mind is. Your mind and your heart both will die with the death of the mind.
Find out that which is not going to die -- then you will know there is no contradiction. When a Gautam Buddha smiles, he is not hiding tears. In fact, if a Gautam Buddha weeps, sheds tears, you will find in those tears also the same laughter, the same smile, the same fragrance. They are not out of sorrow. Neither are they hiding sorrow nor are they arising out of sorrow; they are arising out of overflowing joy.
The laughter is joy, and the tears are also joy for a man who has known the beyond, for the man who is enlightened.
And how else can it be? Kahlil Gibran is asking, "This is the only way it can be. How else it can be?"

THE DEEPER THAT SORROW CARVES INTO YOUR BEING, THE MORE JOY YOU CAN CONTAIN.

This is absurd, absolutely wrong.
Kahlil Gibran lived his whole life in America. Although he was born in Lebanon, he lived in America. It is one of the calamities of history that only the East knows the secret of meditation; the West has no awareness of it.
If Kahlil Gibran had been in the East, he would have touched the same heights of consciousness as any Lao Tzu, as any Bodhidharma. And he was more articulate than Gautam Buddha or Mahavira. If he had touched all those heights and remained on them, he would have been the greatest man on the earth, because neither Buddha has that poetry nor anybody else. But they know the truth.
He is saying, and how else can it be? It has been!
I say unto you: and it can be! And it can be to everyone who is ready to seek and search. It is not a question of being a poet. Poetry is a talent, just like painting is a talent or sculpture is a talent. But to know yourself is your fundamental right -- the only fundamental right which cannot be interfered with by any government, by any atomic energy, by any nuclear weapons. They can destroy you, but they cannot destroy your beyond. Your beyond is part of the whole existence. And there is no contradiction, ever. In the words of Gautam Buddha, he says: "Take the water of the ocean anywhere and the taste is the same, always the same."
Because Kahlil Gibran does not know anything about meditation, he thinks that the deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain. If you are unaware of the possibilities of meditation, you will find it difficult to disagree with him. But I disagree at this point,

and disagree absolutely. There is no question of any compromise or negotiations -- he's wrong. He does not know that there is a place in your being which is not reached through deepening your sorrow but which is reached by silencing your mind, by filling your heart with love.

Then only -- in that silence, in that love-filled silence -- blossom the flowers of eternal joy, life, beauty. You reach the realization of your potential. Then you are not afraid of Hiroshima or Nagasaki, and you are not afraid of Adolf Hitler's gas chambers, and you are not afraid of Ronald Reagan's nuclear weapons. Because they can only take away that which is not yours.

They cannot destroy anything which is really yours. Your body, mind, your heart -- all have been given to you by your parents, by other bodies. What is not given by your parents is your being, which has its own history of being in many bodies, having many minds and many hearts, and will have its own history. Even if this planet is destroyed by these idiots who are in power, your being will be on some other planet. There are fifty thousand planets in the world where life exists.

The man of meditation is absolutely fearless.

IS NOT THE CUP THAT HOLDS YOUR WINE THE VERY CUP THAT WAS BURNED IN THE POTTER'S OVEN?

Beautiful words. It hurts to criticize Kahlil Gibran but I am helpless. Do you see the fallacy? He is saying: is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in

the potter's oven? The cup was burned in the potter's oven, not you. So in what way can the sorrow of the cup being burned in the potter's oven create a depth in you which can contain joy?

You will have to be burned in the potter's oven, not a cup. What relation is there? The cup can be broken -- you will not be broken. The cup can be thrown away -- you will not be thrown away. You are not the cup. And strange, that you are trying to attain joy because of the misery and pain of the cup!

But nobody wants to go through fire. And meditation is certainly going through fire, because it has to burn your rubbish, which is filled into your head. It will have to cleanse your heart, with which you are clinging as if it is your treasure. It will have to make you nude, because the clothes that you are wearing are nothing but your misery and pain, anxiety and anguish.

Passing through the fire of meditation, everything that is not your authentic reality, everything that is borrowed, will be burned. Then what remains is the most essential, the immortal. Even death cannot destroy it. But nobody wants to go through the fire.

I am reminded of something which the police commissioner should know. The Hindu reincarnation of God, Rama, was fighting against his enemy Ramana, because Ramana had stolen his beautiful wife, Sita, and kept her imprisoned in a beautiful garden.

He did not misbehave with her. With all respect due, all her needs were fulfilled and she was treated as a queen -- she was a queen. The fight was with Rama, not with Sita.

After three years of continuous war, Rama conquered the enemy. Sita was released... and you come across one of the most ugly scenes in the Hindu scriptures. Because the first question Rama asked is a question any male chauvinist will ask: "Are you still pure? And if you are pure, you will have to pass a fire test. You will have to go through fire, and if you come alive out of the fire, I will accept you. If you don't come out alive, the question of acceptance does not arise."

But I say this is one of the ugliest scenes in this most-loved Hindu scripture, RAMAYANA, the story of Rama -- because he is asking about the purity of Sita; he's not giving any proof of his purity. And it is a well-known fact: a woman can remain celibate very easily because she has every month, a periodic release of her sexual energy. But man is in difficulty, he does not have the same kind of release. His sexual energy goes on accumulating and goes on becoming more and more burdensome. It has to be released.

If he was really a man of understanding... Hindus think he is the incarnation of God. I am saying only if he was a man of understanding he would have followed Sita, hand in hand through the fire, to give her the proof of his purity. But it is a male chauvinist society and all your religions are male chauvinist -- they are created by men and they are dominated by men. And the innocent Sita does not even ask, "And what about you? Just as I have been three years away from you, you have been three years away from me. We are in the same position. In fact, I was imprisoned and the man who imprisoned me, your enemy, is one of the most-learned men India has known.

"He has not even touched my body. And I have been treated as a queen. He gave me his best garden, his best palace to live in. But you were free -- what about your purity?"

No, Sita did not ask that. That is her humbleness, that is her beauty and grace. Rama has fallen far below Sita. She passed through the fire without any question.

I am saying this so that the police commissioner should know why I criticize other religions -- because they are my past too; the whole past of man is my past. I am entitled to look back and see where man has gone wrong, and no third-rate government servant is going to prevent me.

And even after giving the fire test, when Rama came back with Sita to his capital in Ayodhya, he again behaved brutally. A washerman's wife did not come home in the night. And when in the morning she came home, the washerman said, "Get lost! I am not a Rama to accept a wife who has been three years in the hands of the enemies."

It was reported to Rama, that "A washerman has criticized you." Sita has given the proof before thousands of eyewitnesses, but just a washerman's criticism... and she's pregnant now, but Rama throws her into the forest, into a commune of brahmin students. And this has been told for centuries to this country -- "What a great sacrifice he made!"

I am amazed. Is this sacrifice? or just a greed for the kingdom? Is this sacrifice? or just a greed for respectability? He is a coward! He neither followed her into the fire nor he followed her to the forest. He could have said, "If the people of my capital are suspicious of me, I

renounce this kingdom but I cannot renounce a woman who has passed a fire test before thousands of eyewitnesses." He is greedy for the kingdom, he is greedy for respectability. And who is sacrificed? Sita is sacrificed. And people are being told, "Look at the great sacrifice Rama made."

To sacrifice anybody else is very easy. If he had sacrificed himself, the kingdom, the respectability, I would have loved him as one of the great men, a great soul. But if someone says to me that knowing all the facts, I should accept him as a reincarnation of God, I refuse. He is not even a human being. He's subhuman, just a politician. And you say to me that I should not criticize? I criticize because I want to purify the path for humanity, for the future. Otherwise, we will go on repeating the same idiotic ideas.

I am not against anybody. I am simply concerned that the new man should not be burdened with the rotten past. My criticism is not basically of the past, my criticism is in favor of the new man -- to prepare the ground for the new humanity. Nobody can prevent me.

AND IS NOT THE LUTE THAT SOOTHES YOUR SPIRIT THE VERY WOOD THAT WAS HOLLOWED WITH KNIVES?

Because he has no understanding and is not capable to say, "I do not know the answer to your question...." That would have been far greater, if Almustafa had said to the woman, "Your question -- you will have to seek someone else for its

answer, I don't know." But he is trying to hide his ignorance with beautiful poetry.

And is not the lute that soothes your spirit the very wood that was hollowed with knives? The lute is hollowed with knives -- not your heart, not your being. So if it soothes... it is not a spiritual growth. It does not soothe your spirit, as he says; it soothes only your head. And not because of the knives, not because of the pain that the lute has to go through. How are you connected with lutes and with cups? I am simply amazed that even a man like Kahlil Gibran is not aware of what he is saying, and nobody has ever objected to it. Because if Kahlil Gibran is not aware, what to say of the people who are reading Kahlil Gibran all over the world? His beauty, his beautiful poetry -- and they are hypnotized by it.

But nothing can hypnotize me. And I don't make any distinction: if I see something is wrong with Rama, I am going to hammer him. If I see something is wrong with Jesus, I am not going just to remain silent so that Christians are not annoyed with me, so that my communes are not destroyed, so that my sannyasins are not being prevented, so that I am not harassed, tortured in every possible way, punished for no crime at all.

And the doors of all the countries are closed, I cannot enter. I am not coming with a army... but don't force me, because I can manage to come with an army too. And armies don't need visas.

Kahlil Gibran was never a disciple. Hence, he has no understanding of many things which only disciples can have. He was never a master so he is not aware of the total truth. He was never a mystic. He was only a great poet.

And I have chosen him for my commentaries so that I can show you -- don't be deceived by beautiful words. Always look inside, whether they contain anything. Don't be bothered by the containers -- the containers can be very beautiful, very aesthetic, and inside? There is nothing but darkness and emptiness.
And Kahlil Gibran is the right person to choose, because sometimes he flies like an eagle across the sun and sometimes he is just sitting in his nest. But you will not be able to make the distinction. And my effort is to make you aware so that even the greatest poet cannot deceive you, even the greatest name cannot make you afraid -- "How to say that Mahavira can be wrong, or Gautam Buddha can have missed the point?"

WHEN YOU ARE JOYOUS, LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL FIND IT IS ONLY THAT WHICH HAS GIVEN YOU SORROW THAT IS GIVING YOU JOY.

This is too ordinary. It would have been good if he had not said it, it is below him. Everybody knows it -- that it is the same thing that gives you joy but when you lose it, it gives you sorrow. What great discovery is there?

WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART...

There is no need to look again and again into heart. These are such obvious facts:

AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN TRUTH YOU ARE WEEPING FOR
THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR YOUR DELIGHT.

I say unto you, never look into the heart unnecessarily! Because that may become your habit, so anything stupid and you start looking into the heart. For such superficial things, even just an ordinary mind, a retarded mind is enough. So look into your retardedness -- if you need; otherwise without looking... these things are so superficial, but if you feel that you have to look in, then look in your retarded mind. Leave the heart for those moments when your mind is impotent, when even the greatest mind is helpless. Then, and only then, look into your heart.

Here, Kahlil Gibran makes looking into your heart just like whenever you feel nervous, you look into your pocket for a cigarette so that you can start smoking and get engaged in smoking and forget the problem, and the anxiety and the nervousness. People are smoking because of their nervousness.

The heart is a sacred shrine. Knock on the doors of the heart only in moments when your mind feels that it is beyond its capacity.

But not a single time does he mention, "Look into your being." He is not even aware of it, that all profound truths and secrets are not contained in the heart. There will come a moment when even the heart cannot help you. Then Kahlil Gibran has no answer for you. But I have an answer: Then, go beyond the heart. Look into your own being.

But these should be very rare occasions. They should not be made habitual: that which is giving you sorrow, that which is giving you joy....

WHEN YOU ARE SORROWFUL, LOOK AGAIN IN YOUR HEART, AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT IN TRUTH YOU ARE WEEPING FOR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR DELIGHT.
SOME OF YOU SAY, "JOY IS GREATER THAN SORROW," AND OTHERS SAY, "NAY, SORROW IS THE GREATER."

Yes, there are only two kinds of philosophies in the world. There are pagan philosophers, who have disappeared from the world. They say, "Eat drink and be merry, because joy is greater than sorrow. Let your life be a constant pleasure, women and wine, and there is no other truth. Don't waste your time."
But these pagan philosophers have disappeared, because all the priests of the world are against them. If they are right, then who is going to listen to the priests in the temples, in the mosques, in the churches? Just go into a church and see, and you will be surrounded by sorrow. Poor Jesus Christ hanging on the cross -- certainly you cannot dance in a church. It will be so out of place. You cannot sing a song of love in a church, you cannot have a belly laughter in a church. The church is almost a graveyard. Sit there as if you are dead, sad, sorrowful. This is thought to be religion. That's why you don't see your saints smiling. You will be surprised if you find your saint, whom you have been worshipping, playing cards. You will say, "My god, and I

used to think that this man is a great saint." But I don't see any contradiction. Why can't a great saint play cards? Yes, he will play cards without cheating, that I understand.... But you will not allow your saints to dance.

But I say unto you: unless a saint is able to dance, he knows nothing. He is just a corpse, who died long before. Don't go near such people because they can be infectious. They may be carrying many diseases -- sadness is a disease, sorrowfulness is a disease.

You will never become young if you cannot laugh, if you cannot love, if you cannot dance, if you cannot sing.

I was in a city and a small boy, maybe ten years old, was being initiated as a Jaina monk. Now, Jaina monks are the sickest people in the whole world. I asked the parents of the child, "Are you mad? You are still producing children and you are feeling very glad and very proud that your ten-year-old young boy is going to become a Jaina monk. But do you understand the implications? You have taken away from your boy, his youth. From ten years, he has simply taken a quantum leap; he will be seventy years old. Sixty years you have taken from his life.

"He will never be able to love. He will never be able to see the beauty of existence. He will never be young. You are making him old! You are all murderers and you are feeling very proud. And because of your pride, that innocent boy is ready, without understanding anything of what he is going to do, to become a monk."

But they were angry at me. They told me that I should leave their temple. I said, "This is not a temple. I am going to inform the police that a few people are killing a young boy of ten years and they should be stopped. Let him grow.

Let him find his own sky, and if one day he finds something more beautiful, something more youthful, something more nourishing, something that brings a song to his lips and a dance to his feet, then he will be a saint."
But people are so blind, so utterly blind -- they cannot see simple facts of life. All these religions say: "Nay, sorrow is greater," because your tears will wash away your crimes. What crimes have you committed?
It was a constant problem with my father -- he would tell me, "Now you are not a child. You should start going to the temple, you should start worshipping. You should start prayers."
But I said, "For what?"
He said, "Just to wash all your crimes away."
I said, "This is strange. I have not committed any crime, still I have to wash?"
I told him: In a small school, before small children, a Christian priest was telling them that if you live without any sin, if you drop and renounce all that is against religion, you will be immensely rewarded in the other world. And then he asked the boys, "What is the way to enter into the kingdom of God?"
A small boy stood up. He said, "First commit sins."
He said, "What? I have been wasting my whole time telling you, `Renounce sins'!"
"But," the boy said, "I have not committed any sin. How can I renounce something which I don't have? First let me commit all the sins. Please teach us how to sin. When we have sinned enough, we will renounce them and enter into the kingdom of God."

That was the last time. My father said, "I am finished. You don't harass me."
I said, "Strange... YOU harass me! I have never told you to go to any temple. I don't care about what happens after death. My own concern is, what is happening now? And if you have committed a crime, sins, it is your problem. You should go to the temple, you should pray, but let me live my life. And if I feel that this is a wrong life, I will renounce."
Thirty years, forty years must have passed since this dialogue with my father but I have not found yet that life is a crime or a sin. The longer I have lived, the deeper I have lived, I have found that those people are unfortunate who have renounced life. Because the kingdom of God is not in renouncing life but in rejoicing life, uncovering... just like you peel an onion. Go on peeling and you will find, in the end, pure emptiness in your hand because the onion is nothing but layers upon layers, layers upon layers -- so is life. Go on peeling it. Go on living it deeper and deeper and deeper, and finally you will have the emptiness Buddha calls the ultimate truth in your hands. You have already entered into the kingdom of God.

BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, THEY ARE INSEPARABLE.

Again he comes to the same viewpoint, that joy and sorrow are inseparable. So neither joy is greater nor sorrow is greater; they are inseparable.
And it is true for the blind, for the sleepy, for the unconscious. But those who are alert just a little bit can transcend both. They are inseparable -- so the moment you

transcend sorrow, you also transcend joy. In their transcendence is silence, is peace, is blissfulness, is benediction.
Kahlil Gibran has the capacity to transcend this superficial, intellectual understanding -- because there are moments when he rises above it -- but he goes on falling back.

TOGETHER THEY COME, AND WHEN ONE SITS ALONE WITH YOU AT YOUR BOARD, REMEMBER THAT THE OTHER IS ASLEEP UPON YOUR BED.

He's right as far as the ordinary, asleep humanity is concerned. But he is not right as far as a Gautam Buddha is concerned or a Mahavira is concerned or I am concerned.

VERILY YOU ARE SUSPENDED LIKE SCALES BETWEEN YOUR SORROW AND YOUR JOY.
ONLY WHEN YOU ARE EMPTY ARE YOU AT STANDSTILL AND BALANCED.
WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS MUST YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL.

I say to you that mind can be balanced -- if your sorrow and your joy are balanced, you will find yourself at a standstill -- but this is not the dance I am talking about. This is not the ecstasy I am talking about. This standstill is a kind of death. You have not transcended -- it is just that the scales are balanced.

AND WHEN THE TREASURE-KEEPER LIFTS YOU TO WEIGH HIS GOLD AND SILVER, NEEDS MUST YOUR JOY OR YOUR SORROW RISE OR FALL

-- and I say to you, this is absolute nonsense. It will happen if you are at a standstill, just because of the balance -- fifty percent joy, fifty percent sorrow. Naturally, you are neither joyful nor sorrowful. You will feel a kind of indifference, a dullness.

This dullness is not spiritual. You will find such dull people all around. They look utterly bored. Because even if they are sorrowful at least something is happening; even if their eyes are full of tears, they show a sign of life. Or if they are joyful, smiling, laughing -- although it is all superficial, it is better than being at a standstill.

Whenever you are at a standstill, you have accepted that life is nothing but boredom. That's what Jean Paul Sartre says, "Life is boredom." He must have come to a standstill. It has nothing to do with life, it has something to do with his inner balance between joy and sorrow. If you feel bored, it is time that you should start moving. It means you have stopped; you are no more breathing, your heart is no more beating.

If you want to remain superficial then choose anything -- either joy or sorrow, because whatever you choose, you have chosen the other too. Today you may be joyful, tomorrow you will be sorrowful, because life always keeps balance. But it has nothing to do with spiritual growth. Spiritual growth is going beyond joy and beyond sorrow. In other words, spiritual growth means going beyond all contradictions.

Only in that space which is non-contradictory, non-dual, do you experience the truth, the god that is hidden inside you. It is very close. Just a little intelligence....
But you will be surprised: not a single religion has emphasized the fact that intelligence has anything to do with religion. I have been wasting my eyesight, looking into all kinds of rubbish from all over the world but I have not found a single place in any holy scripture which says that intelligence is the most important religious quality. They all say belief, faith, is the most fundamental quality. And both are against intelligence.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #16
Chapter title: From house to home from home to temple
16 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A MASON CAME FORTH AND SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF HOUSES.
AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:
BUILD OF YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS ERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.
FOR EVEN AS YOU HAVE HOMECOMINGS IN YOUR TWILIGHT, SO HAS THE WANDERER IN YOU, THE EVER-DISTANT AND ALONE.

YOUR HOUSE IS YOUR LARGER BODY.
IT GROWS IN THE SUN AND SLEEPS IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT; AND IT IS NOT DREAMLESS.
DOES NOT YOUR HOUSE DREAM? AND DREAMING, LEAVE THE CITY FOR GROVE OR HILLTOP?
WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.
WOULD THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS, THAT YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH VINEYARDS, AND COME WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.
BUT THESE THINGS ARE NOT YET TO BE.
IN THEIR FEAR YOUR FOREFATHERS GATHERED YOU TOO NEAR TOGETHER. AND THAT FEAR SHALL ENDURE A LITTLE LONGER. A LITTLE LONGER SHALL YOUR CITY WALLS SEPARATE YOUR HEARTHS FROM YOUR FIELDS.
THEN A MASON CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF HOUSES.

The first thing I would like to be remembered by you is that a house and a home are two absolutely different things. Because the question is coming from a mason, he knows only of building houses. Houses are dead. Unless they are filled with your love, your silence, your song, unless your house becomes a reflection of your dancing heart, it remains dead.

But the moment there is love and there is gratefulness and there is celebration, a house is no more a house -- it becomes a home. It is alive. It starts breathing. It becomes filled with all the fragrance that you create.

There is one step more -- when the home becomes a temple. But the poor mason cannot ask these questions. When your meditativeness goes to such depths that you start feeling within yourself pregnant with God, the home becomes a temple. But millions of people are so unfortunate, they go on living in houses. Even to transform a house into a home seems to be difficult for them. And because they cannot transform their home into a temple, that's why they need temples to be created, churches to be created, cathedrals to be created as the dwelling places of God.

But I say unto you: No church, no temple, no synagogue can become a dwelling place of God if you have not first already become a dwelling place of godliness.

If this series of transformations happens -- from house to home, from home to the temple -- the world will need no churches, no temples, no mosques. People go to the temple -- this is absurd. The temple has to come into their heart, and transform the whole place of their dwelling into a sacred, holy, divine place.

It is said that when Moses was forced too much by his followers -- "How long is it going to take to reach the city of God, to the divine land, Israel? Why don't you go and ask God himself? because you have been telling us that you are just a messenger, and the message is not yours but God's. It is time enough, it seems we are on the wrong path."

Moses said, "I will go, but no one should follow me because one can meet God only in absolute aloneness."
So the whole caravan of the Jews waited in the valley when Moses went on the mountaintop of Sinai. There, he came across a strange phenomenon. He did not see God but he saw a miraculous thing: a green bush... surrounded with flames, and yet the bush was green. It should have been burned long before, and yet the bush was full of fragrant flowers.
He could not believe his eyes. To have a better look, he went closer to the bush. As he was coming closer, a voice was heard. He could not see whose voice it was. But the voice said, "Moses! Leave your shoes and yourself outside this sacred place. Only then you can enter."
It may be a parable -- most probably it is -- but it has a profound truth. The fire of God never destroys. It is cool, it is nourishing. And secondly, where this silent, cool, nourishing atmosphere is created, the place becomes sacred -- a temple. And of course, you have to leave your shoes and yourself outside the sacred place. It shows the way that if you leave your shoes outside your house, it has become a home. But if you can leave yourself too, with the shoes, it has become a temple. Then you are walking on holy ground.
I am not concerned with the historicalness of the story. I am concerned with the essential truth that it contains. But it is strange that Almustafa does not make the distinction between a house and a home and a temple. Perhaps he himself is unaware.

AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:

BUILD OF YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS ERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.

Rather than making the mason aware about the science of transformation, he starts talking about making houses in the wilderness. But they will still be houses, and if everybody makes his house in the wilderness there will be no wilderness. Soon there will be restaurants and discoteques and cinema halls and prostitutes and politicians. The whole gang that he is afraid lives in the city, will create a city around you.

In India, for centuries people have traveled on foot to Badri Kedarnath. The Himalaya is so virgin, so pure, so unpolluted by man and his stupidities. And there was a suggestion that because so many people go -- and it is dangerous, the footpath is narrow and many have died and never returned -- it would be better to make a road.

Now the road has been made. People don't go on foot, they travel by bus. At each stop, there is a restaurant, tea shops, vendors of all kinds of things. They have destroyed the beauty. Now Badri Kedarnath is no more the same sacred place it used to be. Because it is not the place that is sacred. It is the heart full of love -- so full of love that it is even ready to die -- that makes the place a sacred place.

Now going in a bus, with all the facilities available by the side of the road... one beautiful phenomenon has been corrupted. And the people who have corrupted it think they are serving God because now more people can go there. Now Badri Kedarnath is always crowded. These are not the right people. Their only qualification is that they can afford

a ticket for the bus. But the people who used to go on foot were given a farewell by the whole town, because there was not much possibility of their returning. The path was dangerous, the height was dangerous, but they had heard some call, and they were ready to sacrifice their lives for it. They were brave people.
Then, in the silence and eternal peace of the Himalayan peaks, Badri Kedarnath was a totally different phenomenon. It was a temple. Now it is not even a home. It is just a house surrounded by all kinds of business people, shops. Whatever you want you can get. It has become a bazaar. Now only idiots go there, or tourists, which means the same. It used to be a spiritual pilgrimage because of its risk, because you had to put yourself aside -- all your fears of death, you had to drop.
In a superficial way he is right:

BUILD OF YOUR IMAGININGS A BOWER IN THE WILDERNESS
ERE YOU BUILD A HOUSE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS.

The cities have become prisons. The nations are bigger prisons. The whole of humanity is living imprisoned without being aware of the fact. Do you think Poona is a place where people live? It is a prison.
Just the other day, one newspaper has published a threat from the same man who is conspiring with the police commissioner and others. He has failed in his first attempt... but what kind of city is this? I have never committed any crime in this city or anywhere else in the

world. The police have the record of seven years of my being here. Tired, I reached here, and within hours I was ordered to leave the city in thirty minutes because I am a danger to the peace of the city.

The police commissioner must have been thinking that just as he goes on behaving with other people, who don't have any pride of being.... I refused to move! I wanted to know -- what is the crime that I have committed? I have been here for seven years....

Seeing that now he has got into trouble... and I made it clear to his officers who came that he would have to face me in court, and prove on what grounds he is saying that I am going to disturb the peace of the town. In fact, he is disturbing the peace of the town, in conspiracy with Hindu chauvinistic gundas, hooligans, criminals. Seeing that he would have to defend his action, he immediately suspended it.

Vilas Tupe, the leader of an ugly bunch, has threatened again -- now he has found a new threat, but the mans seems to be utterly unintelligent. He has to be, because no chauvinist, Hindu or Christian or Mohammedan, can be intelligent. It is impossible for intelligence and fanatic attitudes to coexist.

Now the threat is that every sannyasin coming from outside India should first have to go through a medical examination for the disease AIDS. Why is he afraid of AIDS? Is he a homosexual? Does this city consist of homosexuals?

And before his threat, I already knew that if he failed in his first attempt, the second attempt was going to be a medical examination by the same kind of chauvinist Hindu-minded doctors. If he can find the police commissioner to support

him, he can also find doctors to support him, because he is nothing but a nuisance. Seeing the possibility of it, I had already ordered all the centers, informed all our newspapers and magazines around the world to publish it, that whoever is going to Poona should have with him a certificate from the medical authorities that he has no AIDS, that his test is negative.

But in Poona, there are also other institutes where people from all over the world come. The threat is only for my people, not for the people who are studying in the Max Mueller Institute, not for people who are studying yoga with Iyengar. Can you see the stupidity?

And secondly, my people are not interested at all in being in love with these ugly and dead people. The danger is not from my people to the city, the danger is from the city to my people. And I demand that the newspaper, TARUN BHARAT a Marathi daily, should take its statement back, with an apology. Are you sure that in Poona there are no homosexuals? Has there been any kind of medical examination for all the people of Poona? Particularly the Hindu monks, the shankaracharyas, the Jaina monks, Acharya Tulsi and others... and their number is not small -- it is almost more than twenty million people in the country. They believe in celibacy, and celibacy is the mother of homosexuality. Not only of homosexuality... because the other person might spread the news, and the prestige of the great saint would be in danger. So your so-called saints, just to release their sexual energy, have fallen even below homosexuality to sodomy. They are making love to innocent animals. And it is not a new thing.

In the Old Testament, it is mentioned that there used to be two cities, Gomorrah and Sodom. And God became so fed up with those people because Gomorrah was homosexual and in Sodom, people started making love to animals. Hence, the word "sodomy," from the city of Sodom. God destroyed both the cities completely.

Nagasaki and Hiroshima are not new things. They happened in Gomorrah and Sodom thousands of years before.

I demand from the government and the medical authorities that every citizen of Poona, whether he is adult or not... because there are small children found, just born, with the disease, because the mother or the father had the disease. So nobody can be an exception. Everybody in this city should be examined.

But every country, every city, every religion is trying to hide the fact. In Texas, nobody had ever heard that people were homosexuals. It is the most backward part of America, it is a desert. Thinking that in Texas there was not going to be any problem, because there were no homosexuals, the Texas assembly passed a law that homosexuality is a crime and anybody who is caught and is found to be homosexual will have to suffer five to ten years in jail. But it seems idiocy has no limits, because jails are one of the places where homosexuality is the only expression, because you keep the women and the men separate.

But as the law was passed, the whole of Texas was shocked: one million homosexuals protested, saying that "It is our birthright. What we do with our sexuality is nobody else's business, and if you insist..." They have now formed

an organization, and they have all gone underground. Underground means... on nobody's face is it written that he is homosexual. This is more dangerous, because these people will not be known any more as homosexuals and they will go on making every kind of contact with others. America is reluctant to declare exactly how many homosexuals are there. Every country is reluctant, because it is such an ugly thing.

Just the other day, I heard that the U.N. has made a documentary film on the street people, on beggars. America has thirty million beggars, but the government is not ready to accept the fact. They have opened a small place for a few hundred street people. They have given them houses, food, clothes and some kind of employment. The U.N. has included that experiment in its documentary so that other countries can also see that something has to be done. It was included with all good intentions in the world, they were not including it to criticize America. They were including it to praise America, but the American government forced the U.N. to edit out that part.

Even the U.N. authorities were surprised. They said, "That is the most important part and it brings credit to you that you are doing something for those poor, hungry, shelterless people, without enough clothes, just sleeping on the streets." But the American politicians have a different attitude. They said, "That means your intention is good, but the world will come to know that America also has street people." They have been continually denying that they have any beggars, and it is absolute nonsense.

My conflict with the American government began on the question of street beggars, because I invited three thousand

street beggars to be part of our commune. Now, the commune was an international headquarters; there were people from every country, and thousands of people were coming and going. Seeing that three thousand street people had reached the commune... and they were so happy. For the first time they were being treated as human beings -- with the same love, with the same food, with the same clothes, with the same houses, with all the facilities that were available to sannyasins who had donated millions of dollars. Perhaps for the first time they recognized that they are also human beings, not dogs of the street.

That was the beginning of a conflict between Ronald Reagan and me. What harm was I doing to America? If three thousand people can be absorbed by a five-thousand-person commune, can't the whole of America absorb thirty million people?

But the real trouble is that those thirty million people are almost all black, and they were afraid. The news media was continuously coming to the commune. Every day, their planes were landing at the commune's airport. They were surprised, seeing three thousand black people -- people to whom they have never paid any attention. But now they had to pay attention.

The American government tried in every way -- and the Christian church -- to persuade those people that, "Just for the shelter, food, clothes and work you are getting, soon you will drop Christianity too, without knowing it." Afraid of losing numbers -- that was the fear of the Christian church.

And they are doing the same thing all over the world. In India, who becomes converted to Christianity? -- the

beggars, the orphans. And we were not converting them to another religion. We don't have another religion. My whole approach is for religiousness.
The government was afraid that the world would come to know that America has beggars.
I was the first person in the whole world who talked about AIDS, its dangers and how to prevent it. I was the first to invite every commune member to go through medical tests: "And if you have AIDS, don't feel guilty, don't feel ashamed. We will take care of you." And we found two persons who had AIDS. We made them the most beautiful houses on the best scenic spot in the commune, just by the side of the lake, with forest surrounding them. And nobody disrespected them, nobody condemned them -- because they are victims of the Christian monks, monasteries; they need all our compassion, and particularly because they are not going to live more than six months.
I told them, "Do whatsoever you always wanted to do but went on postponing. And the commune will provide everything that you want -- the food you want, the clothes you want, or anything that you need. It will be difficult for you to live in isolation, far away from the commune."
I allowed them to come to every discourse, to every meditation and told them, "Just look: the commune is so loving towards you. You should also be careful that you don't contaminate any other human being with your disease."
And they were grateful. They asked, "Sitting the whole day is difficult. We need some work also, and we don't want to be a burden on the commune."So I told them, "There is so

much work. You can create beautiful gardens around your houses."

They created gardens, rock gardens around their houses. And I told them, "You are not separate from the commune, it is the disease that can be dangerous to your brothers and your sisters, your beloveds." Sheer understanding is needed.

The whole American press laughed when I was talking about AIDS. The politicians laughed, the neighboring American cities laughed -- "These people are strange. In the whole world, nobody is concerned about AIDS. Why should they be?"

And we had made a big campus where three thousand people could have been accommodated. We wanted to open the first nursing home for people who are suffering from AIDS, but we were prevented. The commune was destroyed.

Now almost every government in the West is doing the same -- and without mentioning the name of who started it! They are following exactly the same rules that we made for the commune, that while making love, you should be very careful to use condoms.

But to go to a medical store or to a doctor, one feels ashamed to say, "I am trying to prevent AIDS and I need condoms." We had our own hospital -- but still human mind is human mind, so we put in every toilet, the whole package which can prevent the disease. And when journalists saw that in the toilets there were condoms, that you could just go and take them without having to ask somebody, those journalists were writing negative articles about it!

Now the same is being done by every parliament in Europe, in America, but not with such humanness. You have to go to the doctor, you have to purchase the condom from the druggist, and one feels ashamed.

This is a strange world -- so blind, so ugly. Now the threat is... and it is only for my sannyasins -- what about the Max Mueller Institute, where people from all over the world come to study? What about the University of Poona? What about Iyengar's Yoga Institute? Their names are not mentioned.

I want Vilas Tupe to know perfectly well that before you ask any sannyasin for an examination to decide about AIDS, you, your party members, the police commissioner, all the police officers and the whole of Poona have to receive a negative test result and a certificate, because I am concerned about my people. My people are staying in hotels. AIDS is not infectious only in sexual relationships, it can come through saliva. If the cup is not disinfected, sterilized, if the toilet seat is not sterilized every time it is used, one can suffer unnecessarily without being a homosexual. And there are a few experts who think the AIDS virus can even contaminate you just through breathing, that if you are sitting by the side of a person who has AIDS, his breath carries the virus. And if you breathe it, you are suffering from the greatest disease, for which no medical cure exists. And medical doctors say, "We don't see any possibility of finding a cure."

AIDS is a slow death within six months. Now what is the Indian government doing about it? Just don't say that we don't have any homosexuality. You will have to give proofs for it, because I know professors who are homosexuals, I

know students in hostels who are homosexuals. In the army, homosexuality is just the only way to get rid of your sexual burdens.

And the whole country is full of prostitutes. And now, for the richer people... because they cannot go to the prostitutes, their area is condemned as the red light district, you should not enter it. So people who are respectable, the people who are governors, who are ministers -- for them, a new category of prostitutes has arisen, and that is the call girl. You just phone her and she will come to your house. And she's not listed as a prostitute, she is listed as a "call girl," which does not give the idea that she is a prostitute.

Mohammedans are all homosexuals, because if you marry four women then what about the three men who are left without women? Either they have to be homosexuals or sodomists, which is worse.

Your so-called saints should all be examined -- begin with Satya Sai Baba, because he is a confirmed homosexual. And not an ordinary homosexual, because there are books written by people with whom he had homosexual relationships. So it is on record, and he has not refuted it and he has not gone to court. He is a freak of nature. He has both organs, the male genitals and the female. With just a little technology, he could make love to himself.

So I want the editor of this newspaper TARUN BHARAT to take all those words back, with an apology. Otherwise, soon they will find themselves in court.

The cities are certainly sick. And more and more of the population is moving from the villages towards the city, because in the villages, education is not possible. You cannot become very wealthy, you cannot live with all the

luxuries that the city people are living with. Villages are becoming deserted and cities are becoming overpopulated. The suggestion is good: "Make your house in the wilderness and not within the city walls, because these cities are simply prisons -- part of a greater prison which you call a nation.

And in this country, it is hilarious: Poona is part of a state called Maharashtra -- "the great nation." India is only a nation; within a nation, there are great nations. Nobody sees the absurdity of it. So first the city is your prison, and then your state is your prison.

Morarji Desai, when he was the chief minister of Gujarat, wanted to pass a resolution in the assembly that I could not enter Gujarat. On the one hand, the constitution goes on saying that every citizen of this country has freedom of movement, he can go anywhere. He has the freedom to express his thoughts with absolute freedom. But this is not the case. In reality, things are different.

I would also like you to get out of all prisons. But just going into the wilderness is not the right way to get out of prisons, because if nine hundred million people of this country move into the wilderness, then the wilderness will be destroyed. Cities you have destroyed already. Nine hundred million people moving into the mountains and the forests will have to make houses. And cities will start growing because you have needs which can be fulfilled only by others. You cannot do everything; you will need a doctor, you will need a dentist, you will need clothes. You will need a thousand and one things, and a city will start growing around you. You will need roads, and buses and cars will start moving on those roads.

And only the richest people can afford to make a house in the wilderness because it is going to be costly. Soon they will need helipads, airports and the whole nonsense will be there. Whatever is left is not enough, we have destroyed nature so mercilessly. Leave whatever is left. Once in a while, you can go, but you will have to live in the cities. But there is no need for the city to be a prison. Who is the police commissioner to tell me to leave the city within thirty minutes? Am I a prisoner? Is he a jailer of this city? The suggestion Kahlil Gibran is giving is not feasible. What I am saying is that the people -- living wherever they are living -- should be more conscious of freedom, should be ready to fight for freedom. Not even a single inch of your being should be allowed to be enslaved.
There is no need of states, there is no need of nations. Unless all these disappear from the earth and the whole earth belongs to human beings... and the freedom to move anywhere on the earth should be our birthright. This is the only way to destroy the invisible slavery and the invisbile wall of your prison.

FOR EVEN AS YOU HAVE HOMECOMINGS IN YOUR TWILIGHT, SO HAS THE WANDERER IN YOU THE EVER-DISTANT AND ALONE.

Man is basically a wanderer. Those days must have been hard but immensely beautiful... before cultivation started, man was bound to be a wanderer because he was a hunter. Cities came into existence because of cultivation. You have to take care of your fields and your orchards, you have to remain in one place. But in the days of hunting, the animals

were escaping from wherever they found people, and you had to follow them.

That wanderer is still in your being. It has been reduced to the tourist. A tourist is an ugly thing -- with their sunglasses, cameras hanging on their shoulder, they are not seeing anything. They are simply taking pictures. At home, they will make a beautiful album and then they will see how the Taj Mahal looks.

But there is, in the spirit of man himself, a longing to explore new spaces. This longing should not be reduced to ugly tourism. This longing can be transformed from going to see the Taj Mahal and the pyramids and the cathedrals of Europe; the same wanderer can turn inwards. And that is the whole secret of meditation.

The moment your wanderer starts a new journey into your interiority.... And remember: it is not a small place, it is as big, as vast, as the universe outside. Because the outer and the inner have to be balanced. Existence is continuously balancing. In your small body, you have a dimension of consciousness which is as vast as the whole universe is. Every man is carrying a universe within himself.

The moment the wanderer turns inwards, your wandering has become a spiritual search. And I am immensely happy that you cannot take your cameras, your sunglasses and the whole paraphernalia of a tourist inside.

You will have to go alone, naked, without your suitcases. And inside you is your real freedom, because your consciousness cannot be touched by anybody else. You are the only master of your being.

YOUR HOUSE IS YOUR LARGER BODY.

It is an ordinary statement, but with some meaning. Have you ever thought about how you are treating, behaving with your house? Looking at your house, I can say many things about you; I may not know you at all. If you are confused, your house will be in a confusion. If you don't have any aesthetic sense, your house will be ugly. If you don't have a love for cleanliness, your house will show it.
So it is right: Your house is your larger body. Don't misbehave with your house.

IT GROWS IN THE SUN AND SLEEPS IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT; AND IT IS NOT DREAMLESS. DOES NOT YOUR HOUSE DREAM? AND DREAMING, LEAVE THE CITY FOR GROVE OR HILLTOP?

It is poetry but symbolic, metaphoric. Your house also wants to be beautiful, just the way your body wants to be beautiful. Your house also wants to be young and fresh. Just as your body longs for youth, your house also wants to remain young, does not want to die. Your house must be a representative of you, of your dreams, of your longings, of your state of being.
Do you think that if you pass by the side of the house of a Gautam Buddha, you will find it just the same house as any other? No, it will have the fragrance of Gautam Buddha.
I was very young, perhaps twelve years old when a very strange human being visited our house. My father brought him because he was learned -- and not only learned, he had some authentic experiences of his own. Perhaps he was not

enlightened... at this moment, it is impossible for me to remember exactly. I cannot even remember his face. I just know that he was a Sufi, a Mohammedan mystic, and my father had been listening to him and he thought perhaps he might be able to do something, suggest something, convince me of something, because everybody was worried about me. Although I was living in their house, they all felt I was a stranger. And they were not wrong.

I would be sitting silently and my mother would come and ask me, "Have you seen anybody? because I want few vegetables." And I was there, but she knew that to send me for vegetables had been a very bad experience. Once or twice they had tried and then they dropped it.

And finally, my presence was not as if somebody was present. I laughed at the whole thing, that she needs vegetables and there is nobody in the house.

I said to her, "You have given me my exact description. I am a nobody. You are right, there is nobody in the house. If I come to see anybody, I might inform you."

I was sent one day to purchase bananas. I had never purchased bananas, so I asked the shopkeeper -- and the whole town by and by had become aware that "this boy does not belong to us." It was a good chance to cheat me, because I always trusted. I asked him: "You have many varieties of bananas; which one is the best?"

And he showed me the worst variety, rotten bananas, and asked almost double the price of the best bananas. I gave him the money and took the whole lot. It was disgusting.

I said, "This is strange that the best bananas are so disgusting. I cannot tolerate their smell."

Somehow I ran and gave them to my mother. "I have found the best bananas, and of course I had to pay twice the price."
She looked at the bananas and she hit her head and she told me, "Remove them; otherwise the whole house will be stinking!"
I said, "But they are the best bananas."
She said, "You do one thing more, and then I will never ask you anything again." There used to live an old woman beggar, just under a tree. "Go and give all these to her."
I took all those bananas to the old woman and seeing the rottenness of them, she said, "Throw them! I may be a beggar but that does not mean that you can give me any rotten thing. I am a human being."
I said, "My god, to whom am I to give them?"
She said, "It is not my concern. But go away, because the stink is too much."
So I had to throw them in the river.
My father had brought this Sufi mystic, thinking perhaps he could be helpful. And my father was puzzled, my family was puzzled because what the man did... they had given me a separate room so that I would not be a constant nuisance to them. Because just sitting there, doing nothing, was enough to irritate them -- they are all doing, everybody is working, and I am with closed eyes, meditating.
So they had given me a separate room with a independent entrance to it. The Sufi came with my father and he went around smelling the walls, at this corner, on that corner... my father said, "My god, I brought him to bring you to your senses. He seems to be far gone."

My room was absolutely empty. I have always loved emptiness, because only emptiness can be absolutely clean. Whatever you go on collecting in your room, sooner or later becomes junk. So I had nothing in the room.
My father looked at him, looked at me and he said, "I have invited him, so I should see what he does."
Then he came and started smelling me. Now it was too much. My father said, "I had explained to you that my boy is a little eccentric -- and you are confirming his eccentricities!"
"No," he said, "I can smell the room and I can smell him. It is the smell of silence, the fragrance of silence. You should feel blessed that you have got such a son. I had to smell both to see whether this fragrance belongs to his presence. It belongs to his presence, this room is full of his presence. Don't disturb him." And he asked my forgiveness, saying "Forgive me; I have disturbed, coming into your room."
My father took him out and then he came back and said, "I used to think that only you were mad. There are even madder people -- smelling the room!"
But I told him, "Your house is your extension: in a subtle way, it represents you. And the man you brought is certainly a great human being, a man of insight and understanding."

WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.
WOULD THAT THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS, THAT YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH

VINEYARDS AND COME WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.
BUT THESE THINGS ARE NOT YET TO BE.

He is a great poet and a visionary. This is how the earth should be. But instead it is growing with such a great rate that just the population itself will destroy us, because you will have to cut more and more trees to make space for people. You will have to destroy more and more greenery. The experts used to think that by the end of this century, India would have one billion people. Now, they have changed their opinion because the growth rate does not follow their calculations. The poorer a country is, the greater is the population explosion. Now they have fixed almost half again the number -- one billion and four hundred million people will be living in this country by the end of this century.
In Buddha's time, there were only twenty million people all over the earth. Perhaps that should be the limit, then his dream can be fulfilled:

WOULD THAT I COULD GATHER YOUR HOUSES INTO MY HAND, AND LIKE A SOWER SCATTER THEM IN FOREST AND MEADOW.

But Kahlil Gibran was never in any way trying to actualize his dreams. I have tried -- and burned my fingers. What about the governments? They will not allow you to make this earth more beautiful, more loving, with more flowers, more greenery, more birds, more wild animals without any fear that they will be killed by you. Governments go on

lying about everything. They go on committing all kinds of crimes against humanity.

Just this morning, I have been informed that Ronald Reagan was in a secret conspiracy with the Ayatollah Khomeini... because Ayatollah Khomeini was keeping the American embassy people and not allowing them to go back to America, so Ronald Reagan made a secret pact with him: "You release the Americans and we will give you as many weapons as you want."

And this has been going on for almost two years. Khomeini is as mean as Ronald Reagan. He will not release all the hostages. He releases a few people after six months and gets a lot of armaments. Of course, he gives the money, and that money also does not belong to him, it belongs to the late Shah of Iran.

And what Ronald Reagan is doing -- so no American becomes aware of it -- is that with that money he sends more armaments to the terrorists who are trying to destroy a small country, Nicaragua. So neither does the Senate have to be asked... and for these two years he had been able to keep it secret. Millions of dollars worth of armaments were being sent, and given to the terrorists to destroy a poor country who wants to live a life of its own choice. It is none of Ronald Reagan's business.

Just now it has leaked out, and Ronald Reagan is denying that there has been any kind of conspiracy. The head of the CIA, who was the mediator between Ayatollah Khomeini and Ronald Reagan, was called by the Senate to give his testimony -- and just on the way, he fell unconscious. He also knows that if he tells the truth it will be another Watergate -- they have already named it "Irangate." Ronald

Reagan will be gone, and with him the head of the CIA will also be gone. It is better to pretend that he is unconscious. But how long can he remain unconscious? And now that the thing has come out, soon many more proofs will be available because the whole White House has been aware of it for these two years, but silent.

One sometimes thinks that perhaps all the politicians should be behind bars. The governments can be run by simpler people -- poets, painters, mystics, dancers, creative people -- not criminals.

It is beautiful what Almustafa is saying. But he knows: But these things are not yet to be. And man has been hoping and hoping for millions of years that one day, all our dreams will be fulfilled. A beautiful dream:

WOULD THAT THE VALLEYS WERE YOUR STREETS, AND THE GREEN PATHS YOUR ALLEYS, THAT YOU MIGHT SEEK ONE ANOTHER THROUGH VINEYARDS, AND COME WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF THE EARTH IN YOUR GARMENTS.

A beautiful dream and a simple dream but the human being seems to be almost impotent. It goes on playing into the hands of criminals.

IN THEIR FEAR, YOUR FOREFATHERS GATHERED YOU TOO NEAR TOGETHER.

This is true, the cities and the crowds are born out of fear. Alone, you start feeling afraid. In the crowd, it is more cozy: there is no fear, there are so many people around you.

But you should remember, they are also in the crowd for the same reason. One coward is not less a coward if there is a crowd of one thousand cowards. Yes, he may feel that one thousand people are with him. But it does not change anything in his inner world.

AND THAT FEAR SHALL ENDURE A LITTLE LONGER. A LITTLE LONGER SHALL YOUR CITY WALLS SEPARATE YOUR HEARTHS FROM YOUR FIELDS.

Just words of a visionary, because we have heard the same kind of promises continuously...and that fear shall endure a little longer. How little longer? Is there any limit? It consoles people but it does not transform them. The fear will not disappear on its own.
Don't remain consoled. You will have to rise above fear, it is not going to leave you just by mere hope.
Are not the millions of years that have passed enough to prove what I am saying? Nothing changes in man, for the simple reason that you go on hoping. Hope is nothing but opium, a drug -- and more harmful than any drug because it keeps you suffering, because "tomorrow everything will be okay."
"Soon..." but that tomorrow never comes, and the "soon" goes on stretching into millions of years.
Kahlil Gibran never came in conflict with the vested interests because he never tried to realize any dream. Those who have power are not afraid of your hopes. In fact, they want you to continue hoping.

All the governments of the world and all the religions of the world are against me for the simple reason that I tried to materialize a dream -- that is unforgivable. I have committed a great crime because I have given a taste of reality -- not just a dose of opium so they can again go on dreaming.

Just in the front of my house, there used to be an old barber. He was an opium addict, a very beautiful man. I loved him very much and he loved me very much. Although he was of the age of my grandfather -- and it was my grandfather who introduced me to the barber -- he was always under the influence of opium.

He was a poor man because nobody..or very rarely some stranger, some outsider, might come to his salon. And you couldn't blame people....

I used to sit with him for hours because he used to talk great things. One day he said to me, "I have heard they are going to prohibit opium and all other drugs. If this happens, all the people who are opium addicts have to create a political party and fight in the elections."

I said, "Your idea is good, but opium addicts creating a political party and fighting in the elections will be a little difficult."

He said, "I also think it is going to be a little difficult because even small things are difficult. People come here and they say `Shave my beard,' and I shave their heads! But by the time they stop me, half of their head is shaved. They become very angry."

I said, "Then what do you do?"

"I say to them, `There is no problem. You can pay me only half, what is the problem? Or if you are too angry, don't pay me at all.'"
But who can go... at that time there were no punks; otherwise, that poor barber would have been one of the best punk creators.
Once in a while, he would ask me: "What about you? You go on sitting here for hours, wasting my time... and no business. Can I shave your head? Free of charge, just out of friendship."
I said, "I don't come here for business. I come here to listen to you, what opium has done to you."
He said, "It has done much. Last night, I heard somebody milking my cow. I took the lantern -- it was very difficult because in the night I take a good dose -- and I went around the cow, and nobody was there. But still the sound continued.
"Then I found one man who was pissing outside. Just to figure out who he was, I again went with the lantern -- around him. He said, `What are you doing?' I said, `I am trying to find out who is milking my cow.'
"He said, `My god, I am not milking your cow!'
"So," he said, "it has done great things to me."
One day he whispered in my ear, "Would you like a little opium?"
I said, "You are enough! You are doing enough for the whole village."
But the man was immensely loving. He was very poor because very few people turned up for business. My father used to see that I was always there and he said, "Already he

is a problem. If he starts taking opium, then we are finished!"
That night, he came to my bed and said, "It is not good to sit with that opium addict idiot and waste your time."
I said, "It is not wasting my time. I have learned much more from him than from anybody else."
He said, "Have you started taking opium also?"
I said, "Not yet."
He said, "What do you mean by not yet?"
I said, "Who knows about the future? But this much I can say -- I cannot promise -- this much I can say: I am already drunk with the divine. I don't need any other opium or any other drugs, so you don't be worried."
He said, "Don't you suggest to that man to stop?"
I said, "He's already so poor, in such suffering. Opium is the only thing that gives him dreams, and he forgets all his problems. It will be too hard if he stops taking opium."
And this is the situation of the whole of humanity. You go on and on hoping and hoping because you cannot cope, you cannot encounter the ugly reality that surrounds you.
If you drop your hopes, there will be a great revolution: The birth of a new humanity.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #17
Chapter title: The boundless within you
16 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND TELL ME, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, WHAT HAVE YOU IN THESE HOUSES? AND WHAT IT IS YOU GUARD WITH FASTENED DOORS?
HAVE YOU PEACE, THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?
HAVE YOU REMEMBRANCES, THE GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND?
HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND STONE TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?
TELL ME, HAVE YOU THESE IN YOUR HOUSES?
OR HAVE YOU ONLY COMFORT AND THE LUST FOR COMFORT, THAT STEALTHY THING THAT ENTERS THE HOUSE A GUEST, AND THEN BECOMES A HOST, AND THEN A MASTER?
AY, AND IT BECOMES A TAMER, AND WITH HOOK AND SCOURGE MAKES PUPPETS OF YOUR LARGER DESIRES.
THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.
IT LULLS YOU TO SLEEP ONLY TO STAND BY YOUR BED AND JEER AT THE DIGNITY OF THE FLESH.
IT MAKES MOCK OF YOUR SOUND SENSES, AND LAYS THEM IN THISTLEDOWN LIKE FRAGILE VESSELS.
VERILY THE LUST FOR COMFORT MURDERS THE PASSION OF THE SOUL, AND THEN WALKS GRINNING IN THE FUNERAL.

BUT YOU, CHILDREN OF SPACE, YOU RESTLESS IN REST, YOU SHALL NOT BE TRAPPED NOR TAMED.
YOUR HOUSE SHALL BE NOT AN ANCHOR BUT A MAST.
IT SHALL NOT BE A GLISTENING FILM THAT COVERS A WOUND, BUT AN EYELID THAT GUARDS THE EYE.
YOU SHALL NOT FOLD YOUR WINGS THAT YOU MAY PASS THROUGH DOORS, NOR BEND YOUR HEADS THAT THEY STRIKE NOT AGAINST A CEILING, NOR FEAR TO BREATHE LEST WALLS SHOULD CRACK AND FALL DOWN.
YOU SHALL NOT DWELL IN TOMBS MADE BY THE DEAD FOR THE LIVING.
AND THOUGH OF MAGNIFICENCE AND SPLENDOR, YOUR HOUSE SHALL NOT HOLD YOUR SECRET NOR SHELTER YOUR LONGING.
FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY, WHOSE DOOR IS THE MORNING MIST, AND WHOSE WINDOWS ARE THE SONGS AND THE SILENCES OF NIGHT.

It is one of the most unfortunate examples that a man like Kahlil Gibran could not get rid of his Christian upbringing. Neither could he be free from the Western unawareness about the real home of man's soul. He goes on talking about houses -- as if he has never heard the word "home." And unless your house is transformed into a home, you cannot reach the doors of the temple of the divine.
The house is the most superficial thing in your life.
The home touches your heart.

But you will never be satisfied and wholly contented unless your home becomes a temple of God.
It is a great tragedy: he is a great thinker, a great philosopher, and one of the greatest poets that have ever walked on the earth; still he is as poor as anyone else, because he does not know the eternal, the ultimate, which abides in you.
Almustafa continues and says:

AND TELL ME, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, WHAT HAVE YOU IN THESE HOUSES?

Nobody can have anything in houses. Your houses, if they remain houses, are going to be your graves and nothing else. Yes, they give you a certain security, safety... but they take away so much in return that they leave you as soulless as they are.
There is an ancient story.
A king had conquered many kingdoms and had naturally created many enemies, and had killed so many people that slowly slowly he started becoming afraid that the same could happen to him; he could be assassinated. To protect himself, he created a beautiful palace, with no windows -- just one door. The palace was beautiful, cut out of the best marble.
He was so suspicious and afraid of death that he was not satisfied with one guard -- he put seven guards on the gate, in a certain order. The first guard had to be guarded by the second guard, and the second guard had to be guarded by the third guard.... He was making it an absolute certainty that no murderer could enter the palace.

One of his friends, also a great king, heard about this beautiful palace, with such impeccable security. He went to see the palace, and the owner of the palace was immensely happy to see his friend. He took him inside and showed him -- everything in the palace was a piece of art. And the system of guarding was his invention -- never before had it been done. One guard, guarding another... it was a sevenfold measure of security.

The guest king was very happy, and he said, "I am going to make the same palace for myself." This he said when they had come out of the palace and they were standing in the beautiful garden surrounding it. A beggar was sitting outside the gate of the garden -- he started laughing.

The owner of the palace was obviously offended, and he asked the beggar, "What is the meaning of your laughter? If you cannot explain it you will lose your head just now."

The beggar said, "There will be no need, because once I was also a great king -- greater than you. My kingdom was vaster than the kingdoms of you both. But just to find security I escaped, renounced those palaces, those guards. As a beggar I am so perfectly secure -- nobody even takes note of me. Who is going to waste a bullet for a poor beggar? We are all three in the same boat: you have your idea of security, I have my idea of security -- and I emphasize the fact that your idea has a loophole."

The two kings could not believe that this beggar had been a great king, greater than themselves. They asked him, "Then please show us what the loophole is."

He said, "You can have your palace guarded by seven hundred guards -- still, the door is there, and death can enter from that door any moment. If you really want to be

absolutely secure, go inside the palace and tell your masons and sculptors to close the door. Then you will be perfectly secure; even death cannot enter."
Both the kings said, "What are you suggesting? There will not be any need for death -- we will be dead without death! These beautiful palaces will become graves. If there is not even a single door, then what is the difference between a grave and a palace?"
The beggar said, "You seem to be intelligent. Now I can tell you why I was laughing, and now you will be able to understand. You have closed all the doors and all the windows -- that much life has disappeared from you. Just a small life has remained because one door is open. And you have agreed with me that if this door is closed, the house will become a grave. But 99.9 percent it has already become a grave; it is just a question of .1 percent. You are not living, you are suffering from a nightmare.
"If you really want security you can join me. When I was the king, my whole life was nothing but paranoia. Since I have been a beggar, my life is absolute freedom. I don't possess anything, I am nobody -- who is going to kill me? for what?"
The story is significant, because Almustafa is asking the people of Orphalese:

AND WHAT IS IT YOU GUARD WITH FASTENED DOORS?

Have you ever thought of what it is that you are afraid of losing? You don't have anything. Everybody inside his

clothes is as naked as he was born, as naked as he is going to die. Of what are you afraid? What are you guarding?

HAVE YOU PEACE, THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?
HAVE YOU REMEMBRANCES, THE GLIMMERING... from the past... ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND?

This is why I say Kahlil Gibran could not get rid of his Christian upbringing, because he is talking about summits of the mind. Mind knows no summits. It knows only the darkest valleys possible.
The mind is absolutely unaware of beauty, of silence, of peace, of joy. All that it knows is nothing but madness.
One of the great Jewish philosophers, Joshua Learman, has written a book: PEACE OF MIND. And I don't think anybody will object to the title. It has been sold all over the world, in many languages, in many editions. But when it came into my hands I wrote a letter to Joshua Learman, returning the book and telling him: "I cannot start reading the book because your title essentially indicates that the book is written by a man who knows nothing beyond mind."
PEACE OF MIND -- in fact there is peace when there is no mind. Therefore, peace of mind is not possible.
Mind is the problem. Mind is your anxiety, mind is your anguish.
Yes, you can have a normal kind of madness. It will not be noted by anybody, because they belong to the same category. Just don't cross the boundary of the normally

insane. The moment you cross the boundary you are declared mad.

The difference between the mad and those who are not mad is only of degrees, not of quality. And a difference of degrees is not of much value. You are always on the borderline; a small thing can push you beyond the normal. Your business fails, you go bankrupt, your wife escapes with somebody else. And the stupidity of the mind is such... for years you have been hoping, "If this woman who is torturing me somehow dies..." But now she has escaped with somebody else and you are miserable!

Do you think this is sanity? You should rejoice! You should celebrate, and you should pray for the poor fellow who is now in the hands of your wife. The sane person is going to do exactly that.

I have heard, one man entered a post office and asked the postmaster, with tears in his eyes, "Please write it down -- I am reporting that my wife has been missing for seven days."

The postmaster said, "I have all sympathy for you, but I am sorry, I cannot help you. This is a post office, not a police station. The police station is just on the opposite side of the street."

The man said, "I cannot go there!"

The postmaster said, "You are strange -- reporting a crime in the post office, and you cannot go just a few yards and report it to the police?"

He said, "The problem is, she has also escaped one time before and foolishly, I reported it to the police immediately, and the next day they found her. This time I have waited seven days. Even if the police find it out on their own,

without my report, then too my wife will have gone far away. But my neighbors have been torturing me continuously for seven days, saying, `What are you doing here sitting joyously, singing on your flute? We have never heard your flute before -- have you gone mad? Behave normally, don't be abnormal! Just go and report it.'

"Tired of those idiots, I have come to report. Just please write it down on any rubbish paper and throw it in the wastepaper basket so that my neighbors stop torturing me. I have never enjoyed my life. These seven days have been a blessing from the beyond -- no anxiety, no problem...."

If you don't have a wife it is very difficult to have anxiety and problems. If you don't have a husband, from where are you going to get all kinds of problems and jealousies?

And these people are "normal" people.

I wrote to Joshua Learman that "You don't understand anything at all. `Peace' and `mind' cannot co-exist. Peace is in the transcendence of the mind. You can choose: either the mind or peace, but you cannot have both together."

And the coward has not answered my registered letter!

Almustafa is asking, Have you peace?

Peace is not something that you can go into the market and purchase it. Peace is something that you have to deserve, by being a witness of the mind.

The moment the mind stops there is peace -- peace that passeth understanding, because there is nobody to understand it. That old fellow mind is no more there, who has always been trying to understand everything.

... AND THE QUIET URGE THAT REVEALS YOUR POWER?

Still the attraction is for power.
Peace is not a power. Peace is simplicity, peace is humbleness.
Are the roses in the garden powerful? They are beautiful, but not powerful -- the thorns are powerful, although they are not beautiful. Just a strong wind and all your roses will be gone; their petals will fall on the ground and disappear into the original source -- the juice that created them -- they have gone back to the same source. Have you seen a more humble, yet beautiful phenomenon as a roseflower?
Do you want to become a roseflower or a machine gun?
Do you want to become a meditator or a police commissioner?
The police commissioner has power; what power has the meditator?
Have you remembrances?... Almustafa is showing his ignorance completely, because all remembrances are part of your mind, of your memory system, which is a mechanism. A computer is far more capable of having all the memories.

... THE GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND? Nobody has ever uttered such nonsense -- GLIMMERING ARCHES THAT SPAN THE SUMMITS OF THE MIND.

There are glimmering arches, but you see them only when the mind is no longer blocking the way.
It is the mind that is your enemy, and it is the mind that the society goes on training, teaching, educating, making more and more strong. Your enemy is within you, and the society

goes on nursing it. Almost one-third of the life of a person is nothing but an effort to make your enemy as strong as possible.

And nobody ever thinks, is there anything more in you than the mind? And if there is anything more in you than the mind then all your universities and all your colleges and all your schools are poisoning you, because the stronger the mind becomes the more and more difficult it will be to transcend it.

That's why people feel meditation is so difficult. Meditation is not difficult, it is your mind which has become so strong that you cannot go beyond it. It has become a China wall. And people are respected for their minds!

People should be respected for only one thing: that they have come to the space where mind has disappeared, with all its memories and all its garbage which you used to think of as knowledge.

When you have come to the innocent state of a child, then you will be able to see those glimmering peaks all around. Wherever you will look, you will see the invisible... it is not invisible, it is invisible because your mind does not allow you to see it. Once the mind is no more, suddenly everything becomes a mystery unto itself.

And you are surrounded by the miraculous; there is no need for any search. Therefore I say again and again: Wherever the man of meditation sits, the place becomes holy, sacred. It becomes really a Kaaba.

Mind has valleys only, no summits.

Mind knows darkness only, no light.

Mind knows death only, no life.

And those who have remained confined in their minds have missed the great opportunity that existence has given, to explore the beyond. The beyond is not to be explored by rockets, the beyond is to be explored by closing your eyes and learning the alchemy of how to transcend the mind.
I call that transcendence witnessing.
If you can witness your mind patiently, one day the spring comes. The mind is gone and all around you there are flowers and flowers -- flowers of eternity, flowers of love, flowers of beauty.
And he is asking a stupid question to the poor people of Orphalese:

HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND STONE TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?

Even the words stink of christianity.
Beauty is known only by those who can see with absolute clarity, no dust of the past gathered on their eyes. Only innocent eyes can see beauty. And only the innocent lives through the heart.
Almustafa is mentioning the word "heart" but it is just like saying to a woman, "I think I love you." What has love to do with thinking? Thinking can doubt, but cannot trust and cannot love.

HAVE YOU BEAUTY, THAT LEADS THE HEART FROM THINGS FASHIONED OF WOOD AND STONE, TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN?

Where is this holy mountain? For the Hindus, the Himalaya is the holy mountain; for the Jainas, Sikharji and Girnar are the holy mountains. For the Jews, Sinai is the holy mountain. But I say to you: If you can step out of the prison of your mind, you are climbing the holy mountain which is within you.

Everybody carries the holy Himalayas, the highest peaks -- still young and growing, covered with eternal snow which has never melted -- everybody has that Himalaya within his own being. He just has to make the mind change from a stumbling stone into a stepping stone -- and this is the whole art of being religious.

Tell me, have you these in your houses? You can have these in your consciousness, but not in your houses.

OR HAVE YOU ONLY COMFORT AND THE LUST FOR COMFORT, THAT STEALTHY THING THAT ENTERS THE HOUSE A GUEST, AND THEN BECOMES A HOST, AND THEN A MASTER?

This is what I say, that conditioning becomes your second nature; it clings to you, you cling to it. Your mind may be filled with beautiful words, great philosophies, but you will remain tethered to the small things of life.

I am not against those small things. I say, what is wrong in being comfortable? It is these religions which have made everything that is pleasant so condemned that such a simple thing as comfort has become a sin. All the religions teach: "Torture yourself, because to torture yourself is virtuous. It is going to lead you to the kingdom of God." And I have always wondered, from my very young age, that if comfort

in paradise is perfectly acceptable -- not only acceptable but is given to every saint as a reward -- then how can the same comfort be a sin on the earth? What kind of logic is this?

When Swami Muktananda died, the next day one of his disciples could not bear the separation -- jumped into a well and died. He wanted to be with his master.

And when he entered through the gates of paradise, he was shocked. For a moment he closed his eyes. "What am I seeing? -- Muktananda, my great master who has always been teaching that all pleasures have to be renounced..." was under a beautiful tree, full of flowers and a fragrance that he has never known, was lying on the lawn naked with a naked woman -- and no ordinary woman, but a famous Hollywood star, Marilyn Monroe. Even President Kennedy was after the woman continuously. What President Kennedy missed, Muktananda got!

Naturally the disciple thought, "Certainly virtue, renunciation, torturing your body is far more glorious than being the president of America."

He rushed, touched the feet of the master, looked all around. Perhaps he can also get some actress, an extra... but there was nobody around. He said, "Master, I always knew you would be rewarded and now I am seeing with my own eyes that you are rewarded."

But the naked Marilyn Monroe stopped him, and told him, "Shut up, you idiot. I am not his reward, he is my punishment!"

It seems to be a simple thing: that if in heaven, in paradise, in moksha you are going to have all that is blissful, all that

is pleasant, then on this earth you should enjoy as much as possible just as a training. Otherwise, your dodo saints will find themselves in immense difficulty. Their whole life they trained themselves for discomfort, and suddenly all that is beautiful, comfortable, luxurious, is available to them. They will not know what to do with it.
And it means that the earth is not in tune with the heaven. It seems there is some antagonism. And God created both -- the earth and the heaven. God created everything; there must be an undercurrent running which makes them all harmonious.
I am not against comfort. I am certainly against you being hooked.

... AND SCOURGE MAKES PUPPETS OF YOUR LARGER DESIRES...

You have to be a master here if you don't want to be a slave in the other world. Love everything, but don't be in any bondage. Enjoy everything that life offers, but like an emperor, not like a beggar. But Almustafa is saying:
Ay, and it becomes a tamer... Your desires, your comfort, your luxury -- he is saying it becomes a tamer, and with hook and scourge makes puppets of your larger desires. If you allow, it becomes your master; otherwise how can things become masters of living beings, of conscious people?
I have lived in all kinds of luxuries. I have been in the greatest palaces of the world. But I have never found that anything becomes my master.

In our commune in America, we had eighty-four thousand acres of land; almost a small country. And my sannyasins brought their offerings of love to me from all over the world. I was telling them, "What am I going to do with so many Rolls Royces?" The greatest record for having Rolls Royces was one billionaire sheik of Arabia -- but it was only thirty-three Rolls Royces, rotten, old, just for show. I had ninety-three Rolls Royces, two Rolls Royce limousines... and five were on order so that the number becomes one hundred. But I had never gone to the garage, which had become the talk of the whole world. I myself have never seen all those Rolls Royces standing in a line. I used to drive one Rolls Royce -- any one that my people who were taking care of those Rolls Royces would choose for the day. And they were all exactly the same, because I liked only that model. So even for me it was difficult to know whether they were giving me the same Rolls Royce every day. It was a problem for them, too.

One of my chauffeurs, Anandadas is here. It was a difficult problem to clean and keep all those Rolls Royces. They were the latest models, and they broke all the records. I don't think anybody else in the world is going to have that many Rolls Royces again. But I was not the owner of them. I have never looked back. I have never inquired what happened to those Rolls Royces. What happened to those eighty-four thousand acres of land into which we poured three hundred million dollars? I have never inquired. This is not my way of life, to look backwards.

How can anything make you a slave?

My sannyasins had brought me thousands of watches, unique pieces. But what does it matter to me? Perhaps each

discourse time, once or twice I look at the watch. And sometimes I even forget that.

I left all those watches with the commune, because I don't own anything. I can use something, because you have brought it with so much love, but I cannot possess it because I don't have any desire to possess anything.

This way life remains light, unburdened; this way life remains a dance; this way you can go on reaching higher and higher peaks. Because with burdens, possessions, howsoever valuable, you cannot go very high. As the air becomes thinner the burden becomes greater. Just to carry your body becomes a burden.

The U.S. government got hold of all my watches. I had distributed them to the sannyasins. Only forty-six watches were in the commune; otherwise people were using all those watches. Those forty-six watches got confiscated. And they had promised me, that because those watches were used by me, they would be returned to me as I was released from jail.

I used to think that America is a rich country of super-rich people, but I found them as much enslaved by things as anybody. When I was released from jail they did not return the watches. Each watch was worth ten lakh rupees, fifteen lakh rupees, twenty lakh rupees, twenty-five lakh rupees, thirty lakh rupees, and they showed and exposed their greed and their poverty -- and their criminal act, because for no reason at all were they entitled to keep those watches with them.

It took almost six months' continuous fight in the courts -- I was not there -- and finally they agreed in the court to return them. But when our attorneys went to take them,

they only gave twelve watches, and they said the remaining watches were going to stay with the government. For what reason? I have never heard that governments use watches. But they became so hypnotized by those watches... the governor, the attorney general and perhaps the president himself, because they had exhibitions of those watches in Washington, in Portland, in San Francisco. They were all unique pieces -- each watch is one of a kind, it will never be produced again. For what were they having these exhibitions?

My attorneys are asking them what happened to the other watches, and the president is silent, the government attorney general is silent; they have simply swallowed them! But I would like to remind them that my sannyasins are there all over America. They may have managed to get those watches distributed amongst themselves, but they will not be able to use them. Those watches are unique pieces and my sannyasins can recognize them immediately, so they can keep them but they cannot use them.

And they have committed a criminal act against a person whom they ordered to leave America within fifteen minutes, for the simple reason that if I had been there at least for one week I would have forced them to return everything that they had taken from the commune. Their first idea was that if I was not there, who was going to fight? They seized all the money that we had in the banks, so naturally... five thousand sannyasins, how could they live? They had to leave.

We had to arrange from outside for their tickets to go to their own countries. On what grounds was their money in the banks seized? And they are not giving a letter -- it is

now almost one year, and they go on postponing, saying that "We are going to give it next week," but that next week never comes -- the letter of permission to sell the commune properties. They know perfectly well that unmaintained, its price is going down every day. If they can delay it longer, it will lose all its value.

And we cannot maintain it -- where five thousand sannyasins used to be, there are only twelve sannyasins whom we are keeping just as guards, because the American police and the American guards are on the commune land. Their desire is, if all the sannyasins leave, to bulldoze all the properties, houses and everything that five thousand people created in five years, working twelve hours, fourteen hours, sometimes sixteen hours a day.

And just now I have been informed by my sannyasins that it is an unnecessary wastage, because they are not giving the letter of permission to sell the property. And to maintain twelve people there... in the first place they feel very sad. They miss the whole joy, the whole dance that was there. Now it is a desert. They have said, "It is absolutely futile; it is better we should leave."

The desire of the American government is that once these sannyasins leave, then the property is theirs. These are the greedy people.

I have been so disillusioned in America, that the richest country in the world is so poor and so criminal. It is not only in other countries, it is the same all over the world. And the reason is very strange: because for thousands of years man has been told to renounce comfort, to renounce riches, to renounce luxuries, to renounce everything that

makes you happy, the repression has become so heavy that now that repression is surfacing everywhere.
There is a limit to everything.
Those repressed people are almost insanely possessed with the desire to have all the pleasures. And the problem is, the repression pulls them to have all the pleasures and their religion pulls them back, saying that it is against God.
Religions have turned man into a schizophrenic.
I say to you, enjoy your life with totality, without any guilt. Because life is from existence, and the idea of guilt is man-made -- and made by the primitive man, who had no idea what comfort is, what luxury is, what beauty is.

THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.

It is true. If you get caught and become a slave of your desires, you are getting into a trouble you are not aware of.

THOUGH ITS HANDS ARE SILKEN, ITS HEART IS OF IRON.

But what is the need to get caught in desires? Use them -- they are your servants. Everything that science has produced is to serve you; everything that man's genius has created is to make your life more joyous, more happy, more healthy. But they are all your servants; your mastery remains untouched.
The problem arises only when mind becomes your master. Then you are imprisoned. And if you don't know anything beyond mind, you are not acquainted with yourself and

your mastery. I want you to use the mind as a servant, and use your consciousness as a master.
As a servant, mind is beautiful. As a master, it is a monster. It is in your hands.
And the religions were trying to renounce the world because they had no insight that there is no need to renounce when you can be the master here, in the world, and use the world and all its beauties and all its treasures.

IT LULLS YOU TO SLEEP ONLY TO STAND BY YOUR BED AND JEER AT THE DIGNITY OF THE FLESH.

All this happens for a single reason. You don't have many problems, your problem is only one, and that is how not to be inside the mind. Being outside, the mind immediately becomes your servant. And this I am saying to you on my own authority, on my own experience. I am not a philosopher and I am not a poet.
I have lived life, I have tasted all its joys and all its sorrows. But I continued to search for something that is beyond the mind, because if I cannot find something beyond the mind then the whole life becomes meaningless. Death will destroy everything, because mind is part of the body -- so is the heart. Before death knocks on your doors you have to find within you something which is deathless. And once you have found it you are the master of your own destiny. Then there is no need to renounce.
That's why I am against renunciation. That is for the cowards and the escapists; it is not for the people who have some dignity, some individuality, some intelligence.

IT MAKES MOCK OF YOUR SOUND SENSES...

If you are imprisoned in the mind it does two things: one, it mocks your senses. That's why your saints try in every possible way to dull their sensitivity. And a man who is not sensitive -- sensitive to beauty, sensitive to all the mysteries that surround him -- is not alive. Each of your senses is nothing but an extension of your consciousness.

If mind is not allowed to interfere, your eyes will see that which cannot be seen, and your ears will hear that which cannot be heard, and your hands will touch that which is intangible.

But mind works both ways: on the one hand it goes on destroying the body....

In India there was a great poet, Surdas. He was a great musician; hence his name, meaning that he was the master of the musical notes. Of course he must have been a very sensitive man -- all creative people are sensitive. But he was also a monk, and one day he saw a very beautiful woman. He had gone to beg and the woman came out of the house and he became so much afraid of his eyes... because the beauty of the woman was almost a hypnotic force.

Next day, he came to the same door. He had pulled out both his eyes and on a plate he offered his eyes to the woman. Blood was still flowing. The woman could not believe, she was so shocked. She said, "What has happened?"

He said, "It is not your fault, it was the fault of my eyes. They should not be so interested in beauty, because the scriptures say if you listen to the senses your life is going to be ruined by sensuality." Up to then he had been just an

ordinary beggar, but suddenly because he had destroyed his eyes, he became a great saint. Now he is worshipped.
And this is what your saints have been doing all over the world -- destroy your sensitivity, afraid that if you allow your senses freedom you may become a slave. But I say all their reasoning is absurd. Even if you destroy your eyes you cannot destroy your lust. I am absolutely certain that Surdas must have continued to dream of that beautiful woman, because for dreaming eyes are not needed -- neither are glasses.
The whole past has lived in a paranoia. We have to destroy it completely, mercilessly, because that is the only way to get free of it, and to be reborn and to see the sun and the moon with fresh eyes, and to eat with taste.
Jainism makes it one of its basic principles that you should not eat with taste, and Gandhi has borrowed all the five principles from Jainism. First is aswad, tastelessness -- you should eat without any taste. What are you asking of human beings? And to make the food tasteless, he was mixing in every food the bitter leaves of a tree called neem. You should taste it at least once, because those few neurotics -- not more than twenty -- who lived in Gandhi's ashram, had to eat a sauce, a cupful, of neem leaves. Just one leaf makes the mouth so bitter that the bitterness continues for hours -- and this is "religious discipline."
No falling in love was allowed in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram, no tea was allowed in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram. Such innocent things... tea or coffee. But because you enjoy them, that is the problem. Your enjoyment has to be destroyed completely. You should live like a corpse, a ghost who has no senses, no body.

On one hand the mind destroys the senses and on the other hand it does not allow you to reach to the master of the house. And this enemy is being nourished by all religions, by all governments, by all those who are against man and his evolution.

VERILY THE LUST FOR COMFORT MURDERS THE PASSION OF THE SOUL, AND THEN WALKS GRINNING IN THE FUNERAL.

How can comfort murder the passion of the soul? If it can do anything it can intensify it. If the body can enjoy so much, how much will be the blissfulness of the soul? The body is the beginning of your search for blissfulness. From pleasure to blissfulness... there is no contradiction. Live the life of your body with totality and intensity. That's what I have called the Zorba. That very joy will make you aware that life cannot be just this much; that very pleasure of the body and the senses will take you on the pilgrimage in the search of something more. And there is no end to the search.
There are caravanserais, overnight stays. But go on searching and you will find that the abundance of existence is so much you cannot exhaust it.

BUT YOU CHILDREN OF SPACE, YOU RESTLESS IN REST, YOU SHALL NOT BE TRAPPED NOR TAMED.

He is saying something right. But it seems it is borrowed, because he is not giving you the key. Just to tell someone, "Laugh!"... but the person will say, "At least give me some

clue -- for what? Laughing for nothing, you yourself will condemn me."

He says: ...children of space... you shall not be trapped nor tamed. Perfectly right, but everybody is tamed and everybody is trapped. Now the question is not that you should not be, the question is how to come out of all these traps. Even Kahlil Gibran is not out of the traps; he remained a Christian his whole life. That is a condemnation of all his poetry. If he had really understood what he was saying he should have renounced Christianity.

A man should not be in chains; even if the chains are made of gold it makes no difference. Whether the chains are made in the name of Jesus Christ or in the name of Gautam Buddha, chains are chains. Prisons are prisons. But he remained chained, and I feel really sorry for him because he was not a man to be so easily lost. In him I can see clearly the possibility of a Gautam Buddha, but remaining a Christian he missed.

And that is the reason why his books are not on the blacklist of the pope. My books are on the blacklist -- no Catholic should read them, it is a sin.

But everybody in the land of Italy is not dead. The Radical Party of Italy has invited me to be their president, and I am going to accept their invitation. Just with one suggestion: why keep the Radical Party confined to Italy? Make it the International Radical Party, so all my rebellious people can become part of it. Because seeing the ugliness of politicians, I have to make arrangements....

YOUR HOUSE SHALL BE NOT AN ANCHOR BUT A MAST.

But he goes on talking about the house. He must have been a mason in his past life, who knows only how to make a house. What he says is right, but before a house can become a mast, it will become -- it will HAVE to become -- a home. It will have to become a temple; only then it can become a mast. He is missing essential steps.

IT SHALL NOT BE A GLISTENING FILM THAT COVERS A WOUND, BUT AN EYELID THAT GUARDS THE EYE.
YOU SHALL NOT FOLD YOUR WINGS THAT YOU MAY PASS THROUGH DOORS, NOR BEND YOUR HEADS THAT THEY STRIKE NOT AGAINST A CEILING, NOR FEAR TO BREATHE LEST WALLS SHOULD CRACK AND FALL DOWN.

But his whole life he never behaved like what he is saying. If you had met him you would not have been impressed at all. On the contrary, you would have thought, "It would have been a great blessing if I had never seen this man." Just ordinary, Christian; once in a while he flies high but he comes back with a great thump on the earth. He does not have the wings....

YOU SHALL NOT DWELL IN TOMBS MADE BY THE DEAD FOR THE LIVING.

And where was he living?
What is a church? -- a tomb two thousand years old. What is a HOLY BIBLE? -- a book written by the dead. What are

other scriptures of other religions? -- a very ugly desire of the dead to go on ruling over those who will be coming to live on the earth.
And they are ruling. I have been facing case after case in court because I have spoken against some dead man. Perhaps five thousand years before, he died, and there are still idiots who are following him. And if I want to help them to get rid of the dead... I know you love your mother, you love your father, but that does not mean that when they die you should go on carrying them on your shoulders all your life.
I know you will be sad and you will be in deep sorrow, but still -- the dead body of your mother or father or beloved has to be given to the fire or to the grave. You cannot keep it in the house.
But what about your mind? Your mind is nothing but a graveyard. Thousands of dead people are ruling, dominating, conducting your life.

AND THOUGH OF MAGNIFICENCE AND SPLENDOR, YOUR HOUSE SHALL NOT HOLD YOUR SECRET NOR SHELTER YOUR LONGING.
FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY...

No.
Three times no!
The boundless does not abide in the skies, it abides within you.
This is what he is condemning by saying "Don't be dominated by the dead." But that's what all the dead of the

whole world have believed, that the God abides high above in heaven.
I say unto you: there is no God anywhere else except within you.
God is the very center of your life and your consciousness. Make your body a temple of God.

FOR THAT WHICH IS BOUNDLESS IN YOU ABIDES IN THE MANSION OF THE SKY, WHOSE DOOR IS THE MORNING MIST, AND WHOSE WINDOWS ARE THE SONGS AND THE SILENCES OF NIGHT.

Beautiful words, but empty of content. Great poetry but without any experience. So whenever you read Kahlil Gibran, or anyone else, remember: don't become a victim of the beauty of expression.
Experience is the only thing that can liberate you, awaken you, and can make you a part of the immortal ocean of existence and life.
I have been saying that this city is the city of the dead, but every day letters are coming -- and certainly dead people don't write letters -- and they show life and understanding. Just yesterday I received another letter from the Mayor of Poona:
"With my deepest love and pleasure I wish to state that OSHO, presently residing at 17 Koregaon Park, Poona, in my home constituency, is undoubtedly an enlightened person. His authoritative views on religion are most needed in these turbulent times. He is one of the well-versed, great mystics and a spiritual master of our time. His conduct and loving behavior cannot and has never created any legal

problems, nor has he ever been found guilty in any provisions of criminal law. In fact, his teachings are conducive to creating a very peaceful and tranquil atmosphere in the present circumstances when the country as a whole is passing through a very disturbed state."

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #18
Chapter title: Shame was his loom...
17 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND THE WEAVER SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CLOTHES.
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOUR CLOTHES CONCEAL MUCH OF YOUR BEAUTY, YET THEY HIDE NOT THE UNBEAUTIFUL.
AND THOUGH YOU SEEK IN GARMENTS THE FREEDOM OF PRIVACY YOU MAY FIND IN THEM A HARNESS AND A CHAIN.
WOULD THAT YOU COULD MEET THE SUN AND THE WIND WITH MORE OF YOUR SKIN AND LESS OF YOUR RAIMENT.
FOR THE BREATH OF LIFE IS IN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE HAND OF LIFE IS IN THE WIND.

SOME OF YOU SAY, "IT IS THE NORTH WIND WHO HAS WOVEN THE CLOTHES WE WEAR."
AND I SAY, AY, IT WAS THE NORTH WIND,
BUT SHAME WAS HIS LOOM, AND THE SOFTENING OF THE SINEWS WAS HIS THREAD.
AND WHEN HIS WORK WAS DONE, HE LAUGHED IN THE FOREST.
FORGET NOT THAT MODESTY IS FOR A SHIELD AGAINST THE EYE OF THE UNCLEAN.
AND WHEN THE UNCLEAN SHALL BE NO MORE, WHAT WERE MODESTY BUT A FETTER AND A FOULING OF THE MIND?
AND FORGET NOT THAT THE EARTH DELIGHTS TO FEEL YOUR BARE FEET AND THE WINDS LONG TO PLAY WITH YOUR HAIR.

Almustafa again has a great flight towards the heights and comes really close to the stars. I emphasize that he comes very close because he goes on missing a few essential things. If he had reached the target, he would not have missed them.

It is one of the most fundamental principles of life that the bridge between you and the whole, even if traveled just a little bit, starts to cleanse your eyes, your perception. But even at the very last step in the journey the whole secret is not revealed to you.

Not that existence is miserly; existence is very just. It reveals only as much as you can absorb. If you are not capable of absorbing the truth yet, existence protects you by not revealing it to you. If you are not totally ready for love and existence opens all the mysteries of love to you, it

will not give you joy, it will give you pain. It will not give you insight, it will blind you.
When a blind man has an operation, for a few days he is still kept unaware of the light and the sun. His eyes remained covered with a blindfold. If the blind man who has been operated and is no longer blind, is suddenly told, "Now you can go home. Now you can see the sun, the trees, the birds, the people you have been living with," he will reach home with burned eyes, again blind. And the second operation is going to be far more difficult.
Nature may be slow, but it is in your favor. It gives you only that which you can digest.
Hence I say, Almustafa has come very close to some beautiful experiences, revelations. But he has not reached the target yet. His statements are true, but only fragmentarily. And I would like you to remember that a half-truth sometimes proves more dangerous than a lie. Because one can be deceived by the half-truth for his whole life -- nobody can be deceived by lies for that long.
So I would like to make the truth complete, and indicate to you why I am saying it is only a half-truth.

AND THE WEAVER SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CLOTHES.

This is the beauty of Kahlil Gibran, that he brings immense insight into very ordinary things. If you ask a philosopher about clothes, he will laugh. He will say, "Go to some weaver, or a tailor. Philosophy has nothing to do with the clothes."

But there is not anything in life which is unimportant. If it appears unimportant, it only means your perceptivity is not clear. The moment your perceptivity is clear, and your eyes are innocent, the smallest pebble on the shore becomes as mysterious as the greatest star in the sky -- because they both belong to the same mystery.

AND HE ANSWERED:
YOUR CLOTHES CONCEAL MUCH OF YOUR BEAUTY, YET THEY HIDE NOT THE UNBEAUTIFUL.

This is a half-truth -- because clothes were discovered by the unbeautiful, to hide it. You don't see any animals, any birds, having clothes. Man is the only living being on the planet who has invented clothes. For what?
Superficially it seems they protect you from the rain, from the winter, from the summer. But if all the animals and all the trees are protected without clothes, man seems to be in a fallacy. Yes, today it is true that they protect you from winter and rain and heat, because you have become weaker. Using clothes for thousands of years, you have lost your strength, which is given intrinsically to every baby when he is born.
But why did man in the very beginning become interested? The first reason was -- and the Biblical story indicates a certain truth -- that when Adam and Eve ate the fruit of knowledge and were no more innocent, they immediately felt ashamed of their nakedness. Man has tried to cover his nakedness -- and the people who are more unbeautiful are

more obsessed with clothes. The more beautiful a person is, he would like not to hide his beauty behind the clothes.

In India there are millions of statues. Amongst them, the most beautiful statues are of Mahavira, who remained naked for almost forty years. In Greece we know only one man who has dared to live in nakedness, Diogenes. He was a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Alexander was interested, because he had heard so much about Diogenes -- and he was one of the most interesting persons that humanity has produced.

But the people of Alexander's court always prevented him: "Don't invite him to the court. He's naked." But there came a chance. When Alexander was coming to India, he passed by a forest and a river where Diogenes used to live. Now there was nobody to prevent him. He told his armies to rest a little, because he wanted to meet a man who lived very close by.

His bodyguards, his prime minister, wanted to accompany him. He said no. He himself was a little hesitant that others should know that he has gone to see a naked man. But when he saw Diogenes, the first thing he said was, "I have never seen such a beautiful body. And looking at you, it is absolutely plain and clear to me that clothes were invented by the unbeautiful."

Almustafa says, your clothes conceal much of your beauty -- not "much," but almost ninety-nine percent. Even you are not aware of your body. If your body without the head is brought to you, you will not be able to recognize it as your body. You have never looked at it. We know people only by their faces. But the whole body is an organic unity, and

unless the whole body is beautiful... just the face can be very deceptive. It is such a small part.

And the whole East laughs and feels very proud when they hear about Western beauty contests, naked women allowing thousands of people and judges to decide whether their bodies are beautiful or not.

The East thinks it is very much cultured. The reality is that you are not able to see a naked body -- not because the naked body has some obscenity it; you cannot see the naked body because you are full of repressions. In your dreams you have seen naked bodies; in your desires you have longed for naked bodies. And I am not condemning your dreams and your longings; I am condemning your repressions.

The repressed person can easily deceive himself that he is cultured, more civilized.

If man becomes more civilized again... once he was, but it was a natural gift. Every child is born naked, without any shame. In the childhood of humanity, everybody was naked. Hence I said the biblical story has some truth in it. After becoming knowledgeable Adam and Eve both felt ashamed of their nakedness.

What is there to be ashamed of in your nakedness?

And there are such idiots in the world that in the Victorian age -- Bertrand Russell remembers it from his childhood because he lived almost a whole century and saw thousands of changes happening during the century -- even dogs had clothes. And it is to be noted that in London there was a society consisting only of old and ugly and dilapidated women who were forcing everybody and creating much fuss that dogs should not be left naked: it can corrupt their

children, their morals. So special garments were made for the dogs.

Particularly in England, people take dogs for a walk but their chains are in their hands because of the simple fear that dogs have not yet eaten the fruit of knowledge. If a dog comes to see a beautiful young lady dog, then he is not going to miss the opportunity.

And all dogs which were not owned by anyone were shot. It looks stupid, but stupidity has no limits: even the legs of the chairs were covered with beautiful clothes because they are called "legs," and they may provoke in someone his repressed sexuality. Is man really mad?

But you will note one thing: there are beauty contests only for women, because it is a male chauvinist society. Why are there not contests for male beauty? And all those thousands of people and the judges who are watching the procession of beautiful women are nothing but voyeurs. The women of the world should demand that "We also want to judge. And there should be contests of naked men, and the audience and the judges will consist of women."

And I am sure if they insist, the beauty competitions for women will disappear. Man is not going expose his nudeness, because he's not so beautiful in his body as a woman.

Once he was even more beautiful. If you go back before Christianity corrupted Italy and its innocence you will be surprised. The Roman civilization was at its peak. All the statues of those days are of beautiful young men; you will not find a single Roman statue of a woman.

But clothes have destroyed the beauties of both -- more of the man, less of the woman, because the woman is more

body oriented. She takes the care of her body. The reason is biological.

Man's sexuality is local; it is confined to his genitals. And man's mind is egoistic and very competitive. Certainly I have come across many people who have asked me, because they could not ask anybody else -- their genitals are very small, and they are afraid somebody may see it; there are people who have really big genitals. His whole mind is concentrated on the genitals.

But the woman's sexuality is not local, it is all over her body. This is one of the greatest mistakes that the god who created the world has committed. Men and women are going to live together, are going to love each other. The woman is far richer as far as sexual energy is concerned -- far richer because her whole body vibrates, every cell of her body dances. And because man has only a genital sexuality, his whole body as far as sex is concerned, is just dead.

This creates one of the greatest problems. It can be solved, but if I suggest the solution, I'm condemned all over the world for making such suggestions. Nobody has the guts to condemn or criticize my suggestions -- they condemn me. They cannot criticize what I'm saying.

Because man's sexuality is only genital, while making love he is finished within two minutes. And he is not interested in foreplay with his beloved's body, nor he is interested in the afterplay. To him the woman is just a wastepaper basket. So whatever burden of sexual energy is torturing him, he uses the woman as a sexual object in a very inhuman way.

If you really understand the thing, first make the woman's whole body vibrate. Put on beautiful music, incense; dance together. Let her be prepared. Her whole body has to be in a certain position, in a certain excitement, afire with desire and longing to meet and merge.

But man is afraid, because the woman is capable of multiple orgasms, and man is finished with one ejaculation. I will not call it orgasm. Orgasm is something spiritual. If he provokes the woman's whole body, then she will demand that she be satisfied. And she is unsatisfied; that is why she is continuously irritated, annoyed, angry, nagging the man. These problems are the by-products, because she is not satisfied.

There are millions of women who have never known what an orgasm is. A woman can know orgasm only when her whole body functions like a musical instrument. When her whole body starts dancing within -- each nerve, each cell -- only then she is capable of having an orgasm.

To make her whole body orgasmic is the function of the foreplay. But man is always in a hurry. What is the point of wasting twenty or thirty minutes when the work can be done efficiently in three minutes? And many women have reported to me that when their beloved or husband is finished, they have not even started. And once he is finished he turns, forgets the woman -- he has used her. His purpose is fulfilled: he falls into sleep.

In fact, for most men, sex is nothing but sleeping pills. Released of the burden, he immediately starts snoring. And many women, intelligent and courageous, have told me that while he is snoring, they are crying. Their tears are flowing

-- of pain, insult, humiliation. They have been reduced into things.

This kind of lovemaking is not between two human beings. In fact man simply needs plastic women which he can keep in his pockets. And whenever he wants, he can pump the air in and the woman is ready. It will be more sensible.

I have heard.... Two men were going to do some work in Alaska, close to the North Pole. They were purchasing necessary things, because they were supposed to be there for at least two years. And the shop owner said, "I have no right to say anything, but I have seen many people going for jobs and they always get into one difficulty: How are you going to live for two years without any women?"

They said, "We never thought about it."

The shop owner said, "I have a solution for the problem." And he brought a small packet in which a plastic woman was kept, folded. And he told them, "You can, just through your own mouth, fill the woman with air or you can take this small pump -- just the way you pump air in your bicycle tires, tubes, footballs -- and fill it. And this is a rare kind of woman: no nagging, no trouble, no expenses, no food. You can carry the packet just in your pocket -- so whenever you feel the need, just pump the air in and the woman comes alive. And you may not have seen such a beautiful body" -- obviously, when it is manufactured by man, it cannot become fat, it cannot become thin, it cannot have diseases, it cannot die. Plastic is the only immortal thing that man has created. So without any problems -- and she never says, "Not today, I am having such a headache -- not today."

And I know all those women who are saying, "I am tired and I have a headache" are simply avoiding the ugly situation of being used as sexual objects. There is no insult greater than that. But this woman never complains, never says, "Not today. I am tired and I have a headache." She is always available.

One man said, "This is all stupid. I don't want to get into this nonsense. If people hear that I am carrying a plastic woman with me, they will laugh at me."

But the other said, "I see the sensibility and the logic of it. I am going to purchase it."

He purchased the woman. They were great friends, but whenever there is a triangle, there is trouble. Even a plastic woman becomes a triangle, because the man who was the owner of the woman made it clear to his friend:

"Remember, I will not tolerate any interference in my private life."

"What private life?"

He said, " You are not to be interested in my woman. Because sometimes for days I may be gone deep into the oceans or into the snows, and my woman will remain at home. Treat her just as your mother."

He said, "What nonsense! I cannot treat her as my wife even, and you are telling me that I should treat this plastic toy as my mother! Have you gone mad?"

He said, "No, I am making things clear because I am a very jealous man."

He said, "Jealous about what?"

He said, "If I see ever any attempt from your side to seduce my woman, our friendship is finished and there is going to be bloodshed."

The other man said, "For a plastic toy, you are going to kill me?"
He said, "Not you. I cannot waste a bullet on you. But I can kill my woman."
And one day it happened. He was going out and he was looking very happy, as he has never looked. And he was saying, "I want to extend my job for two years more, because back home my wife is there -- and having two wives does not double the trouble, it multiplies it."
The other man said, "Whatever you want to say, say; and whatever you want to do, do -- because I think you have gone absolutely nuts."
But the man went out -- he was looking healthier than ever before. No anxiety, no problem, nobody to bother him -- where can you find such an obedient woman? The other man also became slowly slowly interested. His sexuality... and two years in Alaska are very long because there is no social life. So when his friend had gone he thought, "Perhaps it is that plastic woman. I am suffering and he is enjoying."
He was not supposed to come home that night, so he opened the box, filled the woman with air. And he was so hungry for sex, so repressed for months -- and the woman was exactly how a world beauty queen has to be; those exact proportions of the body.
He enjoyed loving her immensely. But then an accident happened -- and the accident was that he was playing with the breasts of the woman and a tremendous desire arose in him to take the nipples in his mouth. And he was so repressed, almost like any saint, that not only he tried to suck -- and there was nothing to suck, just plastic -- he tried

to suck in the darkness and forget that it was just a plastic woman. And he cut a hole in the breast.
The air went out and the woman flew out of the window! He said, "My god. I have seen many types of women but a flying woman -- just because I have cut a little on her breast!" And outside it was snowing and dark. So he said, "In the morning I will find her and put her back."
But his friend returned in the middle of the night. He said, "The work finished early." He opened his box and there was no woman. He said, "What happened? Where is my woman?"
He said, "I am very sorry. I could not resist the temptation, and foolishly, I cut her beautiful nipples with my teeth. I never thought that she would fly out of the window. So she must be somewhere outside, and such heavy snow is falling.... She must be under the snow. In the morning we will find her and try to fix her up."
But the other man said, "You have forgotten. I have told you before: never try in any way to be involved into my private life -- and you did that!" And he was so angry that he shot his own friend.
The next day he went back down to the same shop. The owner said, "What happened? Last time you had come with your friend."
He said, "He was not a friend, he was an enemy -- he killed my woman! I have come for another woman. I have killed that man and taught him that you should behave in a moral way. He is so immoral, corrupted, he does not deserve to live on the earth."
But man has been doing the same with the real women.

They are not plastic. And because they don't have any orgasmic experience, their life becomes more and more frustrated, full of anger and rage.

It is a simple question, but the solution is very difficult. If a man really plays with the woman's body, and wakes up the sleeping cells all over the body, he will not be able to satisfy her. The most scientific suggestion will be that he should always invite at least five friends. Then you will see a totally different woman in the world -- joyous, never nagging, never angry.
But man's ego... rather than taking a scientific attitude -- towards a thing for which he is not responsible; it is God's fault, he should have made them equal. If women can have six orgasms, man must be able to have the same number. Or he should have given women only genital sexuality; life would have been peaceful.
But the women have to demand: "Enough of this voyeurism. Now we want beauty contests all over the world with the same conditions.
But man is ugly, has become ugly, and he is hiding all his ugliness in clothes. And he is jealous -- he is forcing the woman also to cover herself completely. Almustafa is right: your clothes conceal much of your beauty, yet they hide not the unbeautiful.

But my statements, which are absolutely based on scientific research, will be called obscene by the police commissioner. He should ask his woman how much she has cried and wept each night when he has made love to her. It is not love. It is simply the release of a burden. It is no

more significant than a sneeze -- a genital sneeze. Once his sneeze is finished, he goes to sleep.

Even ordinary sneezes give you a good feeling in the head. And the woman is not to tolerate any more. She is not here just to be an instrument for your sneezes. She should understand her sexuality and she should demand.

Monogamy is absolutely against nature. And I am not responsible for it, remember. Your God is responsible for all this.

The whole existence seems to be made by an amateurish god, who knows nothing. And how can he know? The Christian trinity has no woman in it; it is a gay group. And if AIDS has come to the world, it must be coming from the Christian trinity because they are the oldest homosexuals. In fact, what else will they do? After creating the world in six days, what are you supposed to do? God cannot smoke....

These are the conditions imposed on us -- and I don't know but I am almost certain that the police commissioner must be smoking. God cannot drink alcohol. But I am again certain... because all police officers, government bureaucrats, are drinking alcohol. And when we phoned again and again, in office time -- "Where is he?" -- it took one hour for their office to give his home number.

I know the reason. When we phoned to his house, somebody answered, "He's in worship." Most probably, he had drunk too much, and the hangover was still there and he was fast asleep. I am not saying it as a fact, but as an experience of coming in contact with all your leaders, your bureaucrats -- they are all drunkards. And they are always

coming to the office late. Sometimes they come for half an hour and they are gone. For what? -- "worshipping."
And in fact without wine, how can you worship? Particularly Christians have made wine a part of their holidays, of their worship. Even Jesus Christ was a drunkard -- not only a drunkard, but a criminal in the sense that he was changing water into wine.
I hate the smell of wine. I hate smoke. But one day I am going to drink wine here, and I am going to smoke here, just to show that police commissioner that neither wine is prohibited in India, nor smoking is prohibited in India.

AND THOUGH YOU SEEK IN GARMENTS THE FREEDOM OF PRIVACY, YOU MAY FIND IN THEM A HARNESS AND A CHAIN.

They are not giving you privacy. They are giving you a thin wall surrounding you so you can move, carrying your prison with yourself.
If you have not been naked in the sun and allowed your whole body to be nourished by the vitamins that the sun is showering on you, if you have not been naked in the wind, you are a prisoner. I am not saying to you, go in a public square, or on the streets which are filled with all kinds of idiots, to be naked. Because they are blind and deaf, they are retarded and heartless, and they will not understand it. But whenever you can find privacy, enjoy freedom from the clothes.
Bertrand Russell had opened a school for small children, and there were many rumors about the school. He was a controversial man -- anyone who can think cannot be

otherwise. Finally, the bishop of that locality knocked on the doors. A young girl -- maybe nine years old, naked -- opened the doors and the bishop closed his eyes and said, "My god!" But the girl said, "God has made everybody naked!" And we have never heard that God uses garments -- he must be naked. And what about your holy ghost? Ghosts are not known to purchase clothes, holy or unholy. And in fact, what the Christians call the holy ghost is the most unholy idea because this holy ghost made pregnant an innocent, virgin girl -- Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. He is a rapist. And still he remains holy, and he is part of God. This trinity is not separate; this is almost like the trimurti of the Hindus, the three faces of God: God the father, God the son, and God the holy ghost. But no place for any woman... either they have found plastic women or they must be homosexuals.

Another possibility exists and that is that this holy ghost may be functioning both ways -- sometimes man, sometimes woman; sometimes for the father, sometimes for the son. Ghosts can take any shape.

And I have been consistently, all over the world, forced not to criticize any religion. What can I do? Those religions deserve criticism. In fact, they deserve to be burned completely. Their holy scriptures are very unholy.

So remember: Whatever I am saying is not just for you. It is for all of my sannyasins around the world, my sympathizers, my lovers, and they must be in millions. And it is not even just for them; I am talking also for the future generations.

But whatever I say -- there are some nuts present here, too -- don't misunderstand me. That enemies misunderstand me, I can understand. But when you misunderstand me, you are wounding my heart and my being.

I have heard that a few people have arrived in the office, saying, "Osho has allowed us, there is nothing obscene. So we are going to do whatsoever we want on the streets." This will be stupid -- because your stupidities don't harm you. The whole responsibility comes to me. I have suffered for you in many jails; I have suffered for you in the hands of inhuman police people; I have suffered for you in every way at the hands of almost all the governments of the world.

So when I say these things, be intelligent and understanding because you are surrounded by all kinds of bigots, fanatics, and whatever you do, it ultimately condemns me. Nobody will ever bother about you. Nobody will even ask your name.

A few sannyasins have just come from Nepal, and they were not thinking that there would be any problem because on the border -- they came by road -- there are no computers. All the computers of the Indian government in all the embassies all over the world and in all the international airports in India simply say, "This man is a disciple of Osho and should not be allowed in the country." But they were amazed to see that even on the road -- no airport, just passing the boundary -- the police have a thick book of all the names of sannyasins they may have been able to collect.

And in the ministry, the most egoist and the person most interested in power, Arun Nehru, has issued all these

documents, names, to the computers. And if computers are not available, then they are put into a thick book. He made the statement in the parliament -- asked by a member of the parliament, "Is it true that OSHO's sannyasins will not be allowed in India?" he said, "It is absolutely wrong. Everybody is welcome."

These politicians can lie without any shame. Almost all the parliaments of Europe, under pressure from America, have passed resolutions or laws or orders that "this man is very dangerous and he should not be allowed in the country." And because they are all taking billions of dollars of loans every year -- America knows it cannot be returned; from where will they return it? -- they are under economic slavery.

Even the great nations who once ruled the whole world are now in a state of being beggars. They don't have even the guts to ask the American government, "What do you mean by dangerous? Is he carrying a nuclear missile? Is he coming with atom bombs?"

No. Twenty-one countries have decided that I cannot enter because they are afraid I will destroy their religion, I will destroy their morality, I will corrupt the minds of their young people.

And I am amazed -- for two thousand years, what have these idiots been doing? If a morality that has been taught for two thousand years can be destroyed with a three-week tourist visa, then what kind of morality do you have? What kind of religion do you have?

If a single man comes just for three weeks and demolishes all your traditions and all your past, then it deserves to be destroyed! You are befooling people. The simple

conclusion is that you have been befooling them and you would not like me to expose that you have been cheating. This is not morality and this is not religion.
And I can do it in three weeks; more than that is not needed. In fact, in their rejection, they have accepted their defeat from a single individual -- who has not even a knife used for cutting vegetables. Impotent religions, impotent moralities -- one just has to indicate, and those who are intelligent will immediately understand it.
So whatever I say, you have to be very clear about it, that if you want to see me alive -- because now there is no other way for all these countries. There is only one way -- to assassinate me. And if you behave in an insane way, you will repent your whole life, and I don't want anybody to repent. You will feel guilty that you have played a part in the assassination.
So don't do anything that goes against the blind and the dead and the deaf. Knowing that they are burdened with past and have not the courage even to understand me, you behave so that they don't have any opportunity.
Let me fight alone, because I am alone enough.

WOULD THAT YOU COULD MEET THE SUN AND THE WIND WITH MORE OF YOUR SKIN AND LESS OF YOUR RAIMENT.

It is a simple physiological fact that your whole skin breathes -- inhales, exhales -- not just your nose. If a thick paint is put on your body so that all possibilities of inhaling and exhaling are stopped, and your nose is left open -- you will still die in three hours. Just the nose is not enough. It is

the most important part, but it is not enough. Your whole body consists of almost seven billion living cells. They all need oxygen and they all need to throw out carbon dioxide. Your clothes are preventing it.

Your clothes are not your friends. But because of thousands of years of using clothes, your bodies have become weak, so you will have to use them. But once in a while, when the season allows you and there are no fanatics around, just be as God has sent you -- utterly naked -- and you will feel a new release of life, youthfulness, freshness.

The sun is your friend. The wind is your friend; the rain is your friend. Your clothes are your enemies. But now, because you have become weak -- man is today the weakest animal in existence -- you will have to use clothes. Use clothes... but once in a while, give a chance to the body to have its natural right.

FOR THE BREATH OF LIFE IS IN THE SUNLIGHT
AND THE HAND OF LIFE IS IN THE WIND.
SOME OF YOU SAY, "IT IS THE NORTH WIND WHO HAS WOVEN THE CLOTHES WE WEAR."
AND I SAY, AY, IT WAS THE NORTH WIND,
BUT SHAME WAS HIS LOOM, AND THE SOFTENING OF THE SINEWS WAS HIS THREAD.

Because of the continuous hammering of a certain thought -- that your bodies are ugly, that your bodies are your punishment -- you have become very ashamed to be seen naked. Almustafa is right: shame was his loom. All your clothes are woven on the loom of shame.

But what is shameful? Trees are naked, all the animals are naked, all the birds are naked. What is shame? And the clothes have done immense harm to your health, to your beauty, for the simple reason that they have become a barrier between you and life. The whole existence is naked except man. And why should one be ashamed?
It is your body, it is your temple, it is the place God is dwelling in. There is no question of shame.
But this is how religions have been exploiting you, politicians have been exploiting you. Your so-called leaders are not leaders but murderers. They have murdered the whole of humankind in many ways -- enslaved, weakened you.
A truly religious person cannot be ashamed of his body because it is a gift. And feeling ashamed of your body, you are condemning existence.

AND WHEN HIS WORK WAS DONE, HE LAUGHED IN THE FOREST.

He's saying when the work of making the man ashamed was complete, the very energy that has made you ashamed of yourself laughed in the forest.
In fact, all the trees laugh, looking at you; all the birds laugh, looking at you -- "What a strange creature this man is! Why should he hide himself?"
The small rose bush is not ashamed of being small. Neither are the cedars of Lebanon, reaching one hundred fifty, two hundred fifty feet high in the sky, proud. It is the same nature that creates the rose bush; it is the same nature that creates the cedar. Our mother is the same.

We come from the same source. To feel ashamed is a condemnation -- not of you, but of the source that has given you everything without asking anything in return.

FORGET NOT THAT MODESTY IS FOR A SHIELD AGAINST THE EYE OF THE UNCLEAN.

You have been told again and again in the past that modesty is a great quality. This is an utter lie. Modesty is just a shield against the eye of the unclean.
And who are the unclean? Understanding the past and the religions that it created... it is a tremendous surprise. On the one hand, they make you repressive of your energies -- particularly of your sex, because that is the only energy you have. Have you ever heard of any impotent person becoming enlightened? Have you ever heard of any impotent person becoming a great poet or a great painter or a great dancer or a great singer? The impotent person does not have the energy. It is not only a question that he cannot produce children; he cannot produce poems, he cannot produce anything at all.
He's a saint, celibate. Only impotent people are celibate. Those who are not impotent, their celibacy is hypocrisy. And I challenge all your shankaracharyas who pretend that they are celibate: they should be examined by the medical experts. And you will find none of them is celibate, unless somebody turns out to be impotent.
You should remember: Sex is energy.
And energy is God.
And I have been ordered not to talk about sex. That means I have been ordered not to talk about God, not to talk about

life. Then what am I supposed to talk about? But these people have no idea what they are saying.

If God gives you sexual energy, it becomes sacred. Anything from God is sacred and everything is from God. And by "God" I don't mean a certain person, I mean the whole existence.

When the cuckoo starts singing, have you ever thought for what the song is for? It is to attract a sexual partner. But nobody condemns the cuckoo as obscene. When the flowers open and send their fragrance, what do you think they are doing? They are advertising that "I have come to flower; now butterflies, bees are invited and welcome." But for what? -- because the flower has small seeds which will go with the butterflies, with the bees. Because the same division exists in the whole existence: there are plants which are male, and there are plants which are female. The male plant has to send its seeds to the female plant, its beloved.

Nobody condemns flowers. In fact, you take flowers to your temple to offer to your god. You are not aware you are offering sexual energy to your god.

Have you seen the dance of a peacock? Do you think he is dancing for you? And remember one thing: The beautiful tail of rainbow colors and the dancing peacock is male. He is attracting some female. It is only the insane humanity where the female has to attract the male.

All over nature, it is the male who attracts the female. And for that reason, all over nature the male is more beautiful -- because the female need not have any beauty; just being female is enough. But strange -- man has been standing on

his head, doing shirshasana continuously. It is the male who should be more beautiful so that a female is attracted towards him.

But religions have made a mess. To such an extent that if you see a rich man walking with his wife, he looks like a servant, and the wife looks nothing but an advertisement for his riches. All the diamonds, all the emeralds, all the rubies, all gold -- that is an advertisement for the man. He's just a businessman; having a beautiful wife is a business strategy so you can invite your customers to your house for dinner, and your wife will hypnotize them with her beauty so that you can cut their pockets! But man has become just a servant, a businessman. His riches are known through the wife -- his riches, his beauty, his genius has to be kept hidden.

Whenever you disturb nature and start manufacturing your own rules, remember it is a crime -- unforgivable.

Forget not that modesty is for a shield... The modesty of the Eastern woman is praised very highly all over the world, but it is a shield. In the West the woman is not modest. She stands on her own feet, equal to man -- there is no question of modesty. The Indian woman has been corrupted for thousands of years to be modest. Modesty is her great ornament.

And Almustafa has really great insight into the fact when he says it is against the eye of the unclean. Who are the unclean? -- the people who have repressed their nature, who have repressed their sexual desires. They may take as many dips as they want into the Ganges -- it only impures the Ganges, but their uncleanliness remains because it is not on the body, it is deep in their minds.

I have heard.... Three old retired men were sitting on a bench in a garden -- that was their usual habit; every day they used to come. The whole day there was nothing to do. This was their only enjoyment, their only entertainment, to discuss and tell each other about the golden memories of the past.

One day it happened... all the three were sitting. One was seventy-five, another was eighty-five, the third was ninety-five. The youngest, seventy-five, said, "I am very much disturbed, very sad."

Both the old fellows asked him, "Tell us. What happened?"

He said, "A beautiful woman came to my house as a guest. She was taking a bath, and I was peeping through the keyhole and my mother caught me red-handed. Don't you think it would make anybody very sad, humiliated?" Both the older fellows laughed. They said, "Don't be worried. In childhood everybody does it, and once in a while everybody is caught. In fact, the keyhole is made for that purpose!"

The man said, "You don't understand. It is not a question of childhood, it happened this morning!"

But it is possible only if a man has been repressing, repressing, repressing. Then he is never free. His inside is really unclean and dirty. If he had lived totally, he would have transcended all these desires and would have been absolutely clean.

On the one hand, religions have made people unclean, dirty -- dirty in their minds. And on the other hand, they have been teaching women to be modest -- "a shield against the unclean." So when an old man comes to your house, touch

his feet, call him Papa, keep your eyes looking at the ground. This is a shield.

A healthy human society will not need any shield because there will not be dirty old men. My sannyasins need not have any shield. They have lived their life joyously, thankfully, and they have transcended -- or they will be transcending. But they will not collect all kinds of dirty, repressed desires.

The second old man said, "This is nothing. You always bring third-rate stories. What happened to me is very humiliating. It is now three days I have not made love to my wife. And each time I try, she says, `I have a headache.'"

The oldest started laughing. He said, "First you tell that boy what you mean by love, because he does not know your secret."

He said, "There is no secret. My love is that every night before going to sleep I take the hand of my wife and press it three times. But for three days, she has not allowed -- it hurts."

And both asked the oldest fellow, "Have you anything to say?"

He said, "I'm really in a mess. This morning when I started making love to my wife, she said, `You idiot! What are you doing?'"

"I said, `The same thing that I have been doing for almost the whole century: I'm making love.'"

"She said, `Love -- my foot. This is the third time tonight that you are making love. Will you allow me to sleep or not?'"

"I said, `Three times? That means I am losing my memory!'"
These are your unclean people: the elders towards whom you have been taught to be always respectful. Modesty is certainly a shield against these ugly creatures which religion has produced.
The crimes of religion are uncountable.

AND WHEN THE UNCLEAN SHALL BE NO MORE, WHAT WERE MODESTY BUT A FETTER AND A FOULING OF THE MIND?

The moment these repressed people disappear from the earth, what will modesty be? -- just a fetter, unnecessarily. Mohammedans don't allow their women even to show their faces. This is modesty, a protection, a shield against the repressed people all around. But when there is no repressed people, these Burkhas, these veils will be just fetters and fouling of the mind. They will disappear.
It will be a great day when a woman and a man can meet just as human beings, without any shields, without any barriers, open hearted. That's my whole effort for my people: to make them so totally alive that everything is consumed in it and they come out free, authentic, sincere.

AND FORGET NOT THAT THE EARTH DELIGHTS TO FEEL YOUR BARE FEET, AND THE WINDS LONG TO PLAY WITH YOUR HAIR.

The whole existence delights in your delight.
The whole existence sings with you, dances with you.

And when someone becomes enlightened, the whole existence celebrates it -- because we are not separate. We are all one cosmic whole.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #19
Chapter title: The gifts of the earth
17 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A MERCHANT SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BUYING AND SELLING.
AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:
TO YOU THE EARTH YIELDS HER FRUIT, AND YOU SHALL NOT WANT IF YOU BUT KNOW HOW TO FILL YOUR HANDS.
IT IS IN EXCHANGING THE GIFTS OF THE EARTH THAT YOU SHALL FIND ABUNDANCE AND BE SATISFIED.
YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE IT WILL BUT LEAD SOME TO GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.
WHEN IN THE MARKETPLACE YOU TOILERS OF THE SEA AND FIELDS AND VINEYARDS MEET THE WEAVERS AND THE POTTERS AND THE GATHERERS OF SPICES,

INVOKE THEN THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH, TO COME INTO YOUR MIDST AND SANCTIFY THE SCALES AND THE RECKONING THAT WEIGHS VALUE AGAINST VALUE.
AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS, WHO WOULD SELL THEIR WORDS FOR YOUR LABOR.
TO SUCH MEN YOU SHOULD SAY:
"COME WITH US TO THE FIELD, OR GO WITH OUR BROTHERS TO THE SEA AND CAST YOUR NET;
"FOR THE LAND AND THE SEA SHALL BE BOUNTIFUL TO YOU EVEN AS TO US."
AND IF THERE COME THE SINGERS AND THE DANCERS AND THE FLUTE PLAYERS, BUY OF THEIR GIFTS ALSO.
FOR THEY TOO ARE GATHERERS OF FRUIT AND FRANKINCENSE, AND THAT WHICH THEY BRING, THOUGH FASHIONED OF DREAMS, IS RAIMENT AND FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL.
AND BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE MARKETPLACE, SEE THAT NO ONE HAS GONE HIS WAY WITH EMPTY HANDS.
FOR THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH SHALL NOT SLEEP PEACEFULLY UPON THE WIND TILL THE NEEDS OF THE LEAST OF YOU ARE SATISFIED.

Kahlil Gibran knows exactly what is needed, but he is absolutely unaware of how to transform man.
It is easy, very easy to give beautiful words to man's essential needs. But unless you know how man can manage

to fulfill his demands, your words may be beautiful but they carry no meaning at all. And it is not only with Kahlil Gibran -- it is the case with many great poets, thinkers, philosophers. They talk as if these things are already available in the marketplace, you just go and purchase them.

They go on telling people, "Love, have compassion. Be kind, enjoy sharing." But these are empty words. It is good to read them but it is nothing but entertainment.

And what is needed is not entertainment; what is needed is transformation. It is not enough to say to someone, "Love." The real question is how he can find love arising in him, what are the methods, the techniques which bring flowers of love. Nobody talks about it.

All these words are immensely beautiful -- but as they are beautiful, so they are empty. It is like saying to a hungry man, "Eat, and eat nourishing food." But the question is, where is that nourishing food? and how is the hungry man going to reach and find it?

This is a fallacy perpetuated for centuries, without anyone questioning it. Mahavira goes on saying to people, "Be nonviolent." But the question is, man has come out of the animals, his whole being is full of violence. How can he get rid of the violence? How can he transform the same energy that is violence now, into nonviolence? Nobody asks the question, everybody gets hypnotized by beautiful words. The words are right, but they are not going to be the dawn of a new humanity.

They have all failed, utterly failed. The greatest human beings of the past have failed on a single point. And why has nobody questioned? -- because nobody wants to

change. It is beautiful to listen, it is beautiful to be a follower of Gautam Buddha or Jesus Christ -- it enhances your ego. If you were really interested in transforming your energies, you would have asked, "Whatever you are saying is right, but show us the path, the signs."

It is a strange story, of great people talking about the stars... and naturally, one becomes impressed. But the question is how to get there. This is the problem with Kahlil Gibran too, and on a far greater level, because he himself is not a transformed human being.

He is very articulate, great are his words. But I am going to ask about each of his statements whether it has any content in it, or it is just his longing, his desire, his dream. All the dreamers have given humanity great hope -- and because of that hope they have prevented any kind of revolution in people's consciousness.

People have been waiting.

They have also given a wrong notion to people that they know what the real needs are and how they can be fulfilled... but they don't know at all that these needs are so deep that unless you are born again you will be only playing with words and wasting your time.

I am not here to waste my time and your time.

I mean business.

AND A MERCHANT SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BUYING AND SELLING.

AND HE ANSWERED AND SAID:

TO YOU THE EARTH YIELDS HER FRUIT, AND YOU SHALL NOT WANT IF YOU BUT KNOW HOW TO FILL YOUR HANDS.

This was once true, thousands of years before.
It is not true in the times of Kahlil Gibran or in our time. The earth is no longer capable of feeding us, because in our stupidity we have overpopulated it. And he has not said a single word against overpopulation, because the Christian church is against birth control. He has not said anything about legalization of abortion, because the Christian church is against it.
Now the fruits of the trees cannot sustain this vast ocean of humanity. It was possible once, when the humanity was just a few million people and each man had thousands of trees available for him. In our ignorance, we have cut down all those trees to print third-class, yellow newspapers. Millions of trees are destroyed just for newspapers.
It seems we are on a suicidal path.
I had been to Nepal before, and this time I was simply surprised: all great trees are gone. Those trees don't grow within days or weeks, they are not seasonal flowers. Those trees take centuries to grow -- and seconds to cut. You cannot replace them. But Nepal is a poor country, so they sold all their big and magnificent forests to the so-called great powers of the world. And with the electric saw, every day hundreds of trees are disappearing.
But Kahlil Gibran is not talking about anything which is sensible and feasible.
I would like all these nonsense newspapers to be stopped. Now we have better media. We have radios, we have television -- then why go on printing thousands and thousands of newspapers and newsmagazines? The

television is not going to destroy the trees; neither is the radio going to destroy the trees.

But even a poor country like India has so many newspapers and so many weeklies and fortnightly newspapers, and monthly and bi-monthly, and annual... and nobody raises the question that what you have done to nature is not going to be forgiven. Nature is going to take its revenge with vengeance -- it is taking it already.

And to say in the twentieth century, to you the earth yields her fruit, and you shall not want if you but know how to fill your hands -- everybody knows how to fill his hands; it seems he is talking to the idiots. But where are the fruits, and where are the trees?

He is making a statement which is simply nonsense.

It is in exchanging the gifts of the earth that you shall find abundance and be satisfied... This too is not true. The earth has been giving to you for millions of years and you have not returned anything to nourish it.

Hindus go on burning dead bodies -- it is against nature. The bodies should be returned to nature... because what are your bodies? Nature has given you food, the sun has given you life, the air has been giving you continuous nourishment. When you die, your body should go back to the original sources -- the earth to the earth. You should become manure for your future generations.

We have exploited the earth so much that it has lost its abundant treasures. We are now technologically capable to return all the chemicals back to the earth. But man's mind dwells in the dead past. He goes on doing the same stupid thing without seeing that he is killing himself.

I was visiting a city, and one of the most respected Hindu monks, Karpatri... his only quality is that he eats his food from his hands. That is the meaning of the word karpatri -- kar means hands and patri means a cup, a bowl. Except that, I don't see anything in that man. But just because he goes on begging and eating from the hands he has become one of the most respected saints of the Hindus.

He was delivering a religious discourse. I told my friend to stop the car, I would like to listen to a few words. Sitting in the car, I listened to his discourse, and I was amazed: in an educated city with a university of its own, a medical college, an agriculture college of its own... and nobody was saying anything to that idiot.

The government had just made a very huge reservoir, because the land is barren and the rains have become uncertain. So they had made the reservoir to produce electricity for thousands of villages, for all kinds of scientific technological uses, and water enough to irrigate the whole land that is becoming slowly slowly a desert. It was ready and it was just waiting for the president of India to come and inaugurate it. Because in India, the president and the prime minister have no other business than inaugurating bridges, reservoirs... even movie houses, restaurants!

Unfortunate is this country, to have all kinds of idiots dominating it.

What is the need of inaugurating? The reservoir is ready, the earth is thirsty, but they are waiting because the president has too many other appointments -- and they will be of the same kind. A small road and the president has to inaugurate it -- I don't see the point except that by

inaugurating that small road, his photo will be printed in every newspaper and he will have a chance to deliver a lecture to the people.

And Karpatri was telling his thousands of followers, "Don't use the water from the reservoir for irrigation."

I had to come out of the car. I said, "This is something strange! People are dying and people are starving; the earth is thirsty, everything has become barren, all greenery has disappeared." I wanted to understand his argument -- what argument is he giving?

His argument was so hilarious. He was saying, "Don't use the water because its electricity has been taken out, it is impotent. Electricity was the real power, and if you use it for irrigation, your crops will be impotent. And whoever will eat from your crops, he will become impotent."

Naturally, nobody wants to become impotent.

Those thousands of people were agreeing with that man! I said to my friend and host, "I never thought that in your cultured city you would allow such stupid nonsense and call it religious discourse. This man is not only talking nonsense, but seems to be insane! Water does not become impotent. Electricity is not water's potency; water's potency is to quench the thirst of the earth. And the proof that it is potent is that the earth will become green."

And Karpatri was not only a religious saint of the Hindus, he was also the head of a Hindu political party, RAMRAJ PARISHAD. He had members in the parliament. What kind of people are choosing and voting? These people should be behind bars -- their basic need is not to be worshipped and respected, their basic need is a brain operation! They must have tumors in their brain that do not allow them to see a

simple fact. And if this is the situation of your "great leaders" -- he is a great leader, religiously and politically both -- then what about the poor, uneducated, ordinary humanity?

We have been exploiting the earth. We have been taking its juices through the fruits, through other crops, and we are not at all concerned to return at least equal the amount of chemicals that we have taken out through the fruits.

It is good poetry, but you cannot live on poetry alone.

He is saying, it is in exchanging the gifts of the earth that you shall find abundance and be satisfied. He is talking about the beginnings of humanity when there was a barter system, when people were exchanging things, when there was no money as a means of exchange.

You have a cow and more milk than you need, but you don't have clothes. So you have to go around to find a person who has more clothes and is in need of milk. It was such a wastage of time and energy, and it was not always easy -- you want a horse but you have to find the right person. You have to move from village to village to find the right person who can give you a horse in exchange for something that you have and he needs.

It was possible when there were very few people on the earth. Now the very idea of exchange is absurd. Just think: for any of your needs you may have to go around the whole country to find the right person. Money is one of the greatest inventions of man, to avoid this whole trouble. Whether you need the milk or not, whether you have the horse or not does not matter; anybody who needs milk can pay in money and anybody who wants to sell a horse, you can purchase it. Money is a shortcut.

And just having a single rupee in your pocket... have you ever thought how many things you have in your pocket? If you want a man to massage you, he is in your pocket. If you want to smoke cigarettes, they are in your pocket. If you want to go to see a film, it is in your pocket. Of course you cannot have all the things for one rupee -- but you can choose anything that you want.

Kahlil Gibran would have been supported by a man like Mahatma Gandhi, because he was talking of a world so primitive that except for barter... money would have been impossible. And you will be surprised to know that it is not the West that invented money and currency, it was China. And for three thousand years they have been using currency notes.

When Marco Polo discovered currency notes he could not believe, because although in European countries in the West, money had come into existence, it was in gold coins. If you were carrying ten thousand gold coins, either their weight would kill you or you would be robbed, because anybody can see that you are carrying ten thousand gold coins. And what is the need of carrying such burden from one place to another? -- this can be done with a small piece of paper, just a ten thousand rupee note with the promise of the government that whenever you want gold you can come to the treasury, produce the note and take the gold. The gold remains in the treasury.

Certainly those people three thousand years back must have been very intelligent. In comparison, Marco Polo thought... because he had brought many things from China to Europe. The printing press was invented in China at the same time, because without a printing press how can you have notes?

He brought notes to show to the pope, because at that time the pope was the decisive factor for the whole Western world. And the whole court of the pope laughed at Marco Polo. They said, "You call it money? Do you want to deceive us?"

And the pope took out from his pocket a gold coin and threw it on the floor -- certainly it creates sound. And he asked Marco Polo, "Now throw your note. It is just a piece of paper. You have been deceived."

Marco Polo tried in every way... "I am not deceived; the whole of China, which is one fifth of the world, is already using notes."

The barter system disappeared because it was impossible as the population became thicker and thicker. Money came into existence, but solid gold. Then gold disappeared, silver disappeared; notes came into existence. In fact they are also out of date.

In our commune in America we had just currency cards, because a note is a dirty thing. It goes on passing through so many people -- somebody may have AIDS, somebody may have tuberculosis, somebody may be suffering from cancer. You cannot know the history, through how many hands the note has passed. I have not touched any note for thirty years -- it is absolutely unhygienic and against all medical research.

But man seems to be so retarded all over the world... then, when better means are suggested they will not listen. All that is needed is your bank account and just a small card which will remain only in your hands, and you can go and purchase anything; the bank has to pay. But your card is absolutely hygienic; it never moves into all kinds of

people's hands -- from prostitutes to saints. It is the ugliest thing today.
Kahlil Gibran is saying:

YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE, IT WILL BUT LEAD SOME TO GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.

That's why I say that he is using beautiful words but without any significance. Yet unless the exchange be in love... but how can it be in love? Do you have a loving heart? Have you ever loved? You have always asked to be loved, you have never offered your love to anyone. Have you encountered any energy in you which you can call love? Even when you say, "I love you," deep down it is not love but only biological lust. So the same woman, the same man that you love today, tomorrow becomes a weight on your chest, starts killing you.
You are caught in your own promises, because you had promised her just to fulfill your lust; otherwise the woman will not be ready to go into all kinds of sexual gymnastics. You have bribed her with beautiful words and promises: "I will love you forever. Others have loved, but only when they are alive. I will love you, my beloved, even when I am dead. I will love you not only in this life but all the lives to come." Now you are caught in a net. Once your lust is fulfilled, your biological energy is spent, the woman looks like an absolute stranger.
Everybody wakes up in the morning, man or woman, and wonders: who is the other fellow? And what is he doing in my bed? Only when you are a little better awake you

remember, that this is my husband, this is my wife. And again the story starts: "Darling..."

In the old days, stories used to start, "Once upon a time..." Now they start, "Darling..." Early in the morning! And both are very loving, because both are waiting for the other to get up and prepare the tea.

How do you expect people to exchange in love -- they have no experience of love. They have never loved anyone. Yes, they had experiences of lust. They covered that ugly word "lust" with a very beautiful word, "love." Because if you say to a woman that "I have a great lust for you," she is going to inform the police commissioner immediately -- "Look! A disciple of Osho, on the public street, said to me that `I have a great lust for you.'"

Just to help you, they have rented a house by the side of our temple, where day and night there are dozens of policemen with loaded guns, waiting for you to do something so they can immediately enter into the campus. And not much -- if you just smoke a cigarette... and they are all smoking cigarettes. If you are just holding somebody's hand, remember: the police are waiting with loaded guns, just by the side -- for special purposes they have rented that house. That house used to belong to us. Our people used to live in that house, and we had again asked the owner. And he was very happy; he said, "I had no complaint against your people. They can have the house, the house is empty." But there must be some police dogs even here, because I cannot call an informer a human being. He is just a police dog, sniffing here and there.

Those police dogs must have informed the police commissioner that "They are going to rent the house, and the owner is willing." Immediately the police commissioner called the owner and told him, "Don't give that house to Osho's disciples."

Perhaps he must be telling that to all other owners in Koregaon Park -- the houses are empty -- and that owner must have said, "The house is empty and you are preventing me from getting some rent." Just to prevent us, the police have taken it for rent; now the police people are living there, just watching so that if anything shows any sign of love then a crime is being committed.

The society is against love, the government is against love, the education is against love.

I remember... I was sitting with the vice-chancellor of the university where I was teaching philosophy. He used to love me; once in a while passing through the corridor if he would see me he would immediately send somebody to call me -- "If you don't have any classes or anything, if you are not engaged, just come and have a cup of tea with me."

He loved to discuss things of the beyond; he had a certain philosophical bent of mind. One day when I was sitting with him, a post-graduate student girl came in, crying. And she said, "I have been continuously harassed by one young man -- he is also in the same subject, in the same class. He goes on harassing me in different ways."

The vice-chancellor asked, "Just tell me what he actually does."

She said, "Sometimes he takes the air out of my bicycle, sometimes if there is nobody around he throws a pebble at me. And continuously he goes on writing letters -- without

signing them. I know that he is the person, I know his writing." And she had brought about three or four dozen letters. The vice-chancellor said, "I know that boy. You are not the first to report against him. He has been in this university for five years -- from the very beginning -- and continuously he has been doing the same things. I am tired of him, he has been punished in every way. Now the only way is to expel him from the university."

I said, "Just wait a minute. We will have to decide whom to expel."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I mean whether I have to be expelled or you have to be expelled or this girl has to be expelled or that boy has to be expelled -- there are four persons involved."

He said, "Have you suddenly gone crazy?"

I said, "You keep quiet. Let me talk with the girl." I said, "Be true and authentic -- don't you really enjoy being harassed?"

There was a moment of silence, but her tears disappeared. I asked her, "If nobody punctured your bicycle, nobody threw a pebble at you, and nobody ever wrote a single letter, would that be preferable?"

She said, "I have never thought about it in this way. No, that will not be preferable."

And I asked her, "Be sincere. Your coming here to report -- is not some joy inside that only you are the most beautiful girl? And you have brought all the proofs for it."

She said, "But how have you come to know?"

I said, "This is not a question of coming to know about it, just a simple psychology: a woman suffers most if nobody looks at her." Although if you look at her for more than

three seconds, she is going to be very angry. Three seconds is the limit found by psychologists. Three second means casual, by the way, but looking more than that becomes staring. But if a woman is never stared at by anyone, she will suffer immensely.

I told the girl, "I can see you are feeling proud, even in your tears." She was a beautiful girl. I said, "The boy has done nothing wrong, it is just that he is stupid and does not know how to persuade a girl."

I told the vice-chancellor, "You need not interfere. Send the boy to me -- I will teach him how to make love."

He said, "Is this the university, the seat of wisdom?"

And I asked the girl, "What do you want? You say it, it will be done. If you want that boy to be expelled he will be expelled."

She said, "No, I don't want him to be expelled. In fact, without him this whole university will be empty for me. He is beautiful."

He vice-chancellor said, "Strange... if he is beautiful and you cannot live without him, then why have you come to complain?"

I said, "This is simple advertisement." And then I said to the girl, "So there is no need for me to call the boy?"

She said, "There is no need, because if he takes the air out... he also keeps a pump, to help me. If he throws pebbles at me, he makes sure that they don't hit me or don't hurt me. And if he writes letters there is nothing wrong in those letters. And perhaps you are right, that I had come here for the purpose you mentioned."

I said to the vice-chancellor, "I will manage -- no interference from your side; otherwise I am going to call a

meeting of all the boys and all the girls of the university and tell them that this vice-chancellor has to be expelled because he does not even respect love."
He said to the girl, "Now you can go -- you need not listen to these things. You forget what he has said, it is just between me and him." And then he turned towards me; he said, "You should not say such things before the students."
I said, "Just one question and I will go, because I have my class. And I have got the subject..."
He said, "What subject?"
I said, "This subject -- because I don't have any program, I never decide about what I am going to teach. This is such a beautiful subject... but one question before I leave. Remember your days when you were young and a student in the university? And be truthful -- have you not ever looked at a girl with desire, with longing? Have you not written a love letter?"
He said, "It is very difficult to be untruthful to you, because your eyes penetrate so deep that I know you will find out what the truth is. You are right. But now I am a vice-chancellor and I have to manage a university of ten thousand students."
I said, "You don't know how to manage. Expelling because the boy loves the girl? And the girl was certainly beautiful -- what do you think? Don't you feel like writing a love letter?"
He said, "At my age?"
I said, "Love knows no age."
He said, "That's true, but don't tell anybody. If my wife comes to know that I have confessed to you that I like the girl, then there is going to be terrorism in my home!"

Because people are not allowed, given opportunities by their elders.... No father, no mother, no elder brother, no professor, no teacher ever shares with his students, with his children, his own experiences. So naturally everybody remains almost an amateur lover. He never passes from ABC, and one has to go beyond love only when one has passed XYZ.

Love is a sleeping energy in you.

My experience is, if your mind can be emptied out of all the crap that you are filled with, in that emptiness blossoms the flower of love, of joy, of peace, and of all that is beautiful in existence.

And unless you have it, how can you give it to anybody? Your hands are empty, your heart is empty.

Kahlil Gibran goes on talking about beautiful things, but those beautiful things need a clear-cut understanding of where and how you are going to find them.

And once you have them, everything that you will do will have the magical touch of your experience. It is not only a question of exchange -- a man of love even touches the chair with love, although the chair may not feel it. But who knows? The chair may have a different kind of sensitivity, different from ours.

A man who knows love cannot do anything without it -- it is not within his capacity. And when I say it, I say it with absolute authority: I cannot even move my hand without love, although I am moving my hand in the air. Since I have come to know my own inner being, every act, small or big, has become full of love and joy and peace and silence.

And justice is only a by-product of love -- a man of love cannot be unjust. But neither your judges know what love

is nor your lawmakers know what love is. That's why there are ugly laws, "unkindly," inhuman.

Justice is a by-product. It is not a question of going to a law college and learning all about the laws, and it is not a question of being a judge. Because I have been to the courts and seen the judges -- they are so dead, so miserably dead and absolutely unconcerned with what they are doing. They are technicians. They know all the legal jargon.

In the first court where I was brought after my arrest in America, I had some hope, because the magistrate was a woman. But I forgot completely that a woman is more hungry for power, more hungry for prestige, more hungry to rise on the ladder of success, because for centuries she has been denied. I simply thought, she is a woman and she will understand.

But she was bribed by the White House, and this was related to me by the highest law authorities in Carolina. The U.S. Marshal who was taking me back and forth from the court to the jail told me on the way: "It is absolutely unjust what is happening, but you will have to tolerate it. It is only a question of a few days. They cannot manage more than a week to keep you in the jail, because the pressure from all over the world is increasing. And all the news media all over the world are focused only on one question -- why you have been arrested and where you are being kept."

And why was I not brought to Oregon, to Portland where the court was going to decide whether I should be bailed out or not? Why was I moved for twelve days continuously from one jail to another? The root cause was that fat woman, who must have been feeling guilty, because she

never looked at me eye to eye. And she must have been feeling afraid, too, because she told the marshal: "Tell Osho he cannot use his cap in the court because in America it is thought to be a contempt of the court."

I told the U.S. Marshal, "I will wear my cap, and if she has guts she should ask me in the court. It is a question which has to be decided, whether the cap is a respect for the court or a contempt."

He became very nervous. He went inside, told the woman. She said, "Don't disturb him. I will not raise the question at all, he can wear the cap." Perhaps I am the first man who has used his cap in the American court, because it is a "contempt of the court."

I was prepared to fight -- I was not bothered about the bail or all the law and the crimes that they were finding against me. One hundred and thirty-six crimes -- I was not concerned. I wanted to face the woman directly, and I wanted to see how much guts she had. I wanted to listen to how the cap can be called a contempt of the court. Then why is my robe not a contempt of the court? I will remove both together, just to give respect to the court!

She understood, that it is better not to get entangled with this man. The U.S. Marshal came running and he said, "You can use it, there is no problem. Don't be worried about it."

I said, "What happened? Has the law changed in America?" And the same marshal told me on the way to jail -- because I was refused bail.... It is a strange case, a historical phenomenon, because the U.S. Attorney argued for three days continuously and could not prove that I had committed a single crime. And finally he himself accepted

it: "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but still I want the magistrate to know that the government is not in favor of bail being allowed for him."
And all over the world they go on saying that the Department of Justice is not under the government, that the government cannot interfere.
The marshal told me, "The reality behind the scenes is that the woman has been bribed. She has been told that if she does not give you bail she will be made a federal judge." She was only a state magistrate, and that was her great ambition.
I said, "If she had asked me, I would not have even bothered about the bail. I would have told my attorneys, `Don't argue. If my being in the jail for few days helps a poor woman to become a federal judge, let it be so.'"
Justice is a by-product of love.
But neither man knows nor woman; they have all forgotten what love is. Only the word remains, just like "God"... utterly empty. You open the word "God" and inside there is nothing. The same is the case with the word "love."
Love arises only in those who know themselves.
Love is the light that fills the meditative heart.
Love is the flame that arises in you when you make space for it. Your thoughts must be thrown out, your prejudices must be thrown out. And then there is no problem about justice -- you cannot be unjust to anybody. Even to your enemies you cannot be unjust.
He is talking beautifully:

YET UNLESS THE EXCHANGE BE IN LOVE AND KINDLY JUSTICE, IT WILL LEAD SOME TO GREED AND OTHERS TO HUNGER.

That's what has happened. There is no justice in the world, there is no love in the world -- there is only greed and hunger. The hunger is because of greed, because a few people are so hypnotized by money that they go on collecting without bothering that the more money you collect, the more people will be dying in Ethiopia, in India, in the whole poor East.

All your money is soaked in blood.

Your bank balances show how many people you have murdered.

Greed is a very beautiful word, because it carries its whole meaning with a perceptivity that you cannot imagine. It comes from a Sanskrit root, and in Sanskrit every word has a certain meaning and depth which is not the case with other languages.

In Sanskrit, the vulture is called giddha. And the vulture eats the corpses of man, animal, birds; he lives only on the death of others. His life depends on the death of others. The English word greed is a transformation in the long journey of the word giddha. Anybody who is greedy is absolutely unconscious of the fact that their greed is creating somewhere poverty, hunger, disease, death.

So he is right: if there is greed then the world is going to be divided into two classes -- those who have and those who have not.

This is not a human way of creating a world. It is utterly ugly. If vultures were creating it, it would be relevant. But human beings are creating it; it becomes very irrelevant.
In Afghanistan just the other day, I was informed... it is now a long time that the poor Afghanis are being unnecessarily killed. And the Afghani is one of the most beautiful men on the earth -- tall, with a long life, longer than anybody else; beautiful. You cannot find a fat Afghani. They are like beautiful, tall trees -- seven feet is almost normal height. Beautiful faces, beautiful bodies... and a simple people, utterly happy although they have nothing.
But because of the greed of America, they are being crushed between American and Soviet forces. They have become a war field. America is supplying weapons to one part, to one party of politicians. And to counter it, there was no other way but for the remaining Afghanis to ask the help of the Soviet Union. Their boundaries meet. America is far away.
But greed has wings, just like the vultures -- big wings.
So now the Soviet Union goes on supplying all kinds of out-of-date weapons; America goes on supplying the out-of-date weapons to the other party, and Afghanis are killing each other.
Now the Soviet Union seems to be entering into a new age. With the new prime minister, the Soviet Union is no more the old closed Stalinist society; it is becoming more open. And the release of the academician Sakharov from a life sentence is a historical thing in the Soviet Union. In the sixty years after the revolution, this is for the first time that somebody has come back alive from a life sentence. A life

sentence means you will be brought back only when you are dead.

And Sakharov shows the spirit of the new man. Before his release he phoned the prime minister, saying that "I will agree to come back from Siberia only if my individual integrity, my freedom of expression, my freedom of movement -- not only in Russia; even if I want to go out of Russia -- if all these things are granted, only then I want to come back. Otherwise, what is the point? Death will come anywhere, in Siberia or in Moscow. At least in Siberia there is a deep contentment that I am dying for freedom. In Moscow even that contentment will not be there."

And the new prime minister accepted his conditions, saying that "Your freedom of expression will not be interfered with. You will be reinstated as the director of the academy for physics. And your movement will totally depend on you -- wherever you want to go, you can go."

Russia certainly is entering a new age, out of darkness, while America is slipping into darkness.

I am punished because of exercising my freedom of expression. I am punished because I criticized Christianity and its superstitions. On the one hand, I am expelled from America. And my commune has been destroyed in such a fascist and ugly way that even Adolf Hitler would have felt ashamed.

The Soviet Union is opening. Hence the Soviet Union wants to withdraw from Afghanistan -- but America is not willing. Now it is a problem: if the Soviet Union withdraws completely from Afghanistan, America is going to take over the whole of Afghanistan. This will be, in a way, a betrayal to the Afghanis who have been dependent on the

Soviet Union in their fight with America. They are poor people with no armies, no arms... but they are very proud people.

The British government tried many times. A small fraction of Afghanistan touches the boundary of India. And the best of the Afghanis, the Pakhtoons -- they are the most beautiful, most simple. The British government tried many times to take over the Pakhtoons, Pakhtoonistan. Because once Pakhtoonistan is taken over, then comes the boundary of Afghanistan and in the second step, Afghanistan can be taken over.

But British imperialists became afraid for a simple reason -- the Pakhtoons were ready to die but not to be enslaved. They don't have any arms, they don't have any army. They declared, "We will face your arms with our chests. You can destroy every Pakhtoon, from small children to the oldest people, men and women all, but as long as a single Pakhtoon is alive, you cannot say you are victorious. You will be victorious only when the whole of Pakhtoonistan has become a graveyard. So if you want to win a graveyard, we are ready."

Seeing their determination, knowing their pride, the British imperialists dropped the very idea. That's why Afghanistan was never bothered by Britain, because those Pakhtoons were in between.

Now the Soviet Union wants to pull out, because it is unnecessary killing, there is no justice in it. They have not harmed anybody. They are not political people, they don't have any desire to invade. India has been invaded continually for two thousand years by every neighbor except Afghanistan and the Pakhtoons. A really freedom-

loving people will not want anybody to be enslaved -- although they are poor and there was every temptation to invade India. But the simple desire to remain free creates a by-product -- let others also be free.
If you know love, you will know justice.
If you know love and justice you cannot be greedy, because your greed is going to kill someone somewhere.
By killing people, if you can have a bigger bank balance, what is the gain? By killing all those people you have killed your own soul, too.

WHEN IN THE MARKETPLACE YOU TOILERS OF THE SEA AND FIELDS AND VINEYARDS MEET THE WEAVERS AND THE POTTERS AND THE GATHERERS OF SPICES,
INVOKE THEN THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH, TO COME INTO YOUR MIDST AND SANCTIFY THE SCALES AND THE RECKONING THAT WEIGHS VALUE AGAINST VALUE.

This is sheer ignorance.
What do you mean by "invoking the spirit of the earth"? Religious people have been doing this for centuries -- in India it is an everyday affair. When rains don't come, they invoke the spirit of the sky. Rains still don't come. When too much rain comes and there are floods and thousands of villages are drowned, they again invoke the spirit of the sky. But what will you do in your invocations? Praying to the empty sky, which does not understand your language.... And it never works.

Still, for centuries, knowing that it does not work they go on doing the same.
Kahlil Gibran is simply repeating a very primitive superstition of the whole humanity. The question is not of invoking the spirit of the sky or of the earth -- the question is of finding your own soul.
Hence I say unto you, invoke your consciousness. Invoke silence in your being. It cannot be done by mantras, chantings, prayers. It can be done only by meditation, there is no other method.
Only your meditative silence, filled with love and fragrance, will sanctify every act that you do.
It will also sanctify your inactivity, if you are not doing anything.
Your very silence will become a charismatic presence, and will create waves of love which will go far away over the oceans to the stars.
Awake yourself. Strange -- people have been trying to wake the spirit of the earth, and they are fast asleep and snoring!
You are the spirit of the earth.
You are the spirit of the sky.
Except you, there is no consciousness anywhere.
Only you can be filled with love, only you can be just.

AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS...

Who are the barren-handed? Perhaps Kahlil Gibran himself has no idea who the barren-handed are. Your saints, your monks, your so-called spiritual guides -- these are the

barren-handed. They don't produce anything, they don't create anything. They are a burden on humanity.
There are millions of these people. Every religion has millions of monks who live on your labor. They are the real parasites -- some kind of "Flit" has to be invented to kill these parasites.

AND SUFFER NOT THE BARREN-HANDED TO TAKE PART IN YOUR TRANSACTIONS, WHO WOULD SELL THEIR WORDS FOR YOUR LABOUR.

The preachers, the priests -- what have they got? Mere words, heard from others, and they will go on selling their empty words in exchange for your labor. You are making, creating, producing. And the unproductive, the uncreative have become your leaders, mediators between you and God. These are the cheaters, the most mean -- because all that they are saying is lies. But they have been selling those lies for centuries.
It is time to stop these bloodsuckers. If we can be free from these priests and preachers, humanity will be unburdened -- unburdened from guilt, unburdened from fear. Unburdened from greed, because heaven is nothing but greed extended to the beyond. Unburdened from hell, because hell is nothing but fear extended beyond death.
These people have become very proficient and articulate, because that has been their business for centuries.

TO SUCH MEN YOU SHOULD SAY:
"COME WITH US TO THE FIELD, OR GO WITH OUR BROTHERS TO THE SEA AND CAST YOUR NET.

FOR THE LAND AND THE SEA SHALL BE BOUNTIFUL TO YOU EVEN AS TO US."

I agree with the spirit of the statement, but I will not say or go with our brothers to the sea and cast your net because again you have forgotten that you are going to kill living beings. Where has your love gone? Where is your justice now?
That's why I say Kahlil Gibran dreams beautiful dreams, but it is not his, experienced in the full daylight of an awakened soul. A great poet, but all his poetry only once in a while touches the heights, and again and again falls back.

AND IF THERE COME THE SINGERS AND THE DANCERS AND THE FLUTE PLAYERS, BUY OF THEIR GIFTS ALSO.

You can see -- he is just like a wave, rises and falls. Now he has risen again to a great insight: and if there come the singers and the dancers and the flute players, buy of their gifts also because they are also creators. But note the fact that he forgets completely to include the mystics.
And the mystics are the greatest creators in the world -- but their creativity is not visible. They are not sculptors so that you can see their statues and they are not poets so that you can see their poetry. They are not potters and they are not dancers and they are not singers. What do they create?
They create man, they create higher peaks of consciousness in humanity.
All that is great in man has been created by the mystics, but it is invisible, obviously.

But it is important that Kahlil Gibran forgets the mystics completely. I cannot forget them. I would like to say to you that the mystics will not come to your marketplaces, you will have to go to the mystics. Because in the marketplace they will not be understood. What kind of commodity have they brought? Even the flute player can convince people that he has brought something, he has brought some entertainment -- a beautiful song. But what is the mystic going to show?
His hands are empty, but his soul is full.
But to see that, you will have to go to the mystics, because only those in whose being the urge, the search for truth has arisen, will be able to understand something.

FOR THEY TOO ARE GATHERERS OF FRUIT AND FRANKINCENSE, AND THAT WHICH THEY BRING, THOUGH FASHIONED OF DREAMS, IS RAIMENT AND FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL.

No, absolutely no. The dreams are not going to be nourishment for the soul. The dreams can only be entertainment for the mind and the heart, at the most. If you are hungry in the body, then music will not help. Then you will need bread. If you are hungry in the soul, then too music will not help. Then you need meditation. Then you need the blessing of one who has arrived and who is so overflowing in his soul that he is ready to share.

AND BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE MARKETPLACE, SEE THAT NO ONE HAS GONE HIS WAY WITH EMPTY HANDS.

FOR THE MASTER SPIRIT OF THE EARTH SHALL NOT SLEEP PEACEFULLY UPON THE WIND TILL THE NEEDS OF THE LEAST OF YOU ARE SATISFIED.

Again he brings something of nonsense in -- the spirit of the earth. In what he is saying, his intention is good: And before you leave the marketplace, see that no one has gone his way with empty hands. Not because the spirit of the earth shall not sleep peacefully. It is sleeping peacefully -- whether you are here or not it does not matter! It never wakes up. But the spirit of those who have gone empty-handed will not sleep peacefully -- how can you sleep peacefully in hunger?

The longer I look at Kahlil Gibran... I feel he is a one-eyed man. He does not have two eyes, so there is an imbalance. For a balanced approach, two eyes are needed, just as two wings are needed.

You cannot fly high with one wing. You may flop, but not fly. The one-eyed person also sees, but his vision is half. And of course as far as the inner world is concerned, a half-vision can sometimes prove very dangerous.

Now, he is not bothered about those who are going with empty hands, that they will not be able to sleep peacefully. He is bothered about the spirit of the earth... upon the wind, til the needs of the least of you are satisfied.

It seems sometimes he gets hypnotized by his own words, and words have a tendency: one word leads to another word. And he forgets -- or perhaps he does not know the whole truth at all.

But whatever he is saying is a good beginning. We are going to look into many great poets with this new kind of commentary, because I have my whole vision. So when I see something is wrong it does not matter who has asserted it -- the wrong is wrong and the right is right. It has never been done before, and of course I am going to annoy many people.
There are millions of people who love Kahlil Gibran -- they will be annoyed very much. But should I care about people and their annoyance or should I care about what is true and what is not true?
My decision is unconditionally for the truth.
Even if the whole world is against me, it does not matter at all.
It is enough for me and for my absolute contentment that I have been always on the side of truth; I have never tried to drag the truth to my side.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #20
Chapter title: Crime: a crowd psychology
18 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

THEN ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND,
THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE UNTO YOURSELF.
AND FOR THAT WRONG COMMITTED MUST YOU KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE UNHEEDED AT THE GATE OF THE BLESSED.
LIKE THE OCEAN IS YOUR GOD-SELF;
IT REMAINS FOR EVER UNDEFILED.
AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED.
EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF;
IT KNOWS NOT THE WAYS OF THE MOLE NOR SEEKS IT THE HOLES OF THE SERPENT.
BUT YOUR GOD-SELF DWELLS NOT ALONE IN YOUR BEING.
MUCH IN YOU IS STILL MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET MAN,
BUT A SHAPELESS PYGMY THAT WALKS ASLEEP IN THE MIST SEARCHING FOR ITS OWN AWAKENING.
AND OF THE MAN IN YOU WOULD I NOW SPEAK.
FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

I continuously feel sad and sorry for Kahlil Gibran. He does not really belong to the crowd. He belongs to the highest peaks of human consciousness, but he knows not the way.

It seems basically he is a poet but once in a while, in his dreams, he has seen the sunlit peaks of his consciousness, too. He has tried his best to convey whatever his dreams have revealed to him -- but dreams don't reveal the truth. At the most, the best dream is nothing but a full moon night, shadowed, reflected in a lake. If the lake is silent -- no ripples, no wind blowing and disturbing it -- it becomes a mirror and one can see the moon in that mirror. But it is not the real moon, it is only the reflection. A small pebble thrown in the lake, and all the silver of the moon will be spread in ripples all over, and the moon disappears.

So is the case, unfortunately, with Kahlil Gibran.

When he describes the moon he is really describing the reflection of the moon. The reflection is almost exactly like the moon -- and sometimes even more beautiful. The lake also enhances the beauty; the silence surrounding the lake also makes the dream richer. But howsoever rich a dream may be, it is still a dream.

Again I can make the distinction between the poet and the mystic: the poet at the most sees the reflection; the mystic sees the moon. So they are very close, and sometimes the poet comes to describe the moon so realistically that almost anyone can be deceived. Moreover, the poet has an articulateness which is not necessary for a mystic. So you can be deceived. The mystic may look ordinary in his expressions, and the poet is able to decorate his dreams according to his own articulateness.

I feel sad and sorry for Kahlil Gibran that he remained satisfied with the reflection in the lake. He never thought about what the reflection was of. He was a great dreamer, and his dreams brought magic to his words. Again and again you will see him coming very close to the truth; but he goes on missing the point.

THEN ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE CITY STOOD FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE UNTO YOURSELF.

This can never be said by a man who is awakened, who has seen the real moon. In fact, he will say just the contrary. Let me repeat Kahlil Gibran and show you how he goes on being a Gautam Buddha -- missing again and again. I don't feel sad and sorry for everybody, but Kahlil Gibran has the potential, and is unaware of it. He says:

IT IS WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE AND UNGUARDED, COMMIT A WRONG UNTO OTHERS AND THEREFORE UNTO YOURSELF. The truth is, it is WHEN YOUR SPIRIT GOES WANDERING UPON THE WIND THAT YOU, ALONE -- absolutely alone -- for the first time know what virtue is.

Man has never committed crimes unto others and unto himself in his absolute aloneness. He commits crimes in the crowd, with the crowd -- because in the crowd and with the crowd he does not feel responsible for what he is doing. He is simply a cog in the machine. He can easily say, "I was doing something which was being done by everybody else."

In India, almost every day somewhere or other there are riots amongst Hindus and Mohammedans, Jainas and Mohammedans.... I used to live in a city which is famous only for its riots. A small excuse, and the whole city is on fire... because that city was almost balanced in population between Mohammedans and Hindus. And small and stupid things, which are thought to be religious, spiritual....

For example, if you -- with your music, your drums, your songs, your flutes -- pass a Mohammedan mosque and don't stop your music, it is enough to kill hundreds of people, to burn dozens of houses.

And the first victim of all these riots is the woman. She is raped, taken away. And Hindus cannot accept a woman who has been raped by a Mohammedan. Even if he has not raped her, but the woman has stayed in the house of a Mohammedan just for one night, that's enough for the primitive Hindu mind to condemn her. She has lost her soul, her spirituality. She cannot be accepted.

I was watching these riots for almost twenty years continuously, and I was wondering -- nice, beautiful, very loving people -- how do they suddenly change? Just a rumor is enough, and killing and murder and violence start.

In the university, one of the professors -- a very nice, loving human being -- when I saw him putting fire to a

Hindu temple I could not resist the temptation to ask him. After the riots were over and the curfew was withdrawn, I said, "I could have believed anybody to be so ugly and violent, but not you. I want to ask a few questions: one is, could you alone burn the Hindu temple, which has not harmed you or anybody?"

He said, "Why are you asking this?"

I said, "I want to understand the psychology of crime."

Tears came to his eyes, and he said, "Alone it is inconceivable, but in the crowd one becomes just a part of the crowd. And when there are so many people putting fire to the temple, some unconscious urge for violence, destruction, animality, surfaces."

One forgets completely his own individuality; he becomes just a cog in the machine. Whatever he does is not his doing, it is the doing of the unconscious crowd. And he is pulled in by the crowd.

Kahlil Gibran seems to be absolutely unaware that wandering upon the wind in your total aloneness, one becomes enlightened, not a criminal. Crime as such is part of the mob psychology. It seems consciousness is something like water. Water always keeps the same level -- and when you are part of a crowd, your consciousness also comes to have the same level, same blindness, as the mob. People in their aloneness have become Everests, the highest peaks of consciousness. But the crowd has never risen to consciousness; you have never heard about a crowd which is enlightened. It is always the individual who has the capacity to rise on the winds, just like an eagle flying alone across the sun, to greater and greater freedom.

The mob is always of the slaves, of the people who are afraid, people whose beings are full of fear. Lions don't move in a crowd. In their dignity and pride, in their glory and magnificence, they stand alone. It is only the sheep, cowards -- full of fear, always concerned about their death -- they remain in a crowd.

You will not see a sheep alone. Alone, she starts feeling lost. She does not know what to do, where to go. It was always the crowd psychology which has dominated her. Crime is not born out of the aloneness of man. It is born out of the cowards, who are not capable of being alone.

With the crowd there is a certain security, a certain coziness -- just watch a crowd of sheep, how they move. They don't even leave spaces. Touching each others' bodies, they move as if they have one consciousness. And they are happy in their non-individuality.

Crime comes not out of individuals, it comes out of those who cannot experience aloneness and the heights of the winds, who cannot open their wings, out of fear that they may be lost. Kahlil Gibran's idea is absolutely misleading -- categorically wrong.

But the last part of his statement, taken separately from the whole, has a reflection of the moon -- when he says that when you commit a crime against others, you are also committing a crime against yourself. I say it is a reflection because in a reflection, a change happens. When you are standing before a mirror, your right eye in the reflection becomes your left eye; your left eye in the reflection becomes your right eye. The same has happened even with this statement which has some reflection -- it is a reflection, and cannot be truly representative of truth.

He says, when you commit a crime against other people you are also committing a crime against yourself. The reality is, before committing a crime against others you have already committed a crime against yourself. Unless you have committed a crime against yourself it is impossible to commit a crime against others.
This proves my hypothesis that he is looking at the reflection. How can you be full of hate towards others if you are not full of hate towards yourself? And how can you be loving to others if you are not loving to yourself? You come first -- and you do to other people the same that you are doing to yourself. So the reality is almost vice-versa.
In aloneness is born your freedom, your independence. In aloneness your consciousness has nothing else to be busy with -- left alone, it starts turning upon itself; there is nowhere else to go. And when consciousness becomes a circle, coming back to the source from where it started, your life is no more the old, unconscious life. Because the returning consciousness goes on dispelling all darkness from every nook and corner of your being.
And when you are full of light you have tasted godliness for the first time.
In aloneness, nobody commits a crime -- cannot commit a crime.

AND FOR THAT WRONG COMMITTED MUST YOU KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE UNHEEDED AT THE GATE OF THE BLESSED.

There is no need to wait at the gate of the blessed, because in your aloneness you have become the blessed. That is the meaning of the Sanskrit word Bhagwan -- the blessed one.
But even people like Jesus are unaware of what they are saying and what they are doing. His whole life he was telling people, "You are sheep and I am your shepherd." This is humiliation! To call a human being a sheep means you have taken all his dignity, you have destroyed his freedom, you have made him part of a mob.
And all the religions have done it, whether they say it or not, for a simple reason: because unless people are sheep, how are they going to be shepherds? The priests, the theologians, the politicians, all need you to remain sheep -- just a crowd. Every effort is being made to destroy your individuality and to destroy your aloneness, because if you are alone you will be a lion. And lions don't need any shepherds.
Yes, once in a while, for a breakfast....
My effort with you is to bring you out of this constant conditioning that you are part of a crowd -- no, you are just yourself. And you are not sheep, you are lions.
And that's where you can see the difference between Jesus and Gautam Buddha. Gautam Buddha used to say that whenever a person becomes initiated into meditation, enters his own soul -- where nobody else can enter, where he is going to be absolutely alone -- there arises in him the lion's roar. Buddha is giving dignity to you, he is transforming you from the world of sheep into the glory of being a lion.
I want my people to be lions.

You can be together -- not as a crowd, but as a gathering of lions; each one separate and individual, allowing space for everybody else.

It is because of people like Jesus -- who are beautiful, in many ways -- that the world is suffering all kinds of oppression, exploitation. Because what can a sheep do? No one has ever heard of any revolution happening in a crowd of sheep. They are very obedient to the crowd. They are very obedient to the shepherd.

The shepherd is not going to save them; he has already destroyed them. And to call himself a shepherd and all other human beings just sheep, shows a deep-rooted ego -- not enlightenment, where ego disappears, when one is but there is no "I", no ego, no longing to be superior and holier than others.

The misunderstandings in Kahlil Gibran are deeply connected with the misunderstandings of Jesus Christ. He loved Jesus, his language reflects Jesus, his statements reflect Jesus, although he is far more poetic. Far more beautiful is his way of expression -- but never be deceived by the expressions, howsoever beautiful they are. Dissect all those beautiful expressions and you will not find anything within them. Or, what you will find will be only darkness, misunderstanding, ignorance.

The people who have been in search of truth have always gone in aloneness. And the people who want to find the meaning of life have always gone into themselves, where nobody else can enter.

Aloneness outside... aloneness inside... and you have come to a point where you can roar like a lion. Of course, millions of sheep are going to be annoyed with you,

because they cannot roar like a lion and they cannot soar like an eagle. They have been told just to believe in the crowd in which they have accidentally been born.
A person who remains part of a crowd never attains his true individuality. He remains fake.
You have heard the expression, which exists in almost all languages: A sheep hiding itself in a lion's skin. These kinds of sayings are not out of the wisdom of centuries, they are out of the ignorance of centuries. I would like to put the proverb right: The truth is that you are a lion forced to live in the skin of a sheep.
And there is no need, and there is no place where you have to knock to find the blessed one. Yes, there is a space where the blessed one is already waiting for you -- and it is within you. Neither Jesus nor anybody else can lead you there -- only you. If you revolt from being a sheep and gather courage to roar like a lion and to move like a lion, you will be the blessed one.

LIKE THE OCEAN IS YOUR GOD-SELF; IT REMAINS FOREVER UNDEFILED.

This is the beauty of Kahlil Gibran, that although he falls again and again, he gets up....
He lived almost his whole life in America, where the motto of every American is: Try and try and try again! And the poor fellow is doing the best he can, but he falls -- and you have to remember this, and you have to be very mindful, very alert, when you are reading Kahlil Gibran or anybody else.

A great calamity has happened to humanity. A idea has become settled in the minds of people that if someone is right, he is always right, and if someone is wrong he is always wrong. If somebody is a saint he is always a saint -- day out, day in; and if somebody is a sinner he is always a sinner -- day out, day in.

This is not the reality. Even sinners have moments when they are saints, and even saints go for a holiday.

This calamity goes back to Aristotle, the father of Western logic, because he accepts only two categories: either you are right or you are wrong. He forgets that there is a possibility of many positions between right and wrong. He has also forgotten the simple fact that you may be right in one thing and wrong in another thing.

But it needs tremendous awareness -- and particularly with people like Kahlil Gibran, whose words are hypnotizing. They are almost like a lullaby; they are very soothing, even if they are wrong. You become so impressed by them, you lose all your interest in being alert, aware, watchful.

Like the ocean is your god-self... This is true. Your being is not confined to your bones. Your being is not confined to the bag of skin in which you are living -- you call it your body. Your being is as vast as the ocean.

All the rivers of the world go on bringing every kind of rubbish, crap, dirt, dust, because they have been passing through thousands of miles. And for millions of years they have been falling into the ocean, but the ocean remains undefiled. This is a truth to be remembered. It should be written in letters of gold.

You have done all kinds of actions, good and bad. You have been right and wrong, you have seen all the days and

all the nights of your life, you have been to the temples and you have been to the prostitutes -- but your being remains undefiled, just as the ocean. You are so vast... these small things don't matter at all in the last reckoning.

Hence I say to you, never judge anybody by any small action that he has done. Somebody has stolen, somebody has murdered, somebody has lied -- these are small actions. Don't judge the man and his whole life on the basis of a small action.

And remember the ultimate truth -- that whatever you do, your innermost core remains undefiled. There is no way to pollute your being, to corrupt your soul. Within a second... if you become aware of your inner being, you will be surprised: "I was condemned by everybody, I was condemning myself, but my real being has remained untouched. It is always virgin, always pure."

I would like to tell you a beautiful story.

There was a man, thousands of years before. His name was Valmik; his profession was robbery. And if needed, he had no hesitation in killing people. If they resisted giving him their money, their valuable things, he had no hesitation for a single moment to kill them. He was a strong man.

At that time he was not known as Valmik, he was known as Valya Bhil -- the bhils are aboriginal, primitive tribes. And who would call Valya Bhil "Valmik"? -- because Valmik means the same, but becomes respectable. He was a robber and a murderer, and everybody knew it.

It was very rare that people would pass through the forest where he lived. The road had almost become unusable, because whoever passed that way was going to be robbed or killed.

A musician, a poet, and a very beautiful man, Narada, who always, even while moving, continued to play on a very simple musical instrument -- and remember, the more simple the instrument the more difficult it is to create great music out of it. He used to carry a simple instrument, an ektara -- a one-stringed sitar. It is easy when there are many strings to create music, because you can create different notes on different strings. The ektara has only one string -- that is the meaning of ektara. Ek means one; tara means string. It has become almost the symbol of Narada. You will not find a statue or a painting of him without his ektara.

He was a master musician, and a great poet -- and perhaps the only man in India who knew the hilariousness of existence, who used to laugh....

When he was leaving, people told him: "Don't go -- otherwise you will lose your ektara. That Valya does not care who you are, and if you try to save your ektara you will lose your head. Better is to follow another route, although that route is a little longer."

Narada said, "If I had not known I might have gone by the other route, but now it is a challenge, between Valya and Narada. I would love to see this man, who has made you all cowards, so afraid. Just a single man, and the whole traffic on the road has disappeared. Must be a lion, living in the forest... and thousands of people used to pass on this road. Now nobody goes there; the road is closed -- not for repair!"

Narada went, because he trusted in music more than in the murderousness of a man. What kind of music it is that cannot transform the murderous animal instinct in a man?

Valya heard the music -- it was enchanting, it had a magic. And when he saw Narada alone -- with no weapons, with no possessions, just one ektara ... the man was even more beautiful than his music. It has to be so, because the creator of anything is always greater than his creation; the creation cannot be greater than the creator. For the first time Valya felt hesitant, indecisive whether to let this beautiful man pass. But to make an exception would not be right -- this was his fame, that nobody could pass on that road without being robbed or killed.

So he warned the great musician and seer: "I pray to you, go back. If you don't go back I will have to take your possessions, whatever they are. If you resist you may lose your life. And I don't want to do anything with you -- neither do I want to take your instrument nor do I want to deprive you of life. And don't say later on that I did not warn you."

But Narada went on playing on his ektara. And rather than going on the road he came and sat by the side of Valya, who was sharpening his sword. Narada said, "You are a beautiful man; but why do you do such a thing?"

He said, "What else can I do? I don't have any education; I am an untouchable, the lowest and most condemned class of the Hindus. I cannot go to a temple, I cannot go in the city -- but I have to look after my wife, my old mother, my father, my children."

Narada said, "If that is the case, I would like to go to your home and ask everybody -- you are committing things which are inhuman. Who is going to be punished for them? You are committing all those things for your old mother

and father -- ask them, `Will you share my punishment too?' Ask your wife, ask your children: `Whatever I am doing I am doing for you -- are you going to share my punishment?'"

Valya laughed, and he said, "You seem to be very clever and cunning! I will go home and you will disappear. Nobody can cheat Valya."

Narada said, "There is no question of cheating. You can tie me with a rope to a tree -- and you know nobody comes here; I will wait. And whatever you want to do after, you can do. But first bring me the answer."

He had never thought about it. He went home. He asked his father, mother, his wife, his children -- nobody was ready to share the punishment. They said, "That is not our business. It is your responsibility to take care of your family; we are not concerned with how you are taking care. What you are doing is totally your responsibility."

It was a great shock. He could not believe that the parents he loved so much, the wife he loved so much... his own children, for whom he was committing all kinds of crimes... flatly refused: "It is your duty to take care of us. The question of sharing in your punishment does not arise."

He came back with tears in his eyes, untied Narada, touched his feet, and said, "Just by a single question you have transformed me. I don't have a family. If they cannot share my punishment they don't love me -- I was living in an illusion. They loved all the money that I was bringing to them, but when the question of punishment was raised not a single one answered that `I will share with you.' Now I don't have any family."

And he threw his sword away in the forest and asked Narada, "Initiate me so that one day I can also feel the same music and the same poetry and the same joy that I see on your face."

Narada said, "Much is not needed -- just the name of God. You have to start chanting the name of God, RAM."

Remember -- this is very confusing in a way -- this is not the same name as I discussed before, the king, Rama, who behaved with his wife in a very primitive, crude, ugly way. Ram is older than the Rama I discussed with you -- in fact he was named Rama because the name ram existed before him. It is the Hindu equivalent of God.

Narada said, "This will do: sit silently and repeat, ram, ram, ram, so that all that goes on in your mind slowly slowly is replaced by Ram. And this is the beauty of it -- that once it has replaced everything, it also disappears. In the same way you light a candle... the flame is not possible without the candle but slowly slowly, first the flame will burn the candle, and once the candle is finished the flame will disappear automatically."

This is something very significant. So he said, "You do simple things. Don't get involved in any complex thing because you are a simple man, a courageous man. And after a few months I will be coming back to see what is happening. If some other help is needed I will always be available to you."

But he was uneducated, aboriginal, a primitive man -- uncivilized, uncultured. He started with trust -- because this kind of simple person is always trusting. He started repeating, RAM... RAM... RAM... RAM... And Narada had

told him, "Go on repeating faster and faster -- don't leave any gap between two RAM'S."
The poor fellow got into trouble. If you repeat, "ram, ram, ram..." and he was uneducated, he had never heard the name. So he got mixed up; he started repeating "Mara, Mara, Mara..." ram means God, but if you repeat it, two Ram's join -- and the change is possible for an uneducated man. Mara means "dying, dying, dying..."
But in a way it is significant, the story. If you really want to achieve the state of godliness, the death of your ego is absolutely necessary. So although it was just a mistake, when after three months Narada came back, Valya was a transformed being. He was radiating light, pulsating the whole atmosphere with a new energy.
Even Narada felt defeated. His whole life he had been repeating, chanting, singing the name of God, playing on his musical instrument, but his gain had not been as much as Valya's. He was almost a light unto himself. Around him an aura of light... Narada could not call him valya again, because that would be disrespectful. He changed valya into Valmik, and told him, "You have done a miracle, because the same name I have been repeating for my whole life and just in three months you have left me far behind. It will take lives for me to catch hold of you."
He said, "I have not done anything except whatever you have told me. I have been repeating, `mara, mara, mara...'"
Narada said, "My god! I never told you that -- I told you ram.
He said, "I am an uneducated man, absolutely unaware of any religion or anything. My whole life has been just of

robbery and murder. I forgot -- instead of ram the order changed; the M of ram came ahead of R. Forgive me."
Narada said, "There is no need to forgive you. You are so innocent: without any greed, without any desire to be rewarded in heaven, even repeating mara, mara, you are a new man. Don't be worried. You continue -- whatever you have been doing is right."
"But," he said, "how can it be? What about my acts of murder? Because I cannot count so I cannot say how many people I have murdered. What about my robberies?"
Narada said to him, "Forget it all. You have reached the ocean of your being. It is radiating all over; even a blind man may be able to see it or, at least feel it -- the joy, the fragrance. And don't think at all about what you have been doing. Those are small acts. Small rivers, muddy, dirty, have fallen into the ocean, and the ocean is never made dirty by these rivers. It remains undefiled."

AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED.
EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF.
AND LIKE THE ETHER IT LIFTS BUT THE WINGED...

All that you need is wings, courage to be alone in the vast sky, with no guide, with no map, with no roads, with no signposts, with no milestones. It needs only courage and wings, and the whole sky is yours.

EVEN LIKE THE SUN IS YOUR GOD-SELF. Your innermost being, from a different angle is like the sun. IT KNOWS NOT THE WAYS OF THE MOLE NOR SEEKS IT THE HOLES OF THE SERPENT.

It rises for everyone to share, for everyone to receive fresh life every day. But it does not know the ways of the mole, nor seeks it the holes of the serpent. It is available -- the serpent can come out of his hole, the mole can come out of his hole.

Your self is also like the sun -- it is available, but you are living in a hole, different kinds of holes.

The sun will not knock on your doors. It is really inside you. You have to open all the doors and all the windows so life's fragrance starts showering on you, so the light that you have always contained starts radiating.

All these lines that have preceded, I support with my total being. But again he says:

BUT YOUR GOD-SELF DWELLS NOT ALONE IN YOUR BEING.

That too is true -- whatever dwells in your being dwells in every being. And the totality of all the beings is the ocean of consciousness. You can call it God -- I prefer the word godliness, because it is more a quality than a thing. It is more a presence than a person.

MUCH IN YOU IS STILL MAN, AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET MAN... Much in you is asleep -- your manhood, your humanity. AND MUCH IN YOU IS NOT YET EVEN MAN... your origins from the animals are also there.

In India, the Hindus have a very beautiful conception of one of their incarnations of God, which is half man and half animal. The whole world has laughed about it -- "what kind of stupidity is this?" But it is simply a symbol of your inner psychology.
Half in you is man and half is still animal. And the trouble is, the animal is fully awake and the man is fully asleep.

... BUT A SHAPELESS PYGMY THAT WALKS ASLEEP IN THE MIST, SEARCHING FOR ITS OWN AWAKENING.

The man in you tries to wake up. You know sometimes in a nightmare, you want to wake up but you cannot. You cannot open your eyes, you cannot move your hands -- as if everything has become paralyzed. The impact of the nightmare is so much that for a few moments you are almost dead. You will laugh about it when you wake up, but while you are asleep you are trembling with fear -- and even when you wake up you will find the after-effects, the hangover. Your perspiration will be there -- the night may be cool but the nightmare was so dangerous that your body accepted it as a reality. The body is blind. It started perspiring out of fear. You will find your heart is beating louder; although you are awake, still the nightmare's effects can be seen. Although the elephant has passed through the door, his tail is still inside the room.

AND OF THE MAN IN YOU WOULD I NOW SPEAK:

FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

Here he becomes hypothetical. He does not know; he himself is groping. What he says... something is right in it and something is wrong in it.

FOR IT IS HE AND NOT YOUR GOD-SELF NOR THE PYGMY IN THE MIST THAT KNOWS CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME...

He's dividing you in three parts: first the pygmy, the animal; second, the man who is asleep and groping, and trying to wake up; and third, the god-self. This division is wrong.

There is no god-self, only the awakened man. God-self is another name for the awakened man. That's why a man like Gautam Buddha said there is no God. And you can ignore the atheists, who have never explored their inner being, but you cannot ignore Gautam Buddha or Mahavira. Both say there is no God.

To say it in other words: When God is asleep, we call him man, and when man is awake, we call him God. The awakening of man is his godliness; there is no other god. So division is not threefold.

You are divided into the animal and man -- the animal has to go to sleep and the man has to come to awakening. And both things happen simultaneously. The awakened man you can call the god.

H.G. Wells was writing about the world's history. When he came to write about Buddha -- he studied much about Buddha and was very much puzzled: What to say about this man? What he said is so significant that perhaps it is difficult to find another statement made in this century which is more significant. He said about Buddha: "Gautam the Buddha is the most godless man and yet the most godly."

There is no need of any God if you are awake.

Your awakening, your enlightenment makes you laugh, that "I was looking for God in the sky and he was hiding within me."

A small story.... It is just a story, but full of meaning and juice.

When God created the world, he used to live in the world. But he became tired, because from the morning on, everybody would start coming with complaints: somebody has no child, somebody's child is sick, somebody's child has died; somebody has fallen in love but the parents are not allowing him to marry the woman... and millions are the problems. And just one poor God! And those who could not get him in the day would torture him in the night -- he was unable even to sleep.

Finally, he asked his advisor, "What should I do? These people will kill me! They don't allow me rest, and they bring a thousand and one problems. They should solve those problems. I have given them every capacity, intelligence, to solve all their problems but they want to throw all responsibility on me, thinking that `Why should we bother? Why did you create us in the first place? If you created us then take care of our problems.'"

The advisor whispered in his ear, "There is a place where these people will never go."
He said, "Just show it to me."
And he said, "You just hide inside these people themselves. They will go searching for you all over the world but they will never go inside. You can rest, relax." And he is resting and relaxing there.
If you want to know whether the story is true or not, go in!

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1
Chapter #21
Chapter title: Leaves of a single tree
18 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT ONE OF YOU BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR WORLD.
BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN YOU ALSO.

AND AS A SINGLE LEAF TURNS NOT YELLOW BUT WITH THE SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE WHOLE TREE,
SO THE WRONGDOER CANNOT DO WRONG WITHOUT THE HIDDEN WILL OF YOU ALL.
LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.
YOU ARE THE WAY AND THE WAYFARERS.
AND WHEN ONE OF YOU FALLS DOWN HE FALLS FOR THOSE BEHIND HIM, A CAUTION AGAINST THE STUMBLING STONE.
AY, AND HE FALLS FOR THOSE AHEAD OF HIM WHO, THOUGH FASTER AND SURER OF FOOT, YET REMOVED NOT THE STUMBLING STONE.
AND THIS ALSO, THOUGH THE WORD LIE HEAVY UPON YOUR HEARTS:
THE MURDERED IS NOT UNACCOUNTABLE FOR HIS OWN MURDER,
AND THE ROBBED IS NOT BLAMELESS IN BEING ROBBED.
THE RIGHTEOUS IS NOT INNOCENT OF THE DEEDS OF THE WICKED,
AND THE WHITE-HANDED IS NOT CLEAN IN THE DOINGS OF THE FELON.
YEA, THE GUILTY IS OFTENTIMES THE VICTIM OF THE INJURED.
AND STILL MORE OFTEN THE CONDEMNED IS THE BURDEN BEARER FOR THE GUILTLESS AND UNBLAMED.
YOU CANNOT SEPARATE THE JUST FROM THE UNJUST AND THE GOOD FROM THE WICKED;

FOR THEY STAND TOGETHER BEFORE THE FACE OF THE SUN EVEN AS THE BLACK THREAD AND THE WHITE ARE WOVEN TOGETHER.
AND WHEN THE BLACK THREAD BREAKS, THE WEAVER SHALL LOOK INTO THE WHOLE CLOTH, AND HE SHALL EXAMINE THE LOOM, ALSO.

The very idea of judging others is absolutely irreligious. But all the religions have committed the crime of judging others. All the religions have given you ideas about what is good, what is bad, what is right and what is wrong, what is virtue and what is sin. They have corrupted you because of these ideas -- because the same act may be good in one context and may be bad in another. By a single act, you cannot judge the whole life of a man.
And who are you to judge? Who has given you the authority to judge anybody as a saint or as a sinner?
You don't have the eyes to look into the beings of people, in their inner turmoil, in their unconscious longings. All that you can see is their act. But you cannot see their consciousness, and without knowing their consciousness your judgment is not only superficial but inhuman. Your very effort to judge is nothing but a desire to condemn or a desire to praise.
You condemn that which you yourself want to do, but you are afraid of the consequences; you are a coward. And you praise that which you want to become -- it is your desire, your longing, your lust for power, for prestige, for respectability. If you look at yourself, your judgments show much more about you than about the judged.

A man of true understanding is without judgment, because he has neither repressed any desire nor has he any lust for power and prestige and respectability. He is clean and pure. How can he judge?
Kahlil Gibran is saying a few very significant things here:

OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT ONE OF YOU,
BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR WORLD.

Do you have any idea what is wrong? Because what is wrong in one culture is right in another; what is wrong in one century becomes right in another century. What is right today may not be right tomorrow and what is right this moment may not remain right the next moment. Life is such a flux -- a continuous flow, changing directions, finding a path of which it has no knowledge and moving towards the ocean without any map, any guide.
So is, just like a river, the river of your life.
It happened: The emperor of China made Lao Tzu his supreme court chief justice. Lao Tzu tried to persuade him, but in vain: "You will repent if you make me the chief judge of your supreme court, because my ways of understanding and seeing are totally different from yours." But the emperor was very insistent, because he had heard so much about the wisdom of this man. He said, "I have decided. And you cannot refuse it."
The first case on the first day when Lao Tzu was in the seat of the chief justice, was about a man who was found red-

handed, stealing from the house of the richest man in the capital. In fact there was no case -- he was caught red-handed. There were eyewitnesses, and he himself confessed that "Whatever they are saying is true."

Lao Tzu gave his famous judgment -- so unique and so full of understanding that it has never been given by anyone before or after. The judgment was that the thief had to go to jail for six months -- and with him, the rich man also had to go to jail for six months! The whole court, the whole bench of judges could not believe what he was saying. They were thinking his judgment would show his wisdom; it shows that he is mad! What wrong has the rich man done?

The rich man said, "I cannot believe my ears. My money is being stolen and I am being punished? The same punishment as you are giving to the thief?"

Lao Tzu said, "You are the first criminal -- the thief comes number two. It is just my compassion that I am giving you only six months; you should be given a longer time in jail than the thief. You have gathered all the money of the capital, you have made thousands of people hungry, starving, dying -- and they are the people who produce. You are the greatest exploiter. The money belongs to them; he was not stealing, he was simply taking the money to where it belongs. You have been the thief, the greatest thief in the capital. So feel grateful that I am not sending you for six years."

His reasoning was so absolutely correct: If people go on gathering money on one side, then who is creating the thieves? And if somebody out of hunger, starvation, disease, old age, finds no other way to survive, and if he becomes a thief, who is responsible for it?

The whole court was silent. The rich man said, "Perhaps you are right, but before you send me to jail I want to see the emperor." And to the emperor he said, "You have put as a chief judge of your supreme court, a madman. And remember: if I am a thief you are a greater thief; and if today I am going to jail, just wait for your moment. We shall meet in the jail. You have exploited the whole country, and if you want to save your skin, remove this man immediately and cancel his judgment."

The emperor said, "It is my fault. That man was trying hard to persuade me. He told me, `Don't put me in the seat of the chief justice because my ways of seeing and understanding are totally different from your ways of seeing and understanding. You live in utter darkness and blindness; you don't see simple facts, that the thief is not the criminal but a victim. He needs all the sympathy possible; but on the contrary, he gets punishment. And the rich man needs nobody's sympathy, but nobody will ever think that he has to be punished. Your whole gang makes all the laws, which are favorable to you and unfavorable to the poor whose blood you all have been sucking.'"

Lao Tzu was relieved from his duties, and the emperor said, "You were right. Please forgive me. Our ways of thinking are totally different." Lao Tzu said, "Have you ever thought about it? You are saying our ways of thinking are totally different... if you had ever thought about it they would not have been different. They are different because I try to see the root cause -- why there is so much evil, why there is so much wrong. And you are only interested in collecting more and more power, more and more riches. Greed is unthinking, ambition is blind. And it is good that you have

come to some understanding on the first day because in my eyes, you are a criminal and sooner or later I was going to send you to jail. It is better that you have relieved me of the trouble of sending you to jail. But remember that you are the cause of all the crimes and you are never punished for it, and the poor victims are punished."

What is wrong? Who is going to define it?

To the Jainas, violence is wrong. Any act which destroys life is crime, it is a sin. But to the Hindus, to the Mohammedans, to the Christians, violence is a way of life. How many lives have you destroyed just for your food? And without ever thinking twice, "What am I doing?" And even the greatest amongst you are so blind and so tethered with the past that I sometimes wonder whether humanity will ever come out of this darkness or not.

Even a man like Ramakrishna kills fish to eat. Even a man like Jesus is a meat eater. And on the one hand they go on talking about love, about God, and about great things... they don't have even the right to talk about love, because they don't have any reverence for life.

Christians don't see anything wrong in drinking alcohol. Even Jesus himself was drinking alcohol. Hindus... for centuries all their so-called saints have been using drugs -- marijuana, hashish -- and they were worshipped, and nobody ever thought that a man who is a drug addict cannot be a saint. Yes, you can use drugs as medicine -- that is a totally different matter. But not as addiction.

And this is the case about everything. What is wrong? And what is right? And who is going to decide?

So the first thing, of immense concern to me, is how to decide for yourself. Don't be bothered about others -- their

problem is their problem. Don't judge them; it is none of your business. But for yourself, what is the criterion?
No religion has given you the criterion and yet I am asked again and again not to criticize any religion. They have given you ideas to judge others, fixed ideas, and life is never fixed. But they have never told you how they have come upon the conclusion that something is wrong and something is right. Just their forefathers have given them the ideas.
All traditions are blind. And any traditional person is sick, because he has not yet been able to find his own understanding.
But I give you the criterion -- I don't say what is right and what is wrong, I give you the criterion so whatever the situation, whatever the context, you will be always able to judge in that particular context and situation what is right and what is wrong.
And such a simple thing has been missed for thousands of years. Perhaps it is very simple and obvious; that's why it has been missed. All these so-called great thinkers and philosophers and theologians are stargazers. They don't see that which is close; their eyes are fixed far away on an imaginary God, a paradise beyond death.
I don't care at all about your gods, and I don't care at all what happens to you after your death. My concern is what happens to you right now, to your consciousness. Because that will always be with you, beyond death, wherever you are. Your consciousness will carry that light which divides the wrong from the right.

Anything that makes you more alert, more conscious, more peaceful, more silent, more celebrating, more festive, is good.
Anything that makes you unconscious, miserable, jealous, angry, destructive, is wrong.
I am not giving you a list of objects which are right and which are wrong. I am simply giving you a clarity to judge in each moment of life, without any consultation of ten commandments, of SRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, without asking the dead.
Why not ask the living source of being in you?
You are the only holy scripture in the world.
And unless you are clear about this simple and obvious thing... you try. Each moment brings the opportunity. And you will see that your criterion is always helpful, and without any dictation from the dead. It is your own understanding that simply goes on shifting.
Don't listen to anybody except your own consciousness. When you are angry, you lose consciousness, you become unconscious. Anger covers you like a black cloud. You can commit murder, you can destroy life. But when you are loving, bells of joy start ringing in your heart. You start feeling your consciousness rising. And if in love also you lose consciousness, become unconscious, then remember: you are calling lust, love. And this kind of love is not the right thing, because it is not going to help you to grow, to expand, to attain the fulfillment of your potential.
Anything that helps you to attain the fulfillment of your potential is good. It is not only a blessing to you, it is a blessing to the whole existence. No man is an island. We

are all a vast, infinite continent, joined together in the roots. Maybe our branches are separate, but our roots are one. Realizing one's potential is the only morality there is. Losing one's potential and falling into darkness and retardedness is the only sin, the only evil.
Kahlil Gibran is right when he says:

OFTENTIMES HAVE I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF ONE WHO COMMITS A WRONG AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT ONE OF YOU,
BUT A STRANGER UNTO YOU AND AN INTRUDER UPON YOUR WORLD.
BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN YOU ALSO.

In this existence, nobody is a stranger.
The sinner and the saint are not two separate worlds.
The real saint is one who has chosen to become so conscious that a third -- a witness, a watcher -- arises in him which can watch the sinner, which can watch the saint, and which knows that the saint and the sinner are two sides of the same coin. A few people have chosen one side, a few people have chosen another side -- but remember, the other side is always present. Any sinner can become a saint within moments, and any saint can fall and become a sinner also within moments. There is no qualitative difference

between them; both of them are repressing half of their being. The saint is repressing the sinner....

I have been always very much surprised that all religious scriptures written by so-called saints go on condemning the sinner. Why are they so much concerned with the sinner? They should sing the song of their fulfillment, they should make the world aware of the beauty that they have attained, they should radiate the light and the fragrance.

But no, their whole concern is to go on condemning the sinner -- in such detail that one wonders what they have repressed in themselves. They are at least trying to enjoy it by speaking about it.

I have heard about a woman who had come for confession to a Catholic priest. And she said, "Father, forgive me -- I have again been raped. And pray to God for me."

The priest said, "But it looks very strange -- this is third time! Every Sunday you come to confess that you have been raped. It is a strange coincidence."

She said, "The reality is, I have been raped only once."

"But then," the priest said, "for that you have been forgiven and I have prayed to God. Why bother me again and again?"

She said, "Just to talk about it gives me such pleasure, just the very memory of it and the joy... although I was resisting superficially, deep down I was enjoying the act so much. And for three weeks nobody has raped me, so what am I supposed to do? And you are preventing me from even the enjoyment of talking about it."

My feeling, my understanding is that the so-called saints are condemning in such detail all the sins man is capable

of, that it seems they are enjoying talking about it, writing about it, preaching about it.

On the other hand, the sinner is always hoping one day he will become a saint, one day he will drop this ugly life of being a sinner. He is always dreaming of becoming a saint, because that is the part he has repressed. And your saints are always dreaming of all kinds of sins that they have missed, that they have repressed.

The sin and the virtue are not different things. So don't judge a man as a saint just because whatever your scripture says is a sin, he has dropped. Nothing is dropped, everything goes on collecting in the unconscious and sooner or later explodes, with vengeance.

I teach you not to bother about sinners and not to bother about saints; they belong to the same category. I want you to become a watcher.

And if you can watch your sinner side, your saint side, your darkness, your light -- without any judgment -- the miracle happens. And this is the only miracle that transforms a man into a religious being. The saint and sinner both disappear. Choose one, and the other remains -- because they are together, they are not separate. They are inseparable. So don't choose.

I say unto you: Become a choiceless awareness. Then you have gone beyond both, beyond the duality of good and bad, of God and evil. And this transcendence brings you all the flowers that you have not even dreamt about, the music that no instrument can create, and the poetry that cannot be contained in words.

BUT I SAY THAT EVEN AS THE HOLY AND THE RIGHTEOUS CANNOT RISE BEYOND THE HIGHEST WHICH IS IN EACH ONE OF YOU,
SO THE WICKED AND THE WEAK CANNOT FALL LOWER THAN THE LOWEST WHICH IS IN YOU ALSO.
AND AS A SINGLE LEAF TURNS NOT YELLOW BUT WITH THE SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE WHOLE TREE,
SO THE WRONGDOER CANNOT DO WRONG WITHOUT THE HIDDEN WILL OF YOU ALL.

This is a very profound insight, that a single leaf cannot become yellow without the knowledge of the whole tree. You cannot condemn the single leaf -- the whole tree knows it, allows it. If a single man becomes wicked, it is not without the innermost being of you all participating in his wickedness.
We are all leaves of a single tree. Don't condemn because you are green and one leaf has turned yellow. Perhaps that single leaf is simply dropping from the tree to allow space for a new guest to arrive, a new leaf, fresh and young. Perhaps you are a clinger and you will take a little more time to turn yellow. But before you turn yellow you will condemn that leaf that she betrayed the tree. But the whole tree is involved in every action of the smallest leaf.
This is a great insight, that if there is a murderer we are all responsible for it, and unless the whole humanity takes the responsibility of murderers and thieves and rapists, we are not going to change anything. We have condemned them

for centuries, and what we have done to them is so ridiculous....

If a person is caught trying to commit suicide, then for centuries his punishment was death. Strange... great wisdom! What he was doing himself, you are doing to him as a punishment.

If a murderer is given a death sentence, your whole society is murderous, your law is murderous. What is the difference? That man destroyed a life and you are destroying another life -- do you think by destroying this murderer you are going to bring life back to the murdered one? No, instead of one man murdered now there are two men murdered -- great justice, great love.

If a man has murdered someone, somewhere deep in us is hidden the same desire -- and that has become the law in the court. We have made the law; our law is as murderous as any murderer. This is not justice, this is simply revenge. You are taking revenge in the name of justice. Because that man did not obey, he should not be left alive. But are you certain that if this murderer is not killed by the law, he may not turn into a great poet, or a musician or a painter? Or even a mystic?

You are taking away the opportunity for his growth, and without ever thinking why he murdered in the first place. Nobody bothers about the causes, everybody looks only at the symptoms. Perhaps that man has suffered so much at the hands of the society that you have reduced him into an animal. And once he is an animal he is going to behave like an animal. But remember -- he is a victim and you are the cause.

That's why laws go on growing, new laws are being made, new courts, new judges, more police, more armies -- and you have not been able to reduce the number of crimes. They are growing simultaneously; there must be some deep relationship between the two. The growth of your legal systems and the growth of the criminals is equal. It is a strange coincidence.

If you were right, then so many police, so many great armies, so many courts, so many parliaments, so many legal experts... and you have not been able to prevent anything. It is a blame on your very being, it is a condemnation of your intelligence. Something is very profoundly wrong with the whole system.

A murderer, a thief should be treated with dignity. He is a human being. And if he has committed a murder he is psychologically sick. You don't punish the sick people, you send them to a psychiatric hospital where they can be taken care of.

There is no need for any jail. All jails should be converted into beautiful psychiatric nursing homes, where people who have lost their humanity because of the ugly behavior of the society -- exploitation and oppression and all kinds of repression -- should be given back their dignity and honor, should be treated mentally and physically, should be trained and educated, should be made productive and creative, should be given the opportunity that they have missed before. Then only I will say there exists a system of justice, there exists a system of law.

But what exists is just the opposite. And I am saying it from my own experience.

Just this morning I was informed that in all the newspapers it is reported that one sannyasin, with his girlfriend, has been found with drugs. Now the police commissioner has to justify his action against me -- so bogus sannyasins will be created, and they will be carrying drugs into the campus. Just two, three instances, propaganda in the newspapers, and then they become capable of saying that the police commissioner's notice for me to leave Poona in thirty minutes was right.

And the police commissioner seems to be perfectly a coward. He could not convince my attorneys of his strange and absurd order that I should leave Poona in thirty minutes.... This is my country and he is my servant just as he is the servant of all. It is strange that servants are behaving like masters and issuing ridiculous orders, meaningless. Still, he was not ready to withdraw it because it was going against his ego, although he had no evidence to issue it. If he had any justice in mind he should have apologized and withdrawn it.

He would not cancel it. It took the whole day for my attorneys, and the outcome was that he has only suspended the order -- that means he can open the case at any moment. Now he will create situations which can support that his original order was right. He will send people here into the ashram with drugs which are prohibited, and then they will be caught. And if you prevent them at the gate they will start fighting you, attacking you.

And he has rented a house just by the side of the ashram, so within a minute, guns from his people can be brought into the ashram. That is his whole desire.

But I want to warn you -- and to say to him and to the government that such kind of meanness is not justice and we are not going to tolerate it.

Today again a notice has been received by one of the trustees of the ashram. Two things were very striking in the notice: one, he has not given me the notice -- cowards are, after all cowards. He must have understood that he has committed a mistake. To come in conflict with me is to come in conflict with fire -- you will be burned and consumed... because this is not an ordinary place, this is a temple of God. Here are the people who are seekers, who have not come to fight with anyone. So neither has he issued the notice on my name... because he knows that I will start hitting him as hard as I can.

Now he is hiding behind his subordinate. The order is from a police inspector. Has he forgotten his authority? Just a few days before, he had issued the order against me. Now the order comes neither in my name nor from him, but from his subordinate, an ordinary police inspector.

And again he is asking ridiculous things: That we have to inform every day how many foreigners are here, that we have to inform how many foreigners can be accommodated in the ashram. If it is being asked in every temple of the country, in every mosque of the country, in every gurudwara of the country, in every ashram of the country, then it seems to be reasonable. But just to ask me or my people -- it is ridiculous. This discrimination cannot be tolerated.

I have told the trustees to tell him that our attorneys are coming and we will discuss with him all the ridiculous demands that he is making. And if we cannot come to a

settlement then we are going to sue him in the high court, in the supreme court. And if he is just a puppet in the hands of New Delhi then there is a court above the supreme court -- the people of this country. I will go to every village of this country -- not only to throw him out, but to throw out the whole bureaucracy and the utterly blind and deaf government.

Now, this is how your society provokes people. I have never been in any way interested in politics; neither am I interested now. But don't provoke a lion while he is meditating! I can throw all these dummies, from Poona to Delhi, out of their power -- alone; I don't need anybody else's support. And I don't want the power for myself. I will simply expose -- this whole system is nonsense created by the British imperialists, which still goes on existing and crushing people's dignity. What kind of nonsense is this, that every day the ashram has to report the names of one thousand foreigners who are allowed in the ashram? Is this an ashram, or does he think it is a government prison?

I would be very happy -- if he has guts he should come here and discuss with me, before my people. I don't know the law, but I know something higher. Laws are just man-made, but they go on changing. I know something which is eternal and not man-made.

And as I understand, he worships during office time. I have to discuss with him about worship also, and I have to see what kind of religiousness he has -- this is not religiousness that he is showing. This is ugly and brutal, primitive, uncultured. This man needs to be immediately demoted, suspended and sent to Nagaland, where he will at least look educated.

I again warn them -- just don't disturb me or my people. Because if you disturb my people in any way I am going to disturb your whole government. Has Mahatma Gandhi ever been asked how many foreigners are staying with him in his ashram? Not even by the British government. What kind of freedom have we got? It seems Mahatma Gandhi lived under the British government in a more free way than we are living under our own government.

The people we have chosen, we can throw them at any moment. And I have fire enough to burn all these dummies and dodos, because I don't see a single man in this government who has any calibre, any character.

What is the purpose of keeping the police people with guns loaded, by the side of the ashram? What urgency has arisen? We have lived here for seven years without any fight, without any firearms -- and we are still without any firearms. But we don't need firearms, we have the fire of our souls.

I have never cursed anybody -- I am keeping it, accumulating its power. The day I decide to curse, then it is not going to be an ordinary curse, it will be nuclear!

LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.

Don't judge who is right, who is wrong. Walk in a procession together towards your innermost temple of God.

YOU ARE THE WAY AND THE WAYFARERS.

A little addition and his sentence will become more profound: You are the way... you are the wayfarers and you are the goal and you are the source. In fact you are the whole world, a miniature world. If asleep, then suffering unnecessarily in nightmares; if awake, then filled with immense blessings and ecstasies that only very few people in the world have known.

But I have a tremendous trust in you, that each of you can touch the highest peak of consciousness -- in spite of all these police commissioners and their gang. I consider them criminals.

In America I remained silent in the court for the simple reason that I was only a tourist there. A tourist has no rights. Any moment the country can say, "You have to leave." He cannot even ask the reason. It should not be so, but it is so.

But in this country I don't even need legal experts and attorneys and all that nonsense -- I am going to face them myself, from the police commissioner to the prime minister, in the supreme court. They should be very careful of what kind of steps they are trying. None of them has the guts or the intelligence. I have been, for twenty years continuously, moving in this country. I know the leaders on this country -- just holy cow dung. You cannot do even a brain operation of these people, because you will find nothing but cow dung.

You will be surprised to know that one of Mahatma Gandhi's very intimate followers and ashramite... and a cultured man, educated; he was a professor in a university. He dropped his service to remain close to Mahatma Gandhi and he was worshipped like a god. And his only quality

was that for six months continuously he remained eating cow dung and drinking the urine of the cows. That was his food for six months, and that made him so purified.... He defeated Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, Shanker Rao Dev, all the great followers of Mahatma Gandhi. Within six months he was at the top, because nobody could dare to do what he had done.

Now, if you operate on this man's brain, what are you going to find?

I have known intimately many presidents of the ruling party, and I don't think any one of them had any high qualities of intelligence. And now even an ordinary police commissioner thinks himself powerful enough to serve a notice on me that I should leave his district in thirty minutes. It is good that Buddha and Mahavira and Bodhidharma, Tilopa and all the great people, have stopped before these retarded people became powerful in this country. Can you find a more controversial person than Gautam Buddha? This police commissioner would have served him an immediate notice to leave Poona because he was controversial.

Any man who has any insight and clarity is bound to be controversial. And any culture and any society that tries to destroy the controversial man is trying to destroy its own flowers.

LIKE A PROCESSION YOU WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS YOUR GOD-SELF.

You are the way and the wayfarers, you are the goal and you are the source, because after all the pilgrimage you will

come to yourself -- of course with new eyes, new insights, new consciousness. You will start the journey in darkness and you will come home at the time of early morning when the sun is rising and the birds have started singing, welcoming you.

AND WHEN ONE OF YOU FALLS DOWN HE FALLS FOR THOSE BEHIND HIM, A CAUTION AGAINST THE STUMBLING STONE.

Don't condemn, don't judge.

AY, AND HE FALLS FOR THOSE AHEAD OF HIM, WHO THOUGH FASTER AND SURER OF FOOT, YET REMOVED NOT THE STUMBLING STONE.

We are a connected whole -- the past, the present, the future. We are one organic unity, and those who have been trying to divide man against man, either for religion or for politics or for any other cause, are the criminals. They should be treated lovingly, carefully -- they are psychologically sick.

AND THIS ALSO, THOUGH THE WORD LIE HEAVY UPON YOUR HEARTS:
THE MURDERED IS NOT UNACCOUNTABLE FOR HIS OWN MURDER,
AND THE ROBBED IS NOT BLAMELESS IN BEING ROBBED.

Who are you blaming? because the same you are doing in your own way -- perhaps some unfortunate fellow has been caught and you have not been caught. But there is not much difference. You are carrying a murderer within you and you are carrying the whole humanity, with all its weaknesses and also with all its possibilities of rising higher towards the stars.
So help, don't judge. If somebody falls, give him a hand, because in his fall you have also fallen.
And when somebody rises, celebrate, because in his rising high you have also risen high.

THE RIGHTEOUS IS NOT INNOCENT OF THE DEEDS OF THE WICKED,
AND THE WHITE-HANDED IS NOT CLEAN IN THE DOINGS OF THE FELON.
YEA, THE GUILTY IS OFTENTIMES THE VICTIM OF THE INJURED.
AND STILL MORE OFTEN THE CONDEMNED IS THE BURDEN BEARER FOR THE GUILTLESS AND UNBLAMED.

I have been into many jails in India, as an outsider, to talk to the prisoners, to make them understand simple methods of meditation. And I was surprised, that they are more innocent than your politicians. They are more innocent than the officers of the jail. They are simple people. Perhaps because of their simplicity they committed something, unaware of the consequences. Or perhaps they never committed anything, they are innocent, but they were poor

and could not get a better defense against the government who was charging them with invented crimes.

Because now it is my personal experience -- I had seen the jail from the outside; I am happy that now I have seen the jail from the inside. In the six jails in America I did not come across any inmate of the jail -- and each jail had six hundred, seven hundred, one thousand people -- who looked criminal. And all the other people -- the staff of the jail, the police, the judges -- their faces were not faces you can call innocent. They were cunning.

You will be surprised to know that they knew that I am a vegetarian and as I entered any jail I informed them that I am a vegetarian, but they would not say anything. At the mealtime they would come and inform me that "We don't have any vegetarian food."

I suggested to them, "You can give me fruits." And the same reply, that "We don't have any fruits." And that was such a lie that the other inmates of the jail who heard this... because all the cells were together. When the jailer went, they said, "He is lying absolutely. We have vegetables, we have milk, we have fruits, nuts, which can be used." And the inmates started bringing fruits for me, which were given to them but not to me. They started bringing milk which was given to them, but not to me.

And I said, "But this is yours, and you need it. I can manage. Ten, twelve days is not something that one is going to die from. It takes ninety days to kill a person without food, so don't be worried."

But tears in their eyes, of great love... "No, you will have to accept, because we can eat anything. The non-vegetarian meals are available to us."

And whenever I passed through the corridor to enter in a jail or to come out of a jail, they were all standing behind the bars shouting, "Osho! Victory is going to be yours! We don't know you much but we have seen you on the television -- your eyes are enough to convince us." They were showing the victory sign of two fingers from every cell. And they were saying again and again, that "We are so happy. We will remember for our whole life that we have spent at least one night with you."

They were writing letters to me which were coming from one cell to another cell and reaching to me: "Osho, we love you. When you go back -- and they cannot keep you inside more than a week -- don't forget us." And they had cuttings from newspapers of my photos and they were sending those photos -- "Please sign it as a proof and evidence that we have been with you at least one night, or one day, or a few hours." Thousands of photos I have signed, to the names of people I don't know.

They were so loving, so helpful, so human. I have not seen that humanity in the judges' eyes, in the government attorneys.

It is a strange world, where the innocent can suffer because the cunning can always manage to get out, where the poor has to suffer because he cannot afford to find the right defense for himself. It is not a question of whether you have committed the crime or not. The question is whose attorney is more efficient, more clever, more cunning to use the law.

Law cannot decide the truth.

But that's what is happening. We are living in a barbarous world, with all kinds of discriminations.

Is this a temple of God, or a police station? that we should inquire who is a foreigner.
To us, nobody is a foreigner.
The whole humanity is ours, and the whole earth is ours. The day is not far away when there will be no boundaries of nations or religions. And if I have to sacrifice myself and my people for the birth of a new earth and a new humanity, I will be perfectly happy to do so. Because a life that is not capable of sacrificing itself for truth, for beauty, is not life at all; the man is already dead.

YOU CANNOT SEPARATE THE JUST FROM THE UNJUST, AND THE GOOD FROM THE WICKED, FOR THEY STAND TOGETHER BEFORE THE FACE OF THE SUN, EVEN AS THE BLACK THREAD AND THE WHITE ARE WOVEN TOGETHER.

Don't judge, don't discriminate.
Existence knows what is needed, just as the weaver knows that black threads are needed with white threads to create beautiful patterns.

AND WHEN THE BLACK THREAD BREAKS, THE WEAVER SHALL LOOK INTO THE WHOLE CLOTH, AND HE SHALL EXAMINE THE LOOM ALSO.

That's what I am trying to do. If there is a single man who is unconscious, and behaving in his unconsciousness, I don't have any condemnation for him. Perhaps he is the weakest part of our society, perhaps the disease is spread all over the society. Because he is the weakest link, the

disease has expressed itself from him, but he is not the disease.
I cannot conceive of why people should be thieves if there were no exploitation, why people should be rapists if there were no marriage forced by law or by society, why there should be prostitutes, if people were allowed to live together only for the time while they are in love.
But the prostitutes are tortured by the police, by the government, harassed in every possible way -- and they are just poor victims of a society where the husband does not love the wife, where the wife does not love the husband but still, because of the law, they have to remain together. And love is a necessary nourishment.
You have heard only of women prostitutes in this country, but in England or America just within twenty years' time, male prostitutes have become available. We are really evolving to great heights! Perhaps soon we will again be on the trees, just like our forefathers were.
This is not evolution.
Our whole structure is corrupted.
People go on telling to me that "If you simply concentrate with your disciples on meditation, and don't say anything against or about the society, the religion, the past, the tradition, the law... then there will be no enemy to you."
Of course there will be no enemy to me, because I will not be touching anybody's vested interest and I will not be bringing the revolution that is burning in my being.
I want you all to be aflame.
Before I go and leave the body, I want millions of bodies aflame with the same fire, all around the world.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1

Chapter #22

Chapter title: Sinners and saints: the drama of sleeping people

19 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
IF ANY OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE,
LET HIM ALSO WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES, AND MEASURE HIS SOUL WITH MEASUREMENTS.
AND LET HIM WHO WOULD LASH THE OFFENDER LOOK UNTO THE SPIRIT OF THE OFFENDED.
AND IF ANY OF YOU WOULD PUNISH IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LAY THE AXE UNTO THE EVIL TREE, LET HIM SEE TO ITS ROOTS;
AND VERILY HE WILL FIND THE ROOTS OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE FRUITFUL AND THE FRUITLESS, ALL ENTWINED TOGETHER IN THE SILENT HEART OF THE EARTH.
AND YOU JUDGES WHO WOULD BE JUST.
WHAT JUDGMENT PRONOUNCE YOU UPON HIM WHO THOUGH HONEST IN THE FLESH IS YET A THIEF IN SPIRIT?

WHAT PENALTY LAY YOU UPON HIM WHO SLAYS IN THE FLESH YET IS HIMSELF SLAIN IN THE SPIRIT?
AND HOW PROSECUTE YOU HIM WHO IN ACTION IS A DECEIVER AND AN OPPRESSOR,
YET WHO ALSO IS AGGRIEVED AND OUTRAGED?
AND HOW SHALL YOU PUNISH THOSE WHOSE REMORSE IS ALREADY GREATER THAN THEIR MISDEEDS?
IS NOT REMORSE THE JUSTICE WHICH IS ADMINISTERED BY THE VERY LAW WHICH YOU WOULD FAIN SERVE?
YET YOU CANNOT LAY THE REMORSE UPON THE INNOCENT NOR LIFT IT FROM THE HEART OF THE GUILTY.
UNBIDDEN SHALL IT CALL IN THE NIGHT, THAT MEN MAY WAKE AND GAZE UPON THEMSELVES.
AND YOU WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND JUSTICE, HOW SHALL YOU UNLESS YOU LOOK UPON ALL DEEDS IN THE FULLNESS OF LIGHT?
ONLY THEN SHALL YOU KNOW THAT THE ERECT AND THE FALLEN ARE BUT ONE MAN STANDING IN TWILIGHT BETWEEN THE NIGHT OF HIS PYGMY-SELF AND THE DAY OF HIS GOD-SELF.
AND THAT THE CORNER STONE OF THE TEMPLE IS NOT HIGHER THAN THE LOWEST STONE IN ITS FOUNDATION.

Kahlil Gibran says beautiful things, and once in a while he comes very close to truth. But most of the time he misses the target. He is a good poet but not a great archer.

He is just like a physician, who may help you but who knows only the symptoms of your disease, and cures the symptoms. But the symptoms are not the causes. If you cure the symptoms the disease will erupt somewhere else. His thinking is more concerned about actions, but not about the source of actions. And no man has ever known any transformation unless he has come face to face with the causes.
He is saying:

IF ANY OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE,
LET HIM ALSO WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES, AND MEASURE HIS SOUL WITH MEASUREMENTS.

It is good, there is some compassion in it -- but no real insight into the very source of the problem. The problem is, who are you to demand faith from anybody else? It may be your wife or your husband -- demanding faith is demanding slavery. Behind a beautiful word "faith" you are hiding an ugly disease, the very cancer of soul that has killed people's joy.
What right you have got to demand faith from your wife or from your husband? The real problem is not touched. The real problem is marriage.
Marriage has given a wrong conception to people, that love is something permanent. Only stones are permanent, only dead people are permanent. Only idiots never change. The more intelligent you are, your life is going to be a life of continuous change.

Don't condemn the wife or the husband for faithlessness. In the first place, to ask faith is wrong. There was a season -- the spring, the faith, the love arose in you. You were not the makers of it. You are not the doers of it, it is a happening. Just like a breeze it comes and just like a breeze it goes.

When it comes, rejoice.

And when it goes, say goodbye.

Show your gratefulness for all those beautiful days while the breeze was dancing around you and made you dance, while the breeze was passing through you and made you sing.

Yes, it is sad, but it is not sin.

Kahlil Gibran is still repeating the old, rotten idea of faithfulness. But faithfulness simply means slavery, and a slavery against yourself. Millions of couples in the world know that now there is no more love, but still -- for respectability, for reputation, for society and for other causes -- they go on pretending that they love each other. This pretension is the real sin, the real crime.

If you have loved someone, when the love has gone you have to be honest and sincere enough to open your heart -- in sadness, in sorrow, but still grateful. Even if it lasted for a few days, few months, those months should be remembered; those sweet moments should fill your heart. And rejoice in one thing -- that your wife is honest, truthful. And you be honest also, and truthful.

The question of faithlessness has tortured man so immensely -- perhaps there is no other problem which has tortured humanity so much. It creates all kinds of ugly things in you.

First, you are constantly watching -- you become a detective -- whether your wife is faithful to you or not, whether your husband is faithful to you or not. But why should anybody be faithful to anybody else? Love is faithful, but when love disappears, faith also disappears. Kahlil Gibran is pointing to an important thing:

IF ANY ONE OF YOU WOULD BRING TO JUDGMENT THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE, LET HIM ALSO WEIGH THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND IN SCALES,

Because love or lovelessness happens almost simultaneously. When it has disappeared in the heart of the woman, it has also disappeared in the heart of the man. Perhaps lust has remained -- lust is more permanent than love, because lust is not part of your being. It is part of your chemistry, part of your hormones; it is biological, nothing spiritual in it. But a great misunderstanding continues: you go on calling your lust, love. Not to deceive others, although they are deceived -- but to deceive yourselves, perhaps unconsciously.
You cannot live without the wife. It has become a habit. Love is not a habit and love knows no boundaries. If a woman can love you, why can't she love somebody else? She can find someone who is more loving than you -- and the society has expected to you to go on clinging to each other whether you love or not. Then there is suspicion, then there is continuous anxiety, and sooner or later whether you say it or not, you cannot hide it. Neither can you hide your love nor can you hide your lovelessness.

You cannot hide a flame, you cannot hide its absence. When the flame was there, young and dancing, there was light all around. When the flame is gone, the same space is filled with darkness.

I differ with Kahlil Gibran on this point. I would like you to be loving -- and love can be your whole, lifelong affair. But it need not be tethered and imprisoned.

In an authentic human society, marriage will be a crime. Two persons love, they feel good to be together -- what is the need of marriage? And one day they find that the unknown visitor, the guest from the beyond, has left. They have again become strangers to each other. Truth demands that they should, with sadness and sorrow, expose their hearts to each other, that they are no more beating in harmony and it is time for them to depart. Depart as friends; there is no need of any divorce.

Divorce is the by-product of marriage. If there is no need of marriage, there is no need of divorce. Both are ugly, imposed.

It is man's basic right that when love knocks on his doors he should open the doors -- it does not matter who has come as a lover, whether he is your old partner or a new guest. Love should be sovereign in human life, not bogus marriages.

You create one unnecessary thing, make people suffer, and then finally after suffering for years they want to be separated. And have you watched the fact that if you want to get married you can just go to the marriage registrar's office and be married, but if you want to be separated, the society, the law, the government, everybody tries to create problems for you.

Marriage is their invention, and divorce is the response of the rebellious spirit in man. And the man who has no rebellious spirit has no spirit at all. Corpses can go on permanently in love, for the simple reason that they cannot go back to the registrar's office for a divorce.

This is good, that Kahlil Gibran says that if a husband brings his wife to judgment, that she is unfaithful wife, it will be not right to listen only to one party. Why is she unfaithful? Because the love is no more -- and the husband has all the freedom to move in society, have new contacts with women, or even go to the prostitutes. But the woman is confined in the house, which once was a home. When love was a guest, it was a home; now it is again just a dead house.

And it is natural that when love disappears there are quarrels, constant naggings, constant problems. You had chosen the wife or the husband to live a peaceful, joyful life together. But you are living certainly together, but without any joy, without any peace, without any love.

Prostitution is a by-product of marriage.

All the religions preach marriage and all the religions condemn prostitution, and nobody sees the connection. Why are there prostitutes? Love cannot be purchased, only lust can be purchased -- but something is better than nothing.

Marriage is not a natural phenomenon. It is artificial, arbitrary. And when it disappears you cannot do anything to bring it back. You can pretend, but that pretension makes you a hypocrite. And your pretension cannot deceive the woman, because she has known your love and the pretension cannot become the substitute. The only way is to

separate -- in friendship, because you have given each other so much.

But rather separating in friendship, people separate as enemies, fighting the case in the court, proving the fact that they don't love each other anymore. Love is something invisible, but the court wants something objective, evidence. The woman has to prove that the man is going to other women, or that the man is impotent.

The woman is hurting the man, the same man she has loved. We are forcing her to hurt the man. And the man is hurting the woman -- saying that she is unfaithful, she has been with other people, or she is barren. But these are only excuses.

And look at the ridiculousness, that when they come to marry they don't have to provide any reasons for why they want to get married. It would be far better if marriage were made difficult. Two years' time should be given to them to live together and see, after two years, whether they want to continue to live together. And I know those two years will be enough! There will be no need of any marriage and no need of any divorce.

One thing people go on missing seeing -- perhaps they don't want to see -- is that life knows nothing but change. Life is change. Only death is permanent.

I met one old friend at the London airport. I asked him, "How are you?"

He said, "All right..." That was his old habit, for everything -- "All right." How is your wife? -- "All right." How are your children? -- "All right." And I said, "How is your old father?"

He said "He has been all right for five years now."

I could not understand, at first, what he meant. "He has been all right for five years now..." I said, "Just a little explanation?"
He said, "He is dead. Now he has no problems, and neither do we have any problems with him. He is all right in his grave."
Only dead people are all right.
Living people are all wrong!
It is good that Kahlil Gibran is raising the question that if one of the partners brings the other partner to be judged, and condemned or punished, he should also be taken into account. Because love was a river between two shores -- if love has disappeared it cannot only disappear from one shore. No river can manage to continue with one shore alone. Love was a movement of energy between two persons. If one person is no more there, the other person may desire -- but his desire is nothing but lust. It is not love.
Lust can be permanent -- that's why in animals there is no marriage, no divorce. When the season comes to produce children, they choose the partner -- every season a new partner. It is only man who is obsessed with permanency. But nobody can love permanency always.
Mulla Nasruddin was appointed as the advisor of a king. And the advisor had to remain with the king, because any moment, any problem could arise and his advice may be needed. So he was with the king almost twenty-four hours... he was sleeping in the king's palace and he was moving with the king the whole day.
The first day they were eating, sitting at the dining table. And the cook had made beautiful stuffed bindhis. The king

liked them, and he asked Nasruddin, "Mulla, what is your opinion?"
He said, "My lord, bindhis are the best vegetable for health, for long life, for better intelligence... a protection against all kinds of diseases. In the old scriptures they have been described as the best preventive medicine, and your cook is great."
The cook heard it, so he started making bindhis every day. The second day, the king tolerated. Third day, it was getting too much. Fourth day, he started getting irritated. Fifth day he threw the whole plate on the floor and called the cook: "Are you mad? Every day bindhi, bindhi, bindhi -- am I a man or a buffalo?"
The cook said, "I am an ignorant man. I heard your great advisor say that bindhi is nectar, preventive of disease, preventive of old age, giving length to life, intelligence... and I thought if bindhi has so many qualities my lord should be given bindhis as much as possible."
The king said, "Mulla, what do you say?"
Mulla said, "Bindhis? -- they are poison! Never touch them."
The king said, "You seem to be a very strange person. Just five days before, you were praising them."
He said, "Listen, my lord, I am your servant, not the servant of the bindhis. Whatever you like I will praise -- even if it is poison I will call it nectar. And if you don't like something, even if it is nectar I will call it poison. I am your servant."
You want to taste different foods, you want to wear different clothes. You want to visit new places, you want to make new friends. What is wrong if you find a new lover?

Who says it is unfaithful? The very idea of unfaithfulness is fascist, because it is demanding, "Go on eating bindhis, bindhis, bindhis.... Because bindhis cannot speak... otherwise they would all have screamed from the floor, "You are being unfaithful to us! For five days we remained married and you are throwing us on the floor -- is this your gratefulness?"

As far as I am concerned, you should be faithful only to love, not to the lover. Both should be faithful to love, as long as it lasts. If it lasts your whole life, good. If it does not last your whole life that is even better! There is no crime in it.

But the possessiveness, the greed... why did man start marrying? Marriage has not always been on the earth. Man started marrying the woman so that he could be certain that any time he wants a woman, she is ready. He can demand love, faithfulness... and man has gone to the absurd limit that the faithful wife should die when the husband dies. Alive, she should jump into the funeral pyre of the dead husband.

In this country, millions of living beings had to destroy themselves simply to prove to the society that they are faithful to their husbands. But nobody ever questioned that in ten thousand years not a single man has jumped into the funeral pyre of his wife. Are all husbands unfaithful?

It is a man's world, and he has made laws and moralities and ethics in order to enslave the woman. Even dead, he is worried that if his wife remains alive... time heals wounds. She may again fall in love with someone, and he will not be able to do anything because he will be dead, just tossing

and turning in his grave. It is better to take the wife also with him.

And the wife was forced by the society. If she was unwilling -- and who can be willing? not that she is not sorry and sad about the death, but that does not mean that you should commit suicide -- if she refused, she was condemned by the whole society and boycotted, that she is an unfaithful woman. She lost all honor, prestige -- which she could have had if she had jumped into the fire!

But what is the point of honor and respect when you are dead?

I agree with Kahlil Gibran that if one partner -- and that partner is almost always the man, who brings the wife to the court saying that she is unfaithful. He is making a right point, that his heart should also be searched -- perhaps he began the whole thing; first he became unfaithful and the wife simply followed. But I cannot agree with his superficial analysis. The very idea of faithfulness is ugly, inhuman, anti-life.

Divorce should be made so easy that a single partner just has to inform the registrar that "We have separated." There is no need for any evidence. There is no need for both partners to agree to the separation. If one wants to separate, that's enough.

Of course one person cannot be accepted if he wants to marry someone -- then the agreement of both is needed. But this whole society is standing upside down. Marriage is easy, no evidence is needed. And divorce is made as difficult as possible, as ugly as possible.

Just to get the divorce the couple has to lie: either the woman has to say that the man is impotent or the man has

to prove that the woman has fallen in love with somebody else. This may not be so -- it may simply be that the love has disappeared. But the court does not believe in invisible things. You have to produce solid, logical and legal proofs; otherwise the court will force you to live together.

And all the cultures and all the civilizations are forcing people to live together. That's why you rarely see a smiling face, you rarely see people happy -- particularly when they are with their wives and with their husbands. It is almost impossible for them even to smile. If the wife smiles at someone that's enough for the husband to freak out. If the husband looks at some woman... and when some beautiful woman passes by, not to look at her is inhuman. But he cannot look, because the wife is watching from the corner of her eye. Just to look at another woman is enough to disturb their whole life.

What kind of sick society have we created?

And governments exist to protect this society, because the more people are miserable the more obedient they are.

One of my friends applied for a job, and went to give an interview. The first question was -- which was not concerned with the job at all -- "Are you married?"

Being with me for years, he said, "What kind of nonsense question are you asking? What has my marriage to do with the work? These are my certificates, my qualifications, and you are asking `Are you married?'"

And the man who was interviewing him said, "Cool down. We don't accept unmarried people because they are not obedient. The married man knows how to obey, he is a slave. We want slaves here, we don't want masters and rebellions. We want to run our business, our industries, our

whole empire for earning money -- we want people here who are always obedient. Husbands have proved the best people because they are trained, tamed, they are not wild. Their wives have done a great service to all the vested interests."
He told me, "I had this encounter... I am puzzled."
I said, "This society is not for the rebellious spirit. This society exists to exploit. From the very childhood, obedience is taught. Throughout the educational career, obedience is taught. Obedience is another way of saying that you are not allowed to think and decide; you have just to follow the orders."
If marriage disappears from the world, divorce disappears from the world, and people are free to choose to be with someone for as long as they feel.... There is no need to quarrel. The moment quarrel starts, it is time. Quarrel has given a definitive indication that now your paths will be separate.

AND IF ANY OF YOU WOULD PUNISH IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LAY THE AXE UNTO THE EVIL TREE, LET HIM SEE TO ITS ROOTS; AND VERILY HE WILL FIND THE ROOTS OF THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE FRUITFUL AND THE FRUITLESS, ALL ENTWINED TOGETHER IN THE SILENT HEART OF THE EARTH.

I have said to you that Kahlil Gibran never could get free of his Christian upbringing. He was a man of great intellectuality, but he could not see that even Jesus was not

able to see this, to see what he is saying. And he was a worshipper of Jesus.

He is saying that the good man and the bad man are not separate. Somewhere hidden deep in the darkness of the earth, their roots are entwined. So don't condemn the fruitless tree -- perhaps the fruitless tree is not getting enough nourishment, is not getting enough water. Fruits don't come from the sky, they need nourishment.

Perhaps the fruitless tree is under the shadow of a big tree, and cannot get breathing space, cannot get the life-giving light rays of the sun. Don't be too quick to judge.

But he never criticized Jesus Christ, and that's where I think some insincerity... because it is impossible for Kahlil Gibran not to remember Jesus Christ, writing these sentences. If I, who have nothing to do with Jesus Christ, cannot forget... his whole upbringing was Christian. All these upbringings bring blindness to you. You cannot see anything wrong with your upbringing; you can see everybody else's wrong.

Jesus has fallen in my eyes because of very small instances. For example, he was traveling with his apostles, and in three villages they passed, people did not allow them to enter their villages. They did not offer them food or water; they had to search for a new place. On the way, when the sun was setting, they came to a fig tree -- which had no fruits, because it was not the season for figs. And Jesus cursed the fig tree -- "We are hungry and you have not welcomed the only begotten son of God. You should have been ready with juicy fruits -- I curse you and condemn you forever, that you will never be a beautiful tree."

What kind of intelligence has this man? What can the poor fig tree do? It is not the season for fruits.
Kahlil Gibran has completely ignored the fact that Jesus was a fanatic in many ways, a little insane. He needed a great training somewhere in the East to become more meditative. He could not see the simple fact that the poor tree has nothing to do with it. She needs time, the right season, nourishment -- only then fruits can be there.
When you condemn anybody, be patient and think: perhaps in his place you would have been the same type of person as he is.
A man with a sense of justice always puts himself in the same position he is trying to judge.
Every law college should make it a fundamental teaching for all those people -- because they are going to be judges, advocates, attorneys, solicitors -- that before you judge somebody, put yourself in his position. And you will find it almost impossible to condemn the man.
You can condemn the man, you can punish the man for the simple reason that your upbringings have been different. A hungry man steals food -- just put yourself in his place.
It happened that one woman came to a Sufi mystic, Farid, with her young child and asked the mystic, "Baba, except you nobody can change my child. He eats too many sweets, is getting fat, and white sugar is almost poison. But he does not listen to me."
Farid said, "Bring him back after two weeks."
The woman said, "Can't you say something to him right now?"
Farid said, "No, it will take two weeks for me to figure out the whole situation." The woman was puzzled. She had

heard Farid speak on great subjects of life... and he needs two weeks of preparation for a small child, to tell him not to each too many sweets?

But since he was not willing, she came back after two weeks. And Farid said to the child, "My child, for two weeks I had to put myself in your position, because I myself like eating sweets. With what face could I have given any advice to you? For two weeks I stopped eating sweets. I have lost weight, I am feeling healthier, younger, better than ever. You are young, you have a long life to go. Please, stop eating too many sweets. I am not saying stop completely -- once in a while you can eat them."

The boy touched the feet of Farid -- his mother was surprised, because he was not that type. He had never touched anybody's feet.

She said, "I am puzzled -- I am puzzled with you. You took two weeks to decide a simple thing that you could have told him on that very day. Neither I nor he knew that you loved sweets..."

Farid said, "It is not a question of your knowing or his knowing. My words would have been lies, and lies cannot transform anyone. First I had to put myself in his position. These two weeks have been hard, but I have gained great insight because of your child. I am grateful to him."

And she asked her child, "Why have you touched the feet of Farid? You never touch anybody's feet, and particularly... we are Hindus and he is a Mohammedan."

The boy said, "I cannot give you any arguments, but a man who remained for two weeks without sweets just to answer me, needs to be respected. He is not like your other parrots. You have been taking me to this monk, to that monk, and

they are immediately ready -- just parrotlike, the same thing. This man is different. He is respectful of me, although I am a child, and he has suffered for me. I am going to follow his advice."

Kahlil Gibran is saying something right, but he has never criticized Jesus -- although he has written books on Jesus -- for the same reason: that it was insane, not only a mistake, to curse a fig tree. Only an insane person can do that.

Don't judge anybody in the first place. But if you have to judge, if you cannot resist the temptation of judging... remember, I am calling it a temptation, because when you judge somebody you put yourself higher than him. You become a judge, as if he is standing in your court. You forget your own humanity.

He is also not mentioning that you should look into your own soul, too. Perhaps your murderer is asleep, and it can be provoked any moment. Because nobody who has murdered, just a moment before, would have been able to see that he was going to murder.

I have known one man in my childhood -- he had a gymnasium just near my house. He was a good wrestler, a very loving person. I had no interest in wrestling with the body, I had my own way of wrestling! But with the body you can wrestle only with one person -- I am wrestling with the whole past and I am wrestling with all the so-called contemporaries and and I am wrestling also with those who have not yet been born.

Once in a while I used to go just to sit there and to watch. His disciples would be wrestling, practicing, and once in a while he would come to me and say, "It is strange, why do you come if you don't want to participate?"

I said, "I don't want to participate, but I use every opportunity of watching because finally that is my longing, just to be a watcher. It does not matter what it is."
He said, "You are strange." But he started being very loving to me.
I had never thought that this man could be a murderer one day.
And he murdered in front of my eyes -- it was not late at night, it was just nearabout ten o`clock. I was reading something and suddenly I saw in the street that he came and was hiding behind a tree. I was puzzled: what is he doing? And then the man who was to be murdered, passed by. And this man shot him, not knowing that there was a watcher.
To me the problem was that just a moment before I could not have thought, conceived, dreamed that this beautiful person could be a murderer. He was caught. I managed permission to see him... because he was going to be sentenced to death. I asked him only one thing: "This murderer must have been in you always, asleep -- were you aware of it?"
He said, "I was never aware of it. I became aware only when it was too late. Out of anger I killed that man" -- because that man had opened another gymnasium and was preparing people to fight against his wrestlers. And that man was very rich, he was providing food, milk, other nourishment to his wrestlers which this poor man could not do, and he was afraid that when the annual contest happened, his wrestlers were not going to win. He was so enraged that he simply shot him dead.
He said, "But where were you?"

I said, "In the same position -- watching. That is my whole approach towards life. I can learn much just by watching others, myself, their actions, my actions. I cannot see their minds but I can see my mind and I can watch it."
Before any desire, any temptation comes to your mind to judge somebody, look into yourself. And you will find the same person asleep within you. Then the real question is not to condemn him by your judgment but to transform yourself, because you all are in the same boat.

WHAT JUDGMENT PRONOUNCE YOU UPON HIM WHO THOUGH HONEST IN THE FLESH YET IS A THIEF IN SPIRIT?

He is asking everybody, because everybody is a judge. It has become some unconscious habit in you. You go on judging.
Yesterday, the notice from the police inspector of Poona -- which must have been prompted by the police commissioner -- had such a ridiculous statement in it that I cannot believe any man who has even a little intelligence can ask us to do something like that.
He demands -- in the first place, who is he to demand? We are not prisoners, we are free citizens of a country. He can request, but he cannot demand. He demands of us that we should put a noticeboard in front of our gate saying that no follower of Osho is allowed illegal activities inside the ashram or outside the ashram.
I became aware for the first time that only we are not allowed; everybody else is allowed to do illegal activities in their houses and outside their houses. So I have told my

people, "Reply to him, and invite him for a discussion next week. And tell him that rather than demanding such a ridiculous board, it will be better... he should put boards all over Poona stating that except the followers of Osho, everybody is allowed to do illegal activities -- and it is not a request, it is a demand."

I have seen idiots, and I used to think I had seen all kinds. But in Poona I am discovering new categories of idiots. The very formulation of the sentence is illegal, and I have told my people that we will take him to court. What does it mean? Its implication is clear, that only our people are not allowed illegal activities. What about others?

And we are a small minority. But perhaps he has not been conscious of what he is demanding. He will become a laughingstock in the court. And in the court, we are going to demand that all these police people be given salaries from public money to teach people illegal activities. They should open a college in Poona: whoever wants to learn illegal acitivities... of course, my followers are prohibited.

I am sometimes simply surprised at these fools.

He is demanding that only one thousand foreigners be allowed to listen to my discourses. Is there anything in the Indian constitution which decides the number? Is there any law which decides the number, how many people should listen to me or not? And what are the grounds to choose the number one thousand? Why not a thousand and one, which will be more Indian, because it is an Indian tradition -- when somebody gives you a present, he will not give ten rupees, he has to give eleven. He will not give you one hundred rupees, he has to give one hundred and one.

One thousand and one will be more Indian, although without any reasoning, without any argument for it.
Why one thousand, why not ten thousand? And who are you to decide the number? Have you decided the same for Rajiv Gandhi, how many people should listen to him? Have you decided for any religious institution -- a mosque, a temple, a church? Or do you have to create a totally new constitution for me and my followers?
Why is this special attention being given to us? We don't care a bit about you, why are you worried?
I am going to take these people to the court. These are blind people.
He demands that every day we should inform how many people are in the ashram. Have you asked the same question to other ashrams all over the country? Are we discriminated from everybody else? Then you will need a special law in your parliament.
The whole world will laugh that a third-class police inspector is deciding and demanding. And your police commissioner is a perfect coward, because he was in the picture from the very beginning. Seeing that he has no grounds... and I have been hammering him continuously.
This letter has come from a police Inspector. And their foolishness is such that the letter has come in the name of a person who holds no position in the ashram. He is not the in-charge of the ashram, he is not a trustee in the ashram.
Now the cowards are completely afraid, but I am going to expose that police inspector and force him to reveal the fact that the letter has been dictated by the police commissioner. If he wants to save his skin, he should say truthfully that the letter has been dictated by the police commissioner --

that's why these fallacies have entered into it. It is not addressed to the in-charge of the ashram, it is not addressed to any trustees.

It is addressed to a sannyasin who has nothing to do with it. He could have simply refused. But I want a clear confrontation. He had asked me -- "Should I refuse? because I have nothing to do with it. It is not my business." I said, "Don't be worried, you accept it. And tell them, `Our legal experts will be available next week. First you have to give a support for each demand, either from the constitution or from your legal courts. And if we cannot come to a conclusion then you and my legal experts have to be present in a court, so a judge can decide what kind of nonsense is being done to us.'"

And to you I would like to say, be very alert.

Because these people are in search of something so they can justify their order for me to leave Poona in thirty minutes. They don't have any justification yet. So remember this on the streets -- don't give them any opportunity. They are dying to find some opportunity so that they can have some evidence.

Just the other day, two persons in police uniform came to the ashram gate. They wanted to have a look all over the ashram. And when asked for their identity card -- because how can we decide whether you are real policemen or just actors in Hindi films, where anybody becomes a police inspector, police commissioner? -- they said they had forgotten their identity cards in their rickshaw. They will be bringing it back, the rickshaw is standing outside. And they ran away, they never came back.

Now these kinds of people can enter here with any kind of drug, can plant the drug anywhere in the ashram to prove that there is drug trafficking going on.

So every sannyasin has to be aware -- I am totally on the warpath, and any fault on your side will harm me. So don't do anything against the blind and the deaf and their stupid ideas. Be alert that you are not caught in their net.

They have shifted the whole thing from me to the followers. The first notice was against me. Seeing that it is impossible to prove anything which supports their order against me, now they have shifted. The second order... these demands, ridiculous, hilarious, are all for the disciples. Now they are trying to harm me through you. So you have to be very alert and aware.

And this is a good training, because we will be facing the same problem all over the world. And now they have provoked us, they will have to repent.

Even if somebody starts fighting with you on the street, just go and inform the nearest police station that you are a follower of Osho and a few nuisance people, fanatics and bigots, have attacked you. Don't fight against them. I want you to be fully aware because I have seen with my own eyes Hindu and Mohammedan riots -- Hindu police will be standing simply watching the scene, the show. Hindus are killing the Mohammedans and they will not prevent it. If Mohammedans start killing Hindus they will prevent it -- Mohammedans will be caught, and they will say that these are the people who are creating a nuisance in the town, violence in the town. And the same is the case in cities where Mohammedan police will simply watch Hindus being burned alive, their temples destroyed. But if any

Hindu reacts to it he will be immediately caught -- "he is creating trouble."

I know all the strategies of this stupid bureaucracy. Don't be caught in their net.

I have seen politicians... just a dead cow, they will put in front of a Hindu temple. Naturally the Hindus will think it must have been done by Mohammedans, and immediately there is a riot. And then these same politicians start speeches for peace, for brotherhood.

We are living in a really mad world.

I know the politicians -- who have been creating the riots and when hundreds of people have been burned and killed, and mosques and temples have been destroyed, then they will call a public meeting of all the religions and will talk about peace, humanity, progress. And they are the people who are hindering all progress.

One day I told you that if all controversial people are removed from humanity there will be only buffaloes and donkeys left. I would like to add that politicians and policemen will also be left -- politicians to create riots between buffaloes and donkeys... which are very peace-loving and non-violent people. Nobody has ever heard of a donkey attacking a buffalo or a buffalo attacking a donkey. For millions of years they have never created any riot.

To create riots, the politicians will be needed. And then to impose curfews and take the donkeys and buffaloes into jails, the police will be needed.

Their power, the politicians' power, is in your unawareness. And this is not just the police officials here -- behind them is the whole politics of Hindu chauvinists.

I am going to be opposed everywhere for the simple reason that I am not a Christian, not a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan nor a Jaina nor a Buddhist nor a Sikh.... All these religious people who have been fighting amongst themselves will join together. They have found a common enemy. And the politicians are always with the crowd, because they exploit the crowd, their votes.

We are a minority, but every minority has its right to exist in the world. In the beginning I was alone, a minority of one. Then people who love, people who are in search of truth, started coming. How did they get the news? How did they start moving towards me? And the caravan started becoming bigger and bigger and bigger, and now it surrounds the whole earth.

Just to protect you, I have withdrawn your malas. You will feel sad for it but it is necessary that you should not be recognized as my people. Otherwise, everywhere you will be harassed. It is not only in India. In Australia sannyasins have been beaten, in England sannyasins have been beaten. In Germany sannyasins have been thrown out of their jobs. It is a global phenomenon.

In America, they have destroyed our commune. And now they are admitting -- their very United States attorney is admitting that they had nothing against me. Then why was I fined four hundred thousand dollars? Why have I been prevented from entering America for five years? And the attorney has admitted in a press conference that "Our priority was to destroy the commune." But why?

Even if somebody has done wrong, that person should be taken to the court. Five thousand innocent people -- why should you destroy them? Do you think because Mahatma

Gandhi was assassinated by a Hindu, all the Hindus should be destroyed? Because in Poona there are many criminals who are sent to jail, do you think it should be the priority of the government to destroy the whole city?

I am going to put a case in the supreme court of America, because the same man -- the attorney general of America, Mr. Meese -- is behind the whole case of Irangate. Ronald Reagan and Mr. Meese, and the CIA chief -- these three persons are in the same situation in which, a few years before, Richard Nixon was. Of course their crime is far bigger.

Soon, I predict they will be going down the drain. I just want them to remember: while you are going down the drain, remember Rajneeshpuram and the criminal act you have committed against five thousand innocent people.

The whole White House needs to be painted black, because this is the ugliest place on the earth, the most unholy. All kinds of crimes arise from the White House. Perhaps that's why from the very beginning they started calling it the White House -- to hide all that is dark and evil, inside the name "White House." But remember, there are white lies too, which are far worse....

So you have to be aware -- not only here but when you go back home -- anywhere you are, I suggest that you not use malas, not use orange clothes if they create any trouble. With a heavy heart I am saying that, but I love you and I don't want you to be in any trouble. I am ready for any trouble for myself, but not for you.

And this way you will be able to bring many more people to me who are seekers, but were afraid of becoming sannyasins.

You can have my photos in your house, but now the sannyas movement has to go underground absolutely. I will be in your heart, there is no need to be worried about the mala or clothes. My whole religion consists only of one thing: don't forget meditation. Everything else is non-essential.
Kahlil Gibran is asking:

WHAT PENALTY LAY YOU UPON HIM WHO SLAYS IN THE FLESH YET IS HIMSELF SLAIN IN THE SPIRIT?

Your whole system of law is superficial.
If somebody is slain in the spirit your law has no way even to find it out. And almost everybody has been murdered in his spirit. Unless somebody kills your body, only then the law can see it. Law is still of the lowest kind. Your judges are not capable of looking into your eyes to see what has been done to your being.

AND HOW PROSECUTE YOU HIM WHO IN ACTION IS A DECEIVER AND AN OPPRESSOR, YET WHO ALSO IS AGGRIEVED AND OUTRAGED?

Anybody who is a deceiver or an oppressor must have been produced by certain circumstances. What remedy has your law that those circumstances should not exist which create murderers, thieves, exploiters, all kinds of criminals? We don't really have an authentic system of law -- because a judge, a magistrate can only be a magistrate if he knows what meditation is, if he knows what love is, if he is

capable to look in the deepest core of your being, if he can put himself in your place and conceive of all the circumstances.
But no law college is concerned with all this. That's why crime goes on increasing, innocence goes on decreasing -- and we are all responsible for it.
I would like my sannyasins first to go through an inner transformation -- and then rebel against anything that is wrong, anywhere in the society. We have to create a new world... because there is no greater creation.

AND HOW SHALL YOU PUNISH THOSE WHOSE REMORSE IS ALREADY GREATER THAN THEIR MISDEEDS?

In the first place the very idea of punishment is wrong, because thousands of years of experience prove that punishment has not changed anyone. Sending somebody to jail is sending him to a university for criminals. Perhaps it may be his first crime -- he is immature; otherwise you would not have been able to catch hold of him. But inside the jail there are mature criminals. I have heard, a young man was sentenced for three years because he had stolen medicine for his dying mother. I don't see it as a crime, I see that it can happen only in a criminal society -- his mother is dying and nobody is bothering about it. He has not even enough money for medicine or to call a doctor. What do you want him to do?
He was sentenced to three years in jail, and when he entered the jail cell there was one person resting on his bed, and two other criminals were giving him a massage. The

man asked, "For how many years are you going to be here?"
He said, "Three years."
He said, "That's perfectly okay. You can have the bed near the door, because we are going to remain here -- somebody for twenty years, somebody for thirty years -- you are just a young kid. Just stay there -- anyway within three years you will be going out, so remain close to the door. Don't come in."
Have you ever heard that any criminal who has been punished comes out into the society changed? Yes, in a way changed -- he comes back with a great learning, that to commit a crime is not wrong but to be caught is wrong, so you have to be more articulate -- you are very amateurish. After living with old criminals, he has come out now -- graduated from the university.
And outside, the society is not going to give him the dignity that belongs to every man whether he is good or bad. The society will look at him as evil, bad, criminal -- who is going to give him a job? Who is going to give him shelter? Soon he will be forced by the circumstances to commit again a bigger crime, because now he knows the whole art of it.
In my village there was a very beautiful man, a Mohammedan. I had a deep friendship with him. My whole family, my whole village, my teachers, everybody was against having any kind of friendship with that man -- his name was Bartak Ali -- because he was three months in jail, one month out, six months in jail, two months out, three years in jail...

The last time I saw him he had come out after five years in jail. And he had been sent to jail by one of my neighbors who was a very rich man. He had been caught red-handed, stealing.

But Bartak Ali was a man who could not be humiliated by anything. He had no money. As he was released from jail he hired a tonga, a horse-driven vehicle. The driver asked, "Where do you want to go? because you don't have a home...."

He said, "I have a home, and I am coming out of there. Three-fourths of the time I rest in my home, one-fourth of the time I come out in the world to see what is happening -- just for a change. You take me to Mr. Mody's shop" -- that was the place where he was caught stealing, and Mody was the person who had managed to send him for five years into jail.

The driver said, "You are really a unique person...."

He said, "Where else can I go? He has destroyed my home, he sent me to jail. I don't even have money to pay you; he will have to pay you. He will have to pay money to you and he will have to find a shelter for me. And if he does not do it, then I am going to do something more harmful, so that I can remain in my home forever."

That was the time I met him, when he stepped out of the vehicle. That rich man had almost a nervous breakdown when he saw him. He was a very strong man, very influential in a way -- you could not have forgotten him if you had seen him once.

He said, "Good morning," and Mr. Mody was trembling. He entered the shop, sat on a chair and told him, "Pay the driver, because I don't have any money. And now find me a

place to stay and give me a job -- or a salary without a job, I don't mind."
I was present. I said, "Bartak, there are limits. That man is in such a situation, he may have a heart attack! You could have come to my house, you could have come to any other house. You have so many friends...."
He said, "Why should I go anywhere else? This man is responsible for forcing the judge -- and only for five years! I wanted to live in peace forever in my home. Now it is his duty."
And stuttering, Mr. Mody said, "Don't be worried." He paid the driver and he ordered food from a hotel for him, and he said, "I have a small house near the river where I rarely go. You can stay there."
He said, "What about my expenses?"
He said, "I will take care, but don't harass me too much... my heart is jumping as it has never jumped before. You just go. This is the key, food will be coming every day twice a day, tea in the morning, everything."
He said, "Remember, if any day anything is missed, your safe will disappear. Because now I know much more about how to make things disappear. Last time I was playing in a new dimension -- basically I am a pickpocket but in pockets you find such rubbish, after so much effort, that I thought something better had to be done. And now I have come absolutely graduated -- a five-year graduate from the university of crime."
Your jails are universities: they create criminals, they train criminals. This is not punishment, this is simple stupidity. Nobody needs to be punished. Every person who is doing something wrong needs the compassion of the whole

society, he is part of us.

It happened in a court. A man had murdered someone and the judge sentenced him to death. He said, "It is very unjust because I have not murdered him -- my hand is responsible."
The judge was also in a light mood -- he said, "That's true. Your hand has killed the man so we will send your hand to jail."
He said, "That's perfectly okay. Every criminal should be punished," and then he pulled his robe up, took off the hand -- it was a false hand. He gave it to the judge and said, "Your honor, can I go now?"
Whoever is doing wrong is just a part, and not artificial -- natural, existential.
And he is saying that if this man's remorse is greater than his misdeeds, what more punishment do you want to give him? If he is repenting, if he understands that something wrong has happened through him, if he feels heavy in his conscience, ashamed of his act, what more punishment can you give?
This is again Christian influence. It is not an original idea. Christianity has been telling you: just go to the church and confess, and God will forgive you. Your confession is your remorse.
But that is too simple. You are again free to commit the crime. Next Sunday, you can confess in privacy -- the priest is not allowed to talk about anybody's confession -- and you are forgiven. >No, just remorse won't do. And remorse may kill that person because of guilt much more quickly

than any punishment. I am against repentance, against remorse.
My whole approach is that of understanding. He should understand that his unconscious is animal, and whatever he has done was done because he has never bothered to rise above unconsciousness, above ordinary consciousness, to super-consciousness and higher levels of being. Just as out of unconsciousness, crimes are born -- out of super-consciousness, all that is valuable and beautiful is born. Anybody who has committed anything wrong should seek a mystery school, a master who can teach him how to become more conscious.
And there are peaks of consciousness -- at the highest peak, crime or sin or anything wrong becomes impossible. By remorse, it is not going to happen. Although he is not writing a Christian book, because he is basically brought up as a Christian he goes on, perhaps unconsciously, repeating what he has heard.
Jesus continually goes on saying in THE BIBLE, "Repent! Repent and ye shall be forgiven." A simple formula -- so simple that it cannot transform people.

YET YOU CANNOT LAY REMORSE UPON THE INNOCENT NOR LIFT IT FROM THE HEART OF THE GUILTY.

Certainly your judges are incapable of doing that. The longer they are in the service of being a judge, the harder become their hearts.

AND YOU WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND JUSTICE.

HOW SHALL YOU UNLESS YOU LOOK UPON ALL DEEDS IN THE FULLNESS OF LIGHT?

Don't judge a fragment of an action. You cannot judge a novel by tearing one page from the middle and reading it; you cannot judge whether the novel is a great piece of art, creativity, or just rubbish. How can you judge anybody by a small act?
But you yourself are not capable of seeing YOUR wholeness. How can you be capable of seeing the whole life of another person? First start from yourself, and the more you understand yourself the more compassionate you will be.
The day you have understood your whole being, you will know there are no sinners and no saints -- this is all a drama of sleeping people.

ONLY THEN SHALL YOU KNOW THAT THE ERECT AND THE FALLEN ARE BUT ONE MAN STANDING IN TWILIGHT BETWEEN THE NIGHT OF HIS PYGMY-SELF AND THE DAY OF HIS GOD-SELF. AND THAT THE CORNERSTONE OF THE TEMPLE IS NOT HIGHER THAN THE LOWEST STONE IN ITS FOUNDATION.

Nobody is lower, nobody is higher.
Nobody is a sinner, nobody is a saint.
We are all one, single whole.
If somebody commits a sin, we have committed it.
And if somebody becomes a Gautam Buddha, we have also tasted something of the beyond.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 1

Chapter #23

Chapter title: Except Love, There Should be No Law
19 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A LAWYER SAID,
BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS, MASTER?
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS,
YET YOU DELIGHT MORE IN BREAKING THEM.
LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING BY THE OCEAN WHO BUILD SAND-TOWERS WITH CONSTANCY AND THEN DESTROY THEM WITH LAUGHTER.
BUT WHILE YOU BUILD YOUR SAND-TOWERS THE OCEAN BRINGS MORE SAND TO THE SHORE. AND WHEN YOU DESTROY THEM THE OCEAN LAUGHS WITH YOU.
VERILY THE OCEAN LAUGHS ALWAYS WITH THE INNOCENT.
BUT WHAT OF THOSE TO WHOM LIFE IS NOT AN OCEAN, AND MAN-MADE LAWS ARE NOT SAND-TOWERS,

BUT TO WHOM LIFE IS A ROCK, AND THE LAW A CHISEL WITH WHICH THEY WOULD CARVE IT IN THEIR OWN LIKENESS?
WHAT OF THE CRIPPLE WHO HATES DANCERS?
WHAT OF THE OX WHO LOVES HIS YOKE AND DEEMS THE ELK AND THE DEER OF THE FOREST STRAY AND VAGRANT THINGS?
WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN, AND CALLS ALL OTHERS NAKED AND SHAMELESS?
AND OF HIM WHO COMES EARLY TO THE WEDDING FEAST, AND WHEN OVER-FED AND TIRED, GOES HIS WAY SAYING THAT ALL FEASTS ARE VIOLATION AND ALL FEASTERS LAW-BREAKERS?
WHAT SHALL I SAY OF THESE SAVE THAT THEY TOO STAND IN THE SUNLIGHT, BUT WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE SUN?
THEY SEE ONLY THEIR SHADOWS, AND THEIR SHADOWS ARE THEIR LAWS.
AND WHAT IS THE SUN TO THEM BUT A CASTER OF SHADOWS?
AND WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?
BUT YOU WHO WALK FACING THE SUN, WHAT IMAGES DRAWN ON THE EARTH CAN HOLD YOU?
YOU WHO TRAVEL WITH THE WIND, WHAT WEATHERVANE SHALL DIRECT YOUR COURSE?

WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S PRISON DOOR?
WHAT LAW SHALL YOU FEAR IF YOU DANCE BUT STUMBLE AGAINST NO MAN'S IRON CHAINS?
AND WHO IS HE THAT SHALL BRING YOU TO JUDGMENT IF YOU TEAR OFF YOUR GARMENT YET LEAVE IT IN NO MAN'S PATH?
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, YOU CAN MUFFLE THE DRUM, AND YOU CAN LOOSEN THE STRINGS OF THE LYRE, BUT WHO SHALL COMMAND THE SKYLARK NOT TO SING?
THEN A LAWYER SAID, BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS, MASTER?
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS,
YET YOU DELIGHT MORE IN BREAKING THEM,
LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING BY THE OCEAN WHO BUILD SAND-TOWERS WITH CONSTANCY AND THEN DESTROY THEM WITH LAUGHTER.

It is an important statement. It has to be understood, with all its implications.
First, who are the people who delight in laying down laws? Kahlil Gibran has completely forgotten about the quality of people who lay down the laws -- they are the weakest in humanity. Because they are weak they join together in a crowd, and all the laws they make are just to prevent the strong people and their mob. The weaker majority of humanity lays down the laws through its representatives to hide its weakness, and to be strong in its majority.

Your laws are not out of love, out of sincerity, out of silence. Your laws are out of fear. And anything based in fear is ugly.
Even though there are laws to protect the weak, the stronger are far more clever, far more cunning. The laws are made by their representatives to protect the weak -- but in fact they are used to protect the cunning and the clever, the rich and the powerful, against the poor, against the weak.

It is a very complicated question. You make the laws and you are going to be the victim of your own laws, because you cannot prevent the strong people from taking over your laws and using them against you.
While Adolf Hitler was in Germany, he was a chosen, elected through democratic means as the chancellor of the country. But once he was the chancellor of the country he himself became the law. And the same laws were turned against the people who had elected him.
There exists no lawfulness in the world because the basic stone of the foundation is missing. Love does not exist -- how can law exist?
Napoleon Bonaparte is reported to have said, "I am the law. My word is the law." Might has always been right in the whole past of humanity, and we are not yet out of the dark ages. Might is still right.
Might should not be right; right is far superior to might. Might is animal, right is human.
But why do all these armies exist? Why are people asked not carry arms? And the police and the government and the army -- they can carry disastrous arms, murderous arms, to

protect you. And remember: whoever has power, in the name of protection becomes your master. His power destroys your dignity, your humanity, your pride.

The world needs disarmament -- not only the Soviet Union or America; the whole world needs disarmament. If people have been disarmed, for whom are you carrying all these arms? For what purpose? -- just to make you more and more powerful, and to make the people more and more weakened. They cannot fight, they cannot even think of fighting -- they don't have any means. Rather than making people more loving, more understanding, more human towards each other, your so-called governments are simply using the rule of the jungle: whoever is powerful is right.
In the parables of Aesop there is a beautiful story -- all parables of Aesop are beautiful, but this parable is very relevant to the subject we are going to discuss.
A small lamb is drinking water in a stream, and a lion comes and feels a good chance for a breakfast. He tells the lamb, "You have some nerve -- I am here to drink water and you are polluting it, disturbing the dust."

But the lamb must have been immensely intelligent. He said, "Uncle, the current of the stream is going downward. You are standing upstream -- how can I corrupt the water for you? because the water will not flow upwards. It is simple logic."
Seeing that the lamb was intelligent, the lion said, "Your father has insulted me."
The lamb said, "When?"
And the lion said, "Just the other day."

The lamb said, "It must have been someone else, because my father has been dead for six months. How could you meet him the other day?"
Seeing that all his efforts to make a good breakfast of the lamb with an intellectual conviction that he had committed a crime against him... and the lamb said, "Anyway, even if my father has insulted you, I am innocent. You should not be angry at me."
The lion was puzzled -- what to do with this intelligent lamb? Finally he said, "You don't know how to talk with your elders. You are disrespectful to me. You go on speaking and answering everything that I say, and contradicting me. I cannot tolerate it."

The lamb said, "Why bother with all this? You want to kill me, kill me."
Might needs no argumentation -- although in the beginning, the weaker part of humanity felt that there was only one way to protect themselves, and that was to create law. Anybody who goes against law is to be punished, and everybody is equal in the eyes of the law. But they were absolutely unaware that if the strong, the cunning, the politically clever want power, they will manage it.
What is your so-called democracy, defined as the government of the people, for the people, by the people? Sometimes lies can also be expressed in beautiful words. No government in the world is by the people or for the people or of the people. This is the deception -- so that you can choose the stronger and the clever and the cunning, and once they are elected they have all the powers in their

hands. And they use all those powers for their own benefit, not for the benefit of the people.

Who are the lawmakers? And why in the first place are laws needed; are governments, armies and the police needed; for what? -- to keep you enslaved forever, giving you good promises but never delivering the goods.
It is time that man should move his attention from laws -- they have not been helpful, they have been harmful and poisonous -- towards love.
Except love, there should be no law.
And if people's hearts are full of love there is no need of law at all.

THEN A LAWYER SAID: BUT WHAT OF OUR LAWS? AND HE ANSWERED: YOU DELIGHT IN LAYING DOWN LAWS...

You delight because those laws make you powerful, yet you delight more in breaking them. A truth that cannot be denied is that most of the politicians come from the profession of law. And the greatest criminals in the world come from the profession of law. Knowing the law, they know all the loopholes. The innocent has no way to understand the legal jargon.

Mulla Nasruddin had gone to a lawyer and said, "I want your help. These are the charges the opposite party is putting against me. What do you say?"
The lawyer said, "You need not worry. I promise you that nobody can save whoever committed these crimes you

related to me, except a great legal expert -- and you have come to the right person."
Then Mulla started to leave the room. The legal expert said, "But what about my fee? because I always take half of the fee in advance and half when you are victorious."
Mulla Nasruddin said, "These are not the crimes committed by me, these are the crimes committed by the other party. I don't need your help." You go to any lawyer and he is ready to fight for you. Certainly both of the contesting parties cannot be right; they can both be wrong but they cannot both be right. As far as right is concerned, only one can be right.
But no lawyer says to his clients that "Your case is weak and you cannot win." He will lose his whole profession. Even to the murderer he says, "Don't be worried. If I am to defend you, you have not committed murder. Forget all about it, you must have dreamt it."

A strange profession: two lawyers have to be paid, the judge has to be paid -- out of the pockets of people who have no business in it.
If crime disappears from the world, lawyers will disappear, judges will disappear, courts will disappear. They show our ugliness and they show our unintelligence.
So on the one hand the same people create laws and the same people protect criminals. The same people break the laws they have made. It is almost a game, Kahlil Gibran says, like children playing by the ocean who build sand-towers with constancy and then destroy them with laughter. They have created a beautiful profession. For their profession, crime is needed -- more crime and more money,

more crime and more courts, more crime and more jails. Do you think these people would like the world to be crimeless? They will lose all their power, their profession, all their clients. They will be beggars. Right now they have become the masters.

And it is strange that the judgments always go in favor of the rich, in favor of the exploiters -- never in favor of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, the exploited. What you call law is in fact organized crime, hidden with sophisticated jargon.

If man is really interested to get rid of crime, every court should become a meditation center. Every jail should become helpful psychologically and physically to the people who have been forced there -- to give them dignity, to give them some craft, some art. And they all have talents dormant in them. Those talents should be brought out, so when they come out in the world they are not dependent on crime anymore. They have every capacity to earn, to deserve -- and moreover they have learned how to be silent, how to be peaceful, how to be meditative.

My own suggestion is that all the politicians at least should be sent into such places which you have been calling jails, imprisonment. I would not like to use those dirty words. They should be sent for their spiritual growth into meditative centers, into meditative communes. If we can transform the politicians -- who are powerful criminals -- then crime can disappear from the world without much effort.

Because it is not the weaker who commits the crime, it is the stronger who commits the crime. The weaker simply protects himself, makes laws. But he is unaware that he may be in the majority, but once you have chosen a member of the parliament for five years, he is your master. And you will go on like a Rotary Club, changing your masters every five years. What does it matter who is the master? Whoever is the master is going to be destructive of humanity in a thousand and one ways.

BUT WHILE YOU BUILD YOUR SAND-TOWERS, THE OCEAN BRINGS MORE SAND TO THE SHORE. AND WHEN YOU DESTROY THEM THE OCEAN LAUGHS WITH YOU.

He is speaking in a metaphorical, symbolic language -- saying that the whole existence laughs at the stupidity humanity continuously goes on living in: making sand castles and hoping that "This castle is not going to be destroyed."
How many laws have been created down the centuries? And every law has been broken. Then to protect the law, more laws are created. Now it has become so ridiculous that you have all kinds of laws... they were created in the beginning by the weak to protect themselves, and now they are in the hands of the strongest people, and they are being used against the weak, against the poor.

It is a very strange story that these lawgivers have reduced the whole humanity into a subhuman state. Because they have the guns, and they don't allow you even a paper knife.

And power goes on shifting into other powerful hands and the vast majority of humanity goes on hoping and hoping that one day there will be no crime, no rape, no murder. But crimes have increased, murders have increased, suicides have increased, rapes have increased -- and the law is so superficial it does not go to the roots of the problem. Kahlil Gibran is saying the ocean, the earth, the moons, the stars, laugh -- what kind of man has arisen on the earth? You have become the laughingstock of the whole universe.

VERILY THE OCEAN LAUGHS ALWAYS WITH THE INNOCENT.

There, Kahlil Gibran seems to be slipping down again. First he says they laugh with the lawmakers and the lawbreakers, and now he says: Verily the ocean laughs always with the innocent.

I say unto you, the ocean cries, weeps with the innocent, for the innocent. The laughter against the lawmakers and lawbreakers is a laughter of condemnation. But how can the earth, the ocean, the mountains laugh with the innocent? who is being continuously tortured, harassed, and there is no appeal for him.

At the most he can appeal to the empty sky. He had to create a God just to have a little consolation that he can appeal; that there are courts, but the ultimate court is far above, above the clouds in heaven.

And all the religions have been consoling people. Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God. Blessed is the man who stands last in the queue because he will be received first in the kingdom of God."

Mere consolations, to somehow tolerate and suffer in the hope that one day he will be the first and the first will be the last. One day the innocent will be declared pure and clean, and the so-called victorious will be defeated for eternity.

I have always wondered, continuously, how a man of Kahlil Gibran's calibre managed to remain in a third-class religion of the world, Christianity. And he never raised a question against Christianity.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE TO WHOM LIFE IS NOT AN OCEAN, AND MAN-MADE LAWS ARE NOT SAND-TOWERS,
BUT TO WHOM LIFE IS A ROCK AND THE LAW A CHISEL WITH WHICH THEY WOULD CARVE IT IN THEIR OWN LIKENESS?

Sometimes he seems to have lost his eyesight. He has forgotten that God created man in his own image. Every father has been doing the same since then, making an effort to create in his children his own image. He will be gone, but his image will remain.
But the moment you start trying to create your own image you are being violent, not loving. You are not allowing the other person to have his own original face; you are giving him a mask which looks like you.

I was staying in a family, sitting early in the morning in the garden. The only child of the family, nearabout eight or nine years old, had become very friendly with me. He was

also sitting with me. I asked him, "What do you want to become in life?"
He said, "Most probably I will be in a madhouse."
I said, "You want to be in a madhouse?"
He said, "I don't want to be in a madhouse -- but my father wants me to become a doctor, my mother wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a professor, the elders of my family... everybody has an image and they all want to impose their image on me. Nobody even asks me what I want to become. They are not concerned with me, they are concerned with their own ambitions. They want to create me exactly as a carbon copy of themselves -- everybody. Naturally, I am going to be in a madhouse -- a little bit of doctor, a little bit of engineer, a little bit of this and a little bit of that."
I said, "You are very intelligent -- nobody can put you in a madhouse. Tonight I am going to talk to your parents and your elders."
He said, "This has been going on from the very beginning. As soon as I became able to speak, anybody coming to the house -- a guest, a friend -- and they would say to my father: `His eyes look exactly like you.' And they would say, `His nose looks exactly like his mother,' and so on, so forth. And I started wondering whether I am a concoction of all these people -- nothing looks like me! My eyes look like my father, my nose looks like my mother, my color looks like my uncle -- have I got anything that is mine, or am I just a jigsaw puzzle? Somebody's nose, somebody's eyes, somebody's skin color, somebody's hair... they have been driving me mad since then."

This whole criminal act starts with God.
It is not a coincidence that you all call God, "father." All fathers are trying to do the same as he did. And because nobody is allowed to be himself, there is resistance, there is anger, there is violence, there is deep frustration in the heart. And all these combined create the criminal. If people are allowed and helped and loved as they are, if no demands are made on them, but only freedom is given to them to be themselves, crime can disappear from the earth. And with the crime, all the criminals -- the politicians, the judges, the lawyers -- are going to disappear. Naturally, such a vast investment is involved that they will not allow a man like me even to speak.
Because I can wake up the rebel in you. They have pushed it deep down into your unconscious -- I can bring it to your consciousness and help you to raise it to super-conscious levels. But then you won't look like your father. You will look just like yourself. And you will not have any frustration, any anger, any rage, any violence, because no violence has been done to you.

Remember a fundamental law of existence: whatever is being done to you, you return it back to the society. If you are criminal, the society has done something which is criminal.
We have lived for five years, five thousand sannyasins together. And we never needed any judge, any court. Nobody was fighting, because everybody was grateful to everybody else for giving him his own space, his own being. How can he be violent?

Violence, illegality, criminality, are all only symptoms of a very deep cause, and the cause is that nobody has been allowed to fulfill his own destiny. How can you be happy, how can you be blissful, how can you be loving? It is impossible -- it is against all sensibility.

AND OF THE CRIPPLE WHO HATES DANCERS...

How can law help a cripple who hates dancers? This is a very pregnant statement. The whole American government became angry with us because they were crippled and we were dancing. They could not forgive us. They were blind and we were enjoying all the colors of the rainbow and the light of the sun and the moon -- how can they forgive you?

Medical science has made it an established fact, which is being hidden by every government from the people... they are against drugs, they are against marijuana, but marijuana is harmless. It simply makes you more relaxed, more joyful -- and it has no hangover. But marijuana is illegal and alcohol is legal. And who are these lawgivers? Alcohol destroys you, may bring you an early death -- it is not so with marijuana. But to have marijuana is to commit a crime, and you can drink as much alcohol as you want.

It seems that because marijuana gives people a relaxedness, a joyousness, the crippled who cannot dance will not allow anybody else to dance either. The miserable who cannot be happy will not allow anybody to be happy.

Alcohol does not make you happy -- it simply makes you forget your miseries. But tomorrow the miseries will be there not less than before, but more than before -- and with

a headache and a hangover. This is legal, the law favors it. But marijuana is illegal.

Only one man of understanding in this century, Aldous Huxley, had the courage to say that marijuana should be legalized all over the world, and alcohol should be prohibited. He was the man who said that marijuana is certainly somehow connected with the ancient Vedic days, when they used something they called somras. It was a drug; it was found only in the Himalayas. The effects that they describe are very close to marijuana.

Aldous Huxley was a courageous man, to declare that we have all the scientific technology to take out anything from any drug that is harmful, and make drugs not only harmless but nourishing to your health, to your mental stability, and perhaps may give you a glimpse of the beyond. He named these ultimate findings of science after the somras.

The oldest book in the world, RIG VEDA, mentions that before praying, seers would take somras, and then it was easy for them to dance, to sing, to be joyous. Aldous Huxley said that one day, when humanity comes to its senses, we will create a synthetic drug which has no bad effects at all, which passes through the body within twenty-four hours and does not remain in the body. He called it soma in the memory of those first pioneers who were calling it somras, the juice of the som. The word som means the moon. The moment they had drunk the somras, the earth became as beautiful for them as the fullmoon night -- hence the name somras.

But nobody listened to him. Humanity lags behind in listening, and by the time it starts listening it is too late.
I started saying in 1950 that birth control should be propagated, and anybody who opposes it should be thought a criminal. I was stoned, because I was speaking against religion, because children come from God. At that time, India had a population of four hundred million people. If they had listened to me, they would not have been in such a mess. Now their population is more than double -- almost nine hundred million people.
But the politician is concerned only with his power. He is not concerned that by the end of this century, fifty million people will die of starvation in this country. Every street, every house will be surrounded by rotting corpses. In fact it will be better to die rather than to live amongst fifty million dead people -- nobody will be able to take them to the graveyard or to the funeral pyre.

And when fifty million people die around you, can you smile? can you dance? can you celebrate?
What of the cripple who hates dancers, of the retarded people who hate the genius, who have crucified Jesus Christ, who have killed Al Hillaj Mansoor, who were the people in Athens who poisoned Socrates -- all that is contained in this simple sentence, that the crippled cannot tolerate somebody else dancing.
Athens was at its peak of civilization and culture -- still, far below the genius of Socrates. They could not tolerate him; they could not fly that high. It was offensive. The only way they found was, "destroy this man, because he reminds us again and again that we are crippled."

What law is there, Almustafa is asking, that the dancers can be protected from the crippled ones?
What was the anger of Adolf Hitler to destroy one million Jews in Germany? -- because they were rich, intelligent, and he was in difficulty even to find any kind of employment. And finally, because there was a shortage of soldiers for the first war, he entered, he was taken into the army.

This man of no qualifications, of no superior human values, was gathering a great hatred for all those who had money, who had education, who had culture. Forty percent of Nobel prizes go to the Jews, and Jews are a small minority in the world. It was difficult for the crippled Adolf Hitler to tolerate these people. Once he managed to reach power, his first thing was that "Germany has been falling down, losing wars because of the Jews." Such an irrelevant, meaningless, absurd statement -- but he went on repeating it and people started believing it.
It is almost as if he had said "Germany's fall is because of bicycles -- destroy all bicycles and you will be the ruler of the whole world." But in the name of Nordic German Aryan superiority... of which he does not look like a representative; he looks just like a carbon copy of Charlie Chaplin -- a little more stupid.
But just buttress the ego of the ignorant, and the German Nordic people became convinced, that "This man is right. In the world only one race can be the chosen race, and Jews have been telling us for centuries that they are the chosen people of God. If Nordic Aryans want to be the chosen people in the world, and the rulers of the whole world, the

enemy is nobody else but the Jews. They have to be completely erased. No trace should exist in the world that there has ever been a certain race, of Jews."

And he convinced people, and six million Jews were killed. Of course their money was not burned, their houses were not burned. Their factories were not burned; they were all taken over by the Germans, and Germans became very happy: "This is a good and a great benefit. Adolf Hitler has made many Germans rich."
You can go on killing the Jews and robbing all their monies, but you cannot rob anybody's genius and you cannot rob anybody of his spirit. Adolf Hitler remained a retarded, pygmy human being -- an ugly pig.
How should the crippled be prevented from destroying the dancers?
How should the dumb be prevented from destroying the singers?
There is only one way: Even if a man is crippled, he has hidden in him some talent; help him to bring his talent and express it. A crippled person can paint, a crippled person can meditate, a crippled person can write poetries, a crippled person can be the best singer in the world. Rather than focusing on destroying the dancers, give the cripple education, facilities, so he does not feel in any way inferior to anybody.

WHAT OF THE OX WHO LOVES HIS YOKE AND DEEMS THE ELK AND DEER OF THE FOREST STRAY AND VAGRANT THINGS?

What of the ox who loves his yoke... because the yoke, the slavery... although at a very great cost, because no ox is born as a ox. Just see the ox and the bull, and you will know the difference. The bull is a glory, a magnificent phenomenon of strength and power. But he is being castrated. This is something not to forget... because many bulls are not needed.

One bull is enough to make thousands of cows pregnant, he has so much power. You cannot yoke a bull to your vehicle. He is so powerful that with you and your vehicle he may jump into a ditch. If he sees a beautiful lady cow coming on the way he may forget all about the business, throw away the yoke -- first things first!

No bull is of any pragmatic use -- except that he can produce more bulls. But before they become bulls or become aware of their strength, they have to be castrated. They have to be made impotent. Then the same glorious bull is just a poor ox, and goes on and on carrying a bullock cart. Of course he has more security: always enough food, a shelter in rain, in heat. Naturally he thinks that the elk and the deer, the wild animals who have a beauty....

The ox is a crime against poor animals who cannot speak, cannot go to a lawyer and ask, "On what authority are we being made impotent?" But to console himself, he thinks that the deer and the elk and all other wild animals are unnecessarily running here and there, vagabonds: "I am a useful being because I am pulling a cart." And the yoke, the slavery has become his safety.

Bullock carts should disappear from the world. When you have buses and railway trains and cars, what is the need to

destroy millions of beautiful bulls? Don't be worried where they will get their food, how they will live. All the wild animals live, get their food, and are immensely happy. The bulls will also be in the forests, in the mountains, amongst their sisters and brothers.
A bullock cart is ugly. It shows man's violence against a silent animal who cannot protest. But somehow he manages to console himself. And this is the same with all people who are consoling themselves in some way or other. In this metaphoric language, Kahlil Gibran is saying to people that you start loving your slavery because it gives you security, safety -- although you lose all your dignity, freedom, glory.

WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN?

Serpents every year shed their old skin, and they simply slip out of it with a fresh, young skin. Just like the trees -- they drop their dead leaves and soon they are again green with foliage and flowers. But the old serpent becomes so weak in his old age, he cannot get out of his rotten skin. But even he finds consolation:

WHAT OF THE OLD SERPENT WHO CANNOT SHED HIS SKIN, AND CALLS ALL OTHERS NAKED AND SHAMELESS?

This concerns my people. In your dance, in your song, in your love, all the crippled people are enraged, because they cannot dance. But they have power to stop you from dancing. And I say unto you: It is better to die than to stop

your dancing just out of the fear that you may be killed. Because what is a life which knows no song, no dance, no love? These are the people who are calling nakedness obscenity. Just put one thousand people naked and you will be surprised how ugly they look. In their clothes they are hiding their ugliness.

But when they see somebody naked and beautiful it is impossible for them to tolerate the person, because he reminds them of their own ugliness. Howsoever hidden in the clothes, it does not matter -- they know. Others may be deceived, but how can you deceive yourself? Nakedness becomes obscenity -- and all the animals are naked and all the birds are naked.

But I am not telling you to go in the streets naked. That time has not come yet. Just wait a little... let me have my people all around the world. Then our protests will be naked. They are asking us to drop firearms -- we are going to drop even the clothes! And if they feel ashamed they are not feeling ashamed of your nakedness; they are feeling ashamed of themselves and their bodies, what they have done with themselves. Hiding behind the clothes they have not taken any care of their bodies.

Right now -- because you are amongst those crippled people -- don't dance in the streets, because those crippled people are too many and we are very few. It is only because of those ugly people that I am telling you not to be naked in the street -- because you provoke their anger, their jealousy, their poverty. They don't have such a beautiful body.

But I promise you that the day is not far away when we will have enough people. Then we can fill all the streets of all the cities of the world with naked dancers, with thousands of singers and show them: "What you have missed, we have found. Don't be angry -- join us! And we will put your body right, and your mind right."
But it is a little too early. So right now, just behave the way the blind and the deaf and the crippled want you to behave. It is not our "norm" -- it is just a temporary adjustment with an insane world. Once we have enough people, we will show these insane people that "Unless you come naked on the streets, you are obscene. What are you afraid of? In your house you can use clothes, but not outside!"

AND OF HIM WHO COMES EARLY TO THE WEDDING FEAST AND WHEN OVER-FED AND TIRED, GOES HIS WAY SAYING THAT ALL FEASTS ARE VIOLATIONS, ALL FEASTERS ARE LAWBREAKERS.

This, on the superficial level, seems to be not of any importance, but it has a depth that you will have to discover. I know that all the political leaders, all the bureaucrats, are drinkers, smokers. Even when there was prohibition, in the very cabinet of Morarji Desai there were people who were drinking alcohol. And I don't think there was anything wrong in it. If Morarji Desai is free to drink his own urine... alcohol is purely vegetarian. In fact he is abnormal. He thinks every disease can be cured just by drinking your urine -- no medical colleges are needed, no doctors, no medicines.

I had a discussion with him, and I said, "Just tell me how you can cure a man who is suffering from cancer by having him drink his own urine? Or a man who is suffering from tuberculosis... the urine takes all the poisons of the body out and you are taking them back in! If you want to prohibit, prohibit everybody from drinking his own urine. You can say, `I am an exception, I am the prime minister of India -- only prime ministers are allowed.' And I know about your cabinet members, personally. They are all drinking alcohol. What is the point of imposing your ideas on people?"
Mahatma Gandhi is the father of four children, and after giving birth to four children he started teaching celibacy. At least give the same opportunity to everybody. And what happened to his celibacy in the end? -- because it was nothing but repression. At the late age of seventy he started sleeping with a naked girl. And his disciples wanted the fact not to be known to the public, because he would lose all his saintliness, mahatmahood -- at the age of seventy he is sleeping naked with a girl!

But they could not hide it for a simple reason: because a few years before, Gandhi's own private secretary, Pyarelal, had fallen in love with a woman. He was a young man, intelligent man, and a very beautiful writer. Gandhi prevented him, and gave him an ultimatum: "Either remain celibate or leave the ashram. Or if you want to get married, I have no objection -- get married, but remain celibate."
Strange kind of logic: fast, but keep all kinds of beautiful dishes around you. In that way, to fast becomes even more

difficult because you cannot think of anything else but the beautiful dishes around you, and the aroma arising to you continuously reminds you that you are hungry.
It was Pyarelal -- and as far as I understand, out of sheer revenge -- who made the secret open to the whole world. He wrote a biography of Mahatma Gandhi and devoted almost one hundred pages to his unnatural idea of celibacy. And ultimately, before his death, Mahatma Gandhi started sleeping with a girl!
Even now, Gandhians don't talk about it. Films are made on Gandhi but that part is not there. And people like Vinoba Bhave, Kaka Kalelkar, his very close disciples, were writing letters to Pyarelal which he has published: "Do whatever you want but keep it a secret." These are the people who are in search of truth.

WHAT SHALL I SAY OF THESE SAVE THAT THEY TOO STAND IN THE SUNLIGHT, BUT WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE SUN?

All these people who are condemning others, judging others, just to feel superior, are doing nothing but one thing: standing not facing the sun, but keeping their backs to the sun. They don't want to see. They are perfectly content with their blindness. Their blindness is very long, old, it has become their philosophy, their religion, their lifestyle. They cannot change it -- and the change is very simple: just a one hundred and eighty-degree turn and there will be no darkness but only light.
But even if you force these people, they will keep their eyes closed. They are facing only their shadows; they see only

their shadows and their shadows are their laws. This was the question -- "Tell us about the laws."

Almustafa is saying very correctly:

THEY SEE ONLY THEIR SHADOWS, AND THEIR SHADOWS ARE THEIR LAWS.

Their laws are made in their blindness, in their darkness, in their unconsciousness.

AND WHAT IS THE SUN TO THEM BUT A CASTER OF SHADOWS?

The sun is not a light to them, but only a caster of shadows. If you keep your back to the sun, naturally this will be your conclusion too.

AND WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?
They don't have any light, just their own shadow. So what remains?
WHAT IS IT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAWS BUT TO STOOP DOWN AND TRACE THEIR SHADOWS UPON THE EARTH?
And those tracings upon the earth of their own shadows, they want to impose on everyone else.

BUT YOU WHO WALK FACING THE SUN, WHAT IMAGES DRAWN ON THE EARTH CAN HOLD YOU?

A beautiful statement: But you who walk facing the sun, what images drawn drawn on the earth can hold you? The sun is your law, that's what I am saying: Love is your only law. Don't act against love. Follow wherever your love leads you, and you will remain always innocent.

YOU WHO TRAVEL WITH THE WIND, WHAT WEATHERVANE SHALL DIRECT YOUR COURSE?

You simply have to live a life of let-go. The winds will take you lovingly wherever your destiny lies.

WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S PRISON DOOR?

It is just in your hands to remain a slave or to become a free man. Free you were born -- slavery is the gift of all those who pretend to love you. Perhaps they are not even aware that they are making you slaves.
Break all chains, throw all yokes, and follow your own nature.
Wherever it leads is paradise.
It is not a question of asking where paradise is. I am saying, if you simply follow your nature, wherever you reach you will find paradise.

WHAT MAN'S LAW SHALL BIND YOU IF YOU BREAK YOUR YOKE BUT UPON NO MAN'S PRISON DOOR?

WHAT LAW SHALL YOU FEAR IF YOU DANCE BUT STUMBLE AGAINST NO MAN'S IRON CHAINS?

This is especially for you:
Dance, but don't stumble on somebody else's chains. If he has decided to remain in chains, that is his problem.

AND WHO IS THAT SHALL BRING YOU TO JUDGMENT IF YOU TEAR OFF YOUR GARMENT YET LEAVE IT IN NO MAN'S PATH?

Who has the authority to prevent you from throwing your clothes, your conditionings, and becoming an individual in your own right? But don't throw your clothes and garments in anybody's path.

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, YOU CAN MUFFLE THE DRUM AND YOU CAN LOOSEN THE STRINGS OF THE LYRE, BUT WHO SHALL COMMAND THE SKYLARK NOT TO SING?

The police commissioner of Poona!

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho!

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BELOVED OSHO,
AND AN ORATOR SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FREEDOM.
AND HE ANSWERED:
AT THE CITY GATE AND BY YOUR FIRESIDE I HAVE SEEN YOU PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND WORSHIP YOUR OWN FREEDOM,
EVEN AS SLAVES HUMBLE THEMSELVES BEFORE A TYRANT AND PRAISE HIM THOUGH HE SLAYS THEM.
AY, IN THE GROVE OF THE TEMPLE AND IN THE SHADOW OF THE CITADEL I HAVE SEEN THE FREEST AMONG YOU WEAR THEIR FREEDOM AS A YOKE AND A HANDCUFF.
AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU, AND WHEN YOU CEASE TO SPEAK OF FREEDOM AS A GOAL AND A FULFILMENT.
YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF,

BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.
AND HOW SHALL YOU RISE BEYOND YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS UNLESS YOU BREAK THE CHAINS WHICH YOU AT THE DAWN OF YOUR UNDERSTANDING HAVE FASTENED AROUND YOUR NOON HOUR?
IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

The true freedom has nothing to do with the outside world. The true freedom is not political, is not economic; it is spiritual. Political freedom can be taken away at any moment; economic freedom can disappear just like a dewdrop in the early morning sun. They are not in your hands. And that which is not in your hands cannot be called true freedom.
True freedom is always spiritual. It has something to do with your innermost being, which cannot be chained, which cannot be handcuffed, which cannot be put into a jail.
Yes, your body can suffer all these things, but your soul is intrinsically free. You don't have to ask for it, and you don't have to struggle for it. It is already there, this very moment. If you turn inwards, all chains, all prisons, all kinds of slaveries disappear -- and there are many. Freedom is only one; slaveries are many -- just as truth is one, lies can be thousands.

AND AN ORATOR SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FREEDOM.

The orator is only articulate with words. He talks about freedom, about love, about beauty, about good, but he only talks; his oratory is nothing but a training of the mind. The orator has no concern with realities. His world consists only of words -- which are impotent, without any content -- and his art is to manage those impotent and contentless words in such a way that you are caught in the words.

It is very relevant that an orator asked Almustafa: speak to us of freedom.

What exactly is the innermost substance of freedom? -- that you are free from the past, that you are free from the future. You do not have memories binding you with the past, dragging you always backwards -- that is against existence: nothing goes backwards. And your freedom is also from imagination, desire, longing -- they drag you towards the future.

Neither the past exists nor the future exists.

All that you have in your hands is the present.

The man who lives in the present, unburdened of past and future, knows the taste of freedom. He has no chains -- chains of memories, chains of desires. These are the real chains which bind your soul and never allow you to live the moment that is yours.

As far as I am concerned, I don't see that without a meditative mind one can ever be in freedom.

In India what you have known in the West as paradise is known as moksha. Moksha means freedom. Paradise does not mean freedom, paradise comes from a Persian root,

phirdaus, which means "a walled garden." But don't forget that it is a walled garden: it may be a garden, but it is a prison.

The biblical story says that God became annoyed with Adam and Eve and threw them out of the garden of Eden. Into what? Where? If you ask me, it was a curse hiding the greatest freedom, the greatest blessing. They were out of the prison, and that was the beginning of humanity. Now the whole sky and the whole earth was theirs, and it was up to them what they make of it. It is unfortunate that they have not been able to create a free world. Each nation has again become a walled prison -- not even a walled garden.

In a small school, the religious teacher was talking to the children about the biblical beginnings of the world. A small boy raised his hand to ask a question. The teacher said, "What is your question?"

He said, "My question is: THE BIBLE says, `God drove out Adam and Eve.' What model of car did he use?"

It must have been a Ford -- the first model, called the Model-T Ford. And I think that poor God is still driving the Model-T Ford without any mechanics, because neither is his son Jesus Christ a mechanic, nor is the Holy Ghost, nor is He Himself.

Christianity thinks that God punished man. My understanding and insight says: God may have thought He was punishing them, but the reality is that God is still imprisoned in a walled garden. And it was a blessing in disguise that he made man free. His intention was not good, but the result was the whole evolution of man. And if evolution is not going as fast as it should go, again the priests of God, of all religions, are preventing it.

When Galileo found that it is not the sun that goes around the earth, that it is an appearance and not a reality.... The reality is just the opposite: the earth goes around the sun. When he wrote a treatise explaining his reasons, evidence, proofs, arguments, he was very old -- seventy or seventy-five -- and sick, bedridden, almost dying. But Christian love is such that the people of the pope dragged him from his bed to the court of the pope.
The pope said, "You have committed the gravest crime, because THE BIBLE says, and everybody knows, that the sun goes around the earth. Either you have to change your opinion, or death will be the penalty."

Galileo, even in his old age, sick and dying, must have been an immensely beautiful man, a man with a sense of humor. He said, "Your Honor, there is no problem. I can write what you are saying. There is just one thing I want to make clear to you -- that my writing is going to be read neither by the sun nor by the earth. They will continue in their old way, as they have always done. The earth will continue to go around the sun. You can burn my book or I can change the paragraph."
The pope said, "You change the paragraph."
He changed the paragraph and wrote, "According to THE BIBLE and according to the pope and according to the ordinary humanity, it appears that the sun goes around the earth." And in the footnote he wrote, "The truth is just the opposite. I cannot help it -- I cannot convince the earth to follow THE BIBLE, and I cannot convince the sun to follow THE BIBLE. They are not Christian." The footnote was discovered only after his death; otherwise he would

have been crucified by the Christians -- who go on making so much fuss about the crucifixion of Jesus.
I was talking to one of the most important Christian missionaries, Stanley Jones, and asked, "What do you think about it? -- why was the pope insistent? If science had discovered it, THE BIBLE should have been corrected."
Stanley Jones said to me, "It may have great implications. If one statement in THE BIBLE is wrong, then what is the guarantee that other statements are not wrong?"
And THE BIBLE is a holy book, coming directly from God. Nothing can be changed in it, nothing can be edited out, nothing can be added into it. And in the last three hundred years man has found so many things which are against THE BIBLE.

In fact, as you grow in consciousness, you are bound to find that what was written two thousand years ago, or five thousand years ago, has to be continually improved. New editions have to be produced. But what religions lack is courage -- courage to be on the side of truth. And it is not only Christians, the case is the same with the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Jews, the Buddhists, the Jainas. There is not any difference in their mentality.
A man of freedom is free of the past. And the man of freedom is also free of the future, because you don't know what is going to happen the next moment. How can you go on desiring?...
An old man was dying. He was a Jew; and his four sons, who used to live in different houses, were of course immensely rich people. Hearing that their father was dying, they rushed to him.

The father was dying, taking his last breath on the bed, and just sitting by the side of the bed, the sons started discussing how to take his body to the graveyard. Their concern was not the father -- a few minutes more and he would be gone, forever; there was no possibility of their meeting or recognizing each other again... but that was not their concern. They were concerned about: "When he dies, how are we going to transport his body?"

The youngest boy suggested, "He always wanted to have a Rolls Royce. And he has enough money, we have enough money; there is no need for him to suffer and repress an innocent desire. So at least we should bring a Rolls Royce to carry his body to the graveyard. In his life he missed, but at least in death he will have the Rolls Royce."

The second boy said, "You are too young and you don't understand matters concerning money. It is a sheer wastage. He is dead -- whether you take him in a Rolls Royce or in a truck does not matter to him. He will not be able to know, so why waste money?" And it was not much money either, just to hire a Rolls Royce taxi. It was not a question of purchasing it. He said, "My suggestion is that a cheap truck will do as efficiently as any Rolls Royce -- for the dead it makes no difference."

The third boy said, "You are also still immature. Why bother about a truck, when the municipal corporation truck takes, free of charge, any beggar who dies? Just put him out on the road! In the morning the municipal truck, with all kinds of rubbish, will take him for free. Give him a free ride! And what does it matter to a dead man whether it is a municipal truck or a hired truck or a Rolls Royce?"

At that very moment the old man opened his eyes and said, "Where are my shoes?" They were puzzled, "What are you going to do with shoes? Why waste a pair of shoes? Anyway you are going to die."

He said, "I'm still alive and perhaps have a few more breaths. Just bring the shoes; I will walk to the graveyard. That is the cheapest and the sanest way. You are all extravagant, spendthrift."

People may have money, and the money becomes their fetter. People may have prestige, and the prestige becomes their fetters. It seems the whole past of humanity has been improving on how to make better chains, but even if a chain is made of gold, it is still a chain. Freedom on the outside is just the politician's continuous deceiving of the whole humanity.

Freedom is your individual affair.

It is totally subjective.

If you have thrown out all the rubbish of the past and all the desires and ambitions for the future, this very moment you are free -- just like a bird on the wing, the whole sky is yours. Perhaps even the sky is not the limit.

Why is the orator, not a slave, asking him? It would have been far more relevant had a slave asked, speak to us of freedom. The orator is asking about freedom so that he can start speaking on freedom with more efficiency and with more articulateness.

He is not interested in being free. His interest is to become a great orator about freedom -- because everybody is in chains of different kinds, and enslaved by religions, by politicians, by parents, by society. The orator is simply asking to decorate his speeches. It is not an authentic

question. But the answer is far more authentic. Almustafa answered:

AT THE CITY GATE AND BY YOUR FIRESIDE I HAVE SEEN YOU PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND WORSHIP YOUR OWN FREEDOM.

What do you do when you go to a Hindu temple, or a Mohammedan mosque, or a Christian church, or a synagogue? -- you are worshiping things which you yourself have created. And that shows man's utter stupidity: first you carve a statue of God and then you prostrate yourself before it. This is your religion. Why don't you start touching your own feet? There is no difference.
Mohammedans have been in difficulty, because Mohammed, fourteen centuries ago, found that the people of Arabia were worshiping three hundred and sixty-five statues. Kaaba was their temple, and for every day one statue was worshiped. And even
Mohammed, uneducated, could see the foolishness of it -- you make the statues, and then you worship them -- so he destroyed all those three hundred and sixty-five statues.
I am not in favor of his destruction. Instead... the same thing started again. He himself started it, because he found man is so much in love with his own misery that he cannot understand the idea of freedom -- because to be free is to be free of misery.
The same Kaaba where three hundred and sixty-five statues used to exist also had a big square stone. It was not an ordinary stone, it was an asteroid. Every night you see stars falling -- but stars don't fall, and it is good and

compassionate of them that they don't fall, because they are so big that if they fell on the earth, the whole earth would disappear as if it had never existed. What you see, and call falling stars, are nothing but small stones.

When the moon became separated from the earth.... In the beginning days the earth was not so solid. It is not solid even today, if you go deep inside: deep inside, it is burning lava. Once in a while it erupts into a volcano, but the upper crust has become solid. In the beginning it was not solid, and when the liquid earth was first moving on its own center....

It takes twenty-four hours for it to move on its own center. And then it is also moving around the sun -- it takes three hundred and sixty-five days. In this double movement parts of the liquid crust were falling out here and there. Where you find, today, the great oceans, those are the places where big lumps of earth fell out. Joined together, they became your moon.

This moon continues to move around the earth, but no religious scripture of the world has any idea of it.

Sometimes, because there are almost three thousand stones falling every twenty-four hours on the earth.... In the day you cannot see them because the sun is so bright, but in the night you can see them. It is a stone moving towards the earth, pulled by gravitation, with such a speed that the friction makes it burn up; hence you see the light and you think it is a star.

But sometimes big stones also fall, and the Kaaba is one of the biggest stones that has fallen. Because it had fallen from above, the people who worshiped the three hundred and sixty-five statues thought that it was a gift from God,

and they placed it in the middle of the temple. The temple was vast -- naturally, to accommodate three hundred and sixty-five guests. It was a five star hotel! And it was just a coincidence that the stone of Kaaba fell there. Mohammed destroyed all the statues, but he could not destroy the men's memories, he could not destroy the men's imaginations. Not finding the statues, they started worshiping that great stone.

It seems that man is afraid to be free. He wants some father in the sky, at least for complaints and prayers. He needs a father in the sky as God, to take care of him. Without God in the sky, he feels like a lost child. It is a father fixation, psychologically.

Almustafa is saying, "I have seen you worshiping and prostrating yourself; and in a certain way you worship yourself -- in a roundabout way." The simplest way would have been to just put a mirror up, stand before the mirror, and with folded hands, repeat any kind of prayer -- Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek, Latin. Don't use the language that you know, because when you know the language your prayer looks very ordinary. When you don't know the language, it is mystifying.

... EVEN AS SLAVES HUMBLE THEMSELVES BEFORE A TYRANT AND PRAISE HIM THOUGH HE SLAYS THEM.

Your worship is just like slaves praising the tyrant who has reduced them from humanity into slavery. And he can kill them any moment, because a slave is a property, not a person.

AY, IN THE GROVE OF THE TEMPLE AND IN THE SHADOW OF THE CITADEL I HAVE SEEN THE FREEST AMONG
YOU WEAR THEIR FREEDOM AS A YOKE AND A HANDCUFF.

Thousands of years of many kinds of slavery have made you so afraid to be free -- which is your birthright and which is your ultimate blissfulness. Your so-called temples and synagogues and mosques and churches are not symbols of freedom, they are symbols of your slavery, of your dead tyrants. But even intelligent people go on doing the same thing.

For example, I would like to tell you.... Mahatma Gandhi has been praised all over the world. Perhaps I am the only person who can see his retardedness: he was preaching nonviolence his whole life and at the same time he was worshiping the SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, the Hindu bible, which is the only book in the world which teaches violence. And I cannot conceive that he could not see the contradiction.

Krishna, in the BHAGAVADGITA, says continually to Arjuna, "It is God's will that you should go to war and destroy your enemies." But because it was a family quarrel -- they were cousin-brothers fighting with each other, Arjuna and Duryodhana -- it was a very strange kind of fight. On each side they had their relatives. It was one family -- even the grandfather had to choose which side to be on; even their master, who had taught both of them the art of archery, had to choose.

Bhishma is known as one of the great men in India, because he remained celibate his whole life. And Dronacharya, the master archer, had loved Arjuna, because he had the capacity to become a master archer in his own right. But still, both of them, the wise Bhishma, and the great archer Dronacharya chose to be against Arjuna and his brothers, because they were only five brothers, and the other party consisted of one hundred brothers. Dronacharya and Bhishma's choice to be on the other side shows not wisdom but only a business mind. Seeing that the one hundred brothers had more strength... and it is always good to be with the strong.

Almost the whole country was divided into two parts. And there were friends on that side, there were friends on this side. Even Krishna was in a difficulty -- he was the spiritual guide of the whole family. So he found a way and gave the choice to both Arjuna and Duryodhana: "One can have me and the other can have my armies. You can choose." Naturally Duryodhana chose his big army, and Arjuna chose Krishna himself to be his charioteer.

The day of fight had come. Both the parties, millions of people, had gathered on the war field, facing each other. A strange kind of fight -- they were all related in some way or other to each other. Seeing the whole thing, Arjuna said, "I don't feel this victory is worth anything. Killing my own people... because on the other side are also my own people -- my grandfather, my teacher, my friends, my relatives -- and on my side also are my friends. Both will be killed. "And even if I become victorious, upon millions of corpses, sitting on a golden throne, I will not be happy. These are the people I have loved, these are the people I have lived

for. And just for the kingdom and the golden throne...? I am feeling very sad, and seeing the truth with my own eyes, I want to renounce the world and become a sannyasin and go to the Himalayas. Let my cousin-brothers rule -- at least nobody will be harmed.

"How can I kill my own master, who is on the other side? How can I kill my own grandfather, who is on the other side?" And Krishna went on and on to convince him, "A warrior's religion is to fight. You are becoming weak, you are becoming soft. A warrior need not have any heart."

But no argument could convince Arjuna. Finally, as the last resort, Krishna said, "It is God's will that you should participate in the war." If I were in the place of Arjuna, I would not have wasted that much time -- because why should God speak to Krishna and not to Arjuna -- "If it is His will, He should speak to me directly. I'm feeling that it is absolutely ridiculous and I'm going to take sannyas and move to the mountains to meditate."

But we have always accepted the mediators: God speaks through the pope, God speaks through Jesus Christ, God speaks through Krishna. He has a certain kind of postal system; He never speaks directly.

The whole book of the BHAGAVADGITA is full of arguments for violence -- even God is for violence. My puzzle has been that Mahatma Gandhi, teaching non-violence, continually carried the BHAGAVADGITA with him. He worshiped the BHAGAVADGITA; every morning a part of it was recited in the ashram of Mahatma Gandhi. And he never became aware of the fact that it is the only book in the world which teaches so openly in favor of violence, and even drags God into it.

Man's blindness seems to be unlimited.

So for thousands of years, if you have been in chains, handcuffed, you must have started believing that these are ornaments, that this is the will of God. Your parents cannot be your enemies. If they take you to the church or to the temple, they take you there because they love you. But the reality is, they take you there because they were taken by their parents. It is a robot-like process, mechanical. And slowly, slowly the slavery has penetrated into your blood, into your bones, into your very marrow.

So if somebody speaks against Krishna, immediately you are ready to fight with him: he has spoken against your God -- who is nothing but a slavery. If somebody speaks against Jesus, immediately you are furious: he has spoken against your God -- but he was speaking only against your chains. This is the reason why I have been condemned by all the countries of the world, all the religions of the world -- because I'm speaking against their slavery. It is polished, decorated, and they have always lived in it. Their parents and their parents' parents... a long line of slaves. How can they drop their inheritance? You get in inheritance nothing but slavery. And even if you don't take it seriously, still it is serious.

I have heard... three rabbis were talking about their synagogues. The first rabbi said, "My synagogue is the most advanced because in my synagogue, while I am delivering the sermon, people are allowed to smoke, gossip, talk. I have given them total freedom."

The other two rabbis laughed. The second one said, "This you call advancement? Come to my synagogue. I have

given them freedom to drink alcohol, and when they become drunk they shout, they scream, they fight, but I continue giving my discourse. This is freedom."

In a synagogue women and men cannot sit together; there is a curtain between them. And the second rabbi also said, "The curtain has been removed. Now women and men sit together. I don't even interfere... whether it is your wife you are sitting with or not. Even boyfriends and girlfriends are allowed to do all kinds of loving things -- kissing, hugging -- and my discourse continues. We have entered into the era of freedom."

The third rabbi said, "You are both idiots. You should come sometime to my synagogue. I have placed a board in front of the synagogue, saying that on every Jewish holiday the synagogue will remain closed. This is freedom. Why waste people's time? At least on a holiday let them have all kinds of entertainment available to them."

But these are not freedoms. They are all still Jews. Unless you drop your Jewishness, your Hinduism, your Jainism, your Mohammedanism, unless you are completely clean of the past, unless you are no longer dominated by the dead and no longer enchanted by the unpredictable future, you are not free. Freedom is here and now -- neither the yesterday nor the tomorrow, but this very moment.

A man of understanding unburdens himself.

And all the chains that have been heavy on his heart -- although he had become accustomed to that heaviness -- disappear.

I am saying it to you with absolute authority, because it is my experience. The moment your chains disappear you

start growing wings for the sky. Then the whole sky, full of stars, is yours.

AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU....

A very profound statement: The very desire for freedom can also become a fetter. All desires fetter you; freedom is not an exception... for the simple reason that all desires live in the future. A man who is free does not even know anything about slavery or freedom, he enjoys his freedom. It is his very quality of being.

AND MY HEART BLED WITHIN ME; FOR YOU CAN ONLY BE FREE WHEN EVEN THE DESIRE OF SEEKING FREEDOM BECOMES A HARNESS TO YOU, AND WHEN YOU CEASE TO SPEAK OF FREEDOM AS A GOAL AND A FULFILMENT.

All goals are bound to be in the future, and all desires for fulfillment in the future are nothing but a cover-up of your misery in the present. Your tomorrows go on giving you promises -- it is only one day, it will pass; tomorrow I will be free.
But tomorrow never comes, has never come. You will never be free. The tomorrow is only a consolation. Instead of bringing freedom to you, it is going to bring death to you. And all the days that you lived, you lived as a slave, because you never bothered about the present.

I say unto you that the present is the only reality there is. The future is your imagination, and the past is your memory. They don't exist. What exists is the present moment.
To be fully alert in the present, to gather your consciousness from past and future and concentrate in the present, is to know the taste of freedom.

YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF....

It seems man has fallen into such a trap. He is not even as free as the birds of the sky, or the wild animals of the forest. There are so many fetters around him, and he has accepted them. In fact, what is your care right now? What is your anxiety right now? What is your anguish right now? In this silence, you are absolutely free.
When your days are free of care, your nights are bound to be without grief, because the same day is reflected in your nights. If, the whole day, you are disturbed and worried, and hankering and desiring, and feeling frustrated, your nights will be nightmares. But if you are living each moment in its totality, with intensity, with your wholeness, your nights will be calm and quiet, relaxed and peaceful. Not even a dream can disturb you, because dreams come from unfulfilled life, from repressed life.
The Western psychology has missed the point completely -- particularly, psychoanalysis; it goes on analyzing your dreams, without bothering about the source. The source is in your waking hours, but you are so fettered, so

imprisoned in your religion, in your morality, in your etiquette, in your manners, that you cannot live. All these unlived moments will return to you when you are asleep, because anything unlived slips into your unconscious. If you are living fully....

Freud would have been very much surprised to know, if he had come to the East, and gone to see the aboriginals who live deep in the forests.... I have visited them, and the most surprising thing was that they don't have any dreams. They know the real depth and relaxation of life. Naturally, in the morning they are more alive, more young, more fresh, to face the day and to live it again totally. The condition of the civilized man is just the opposite. He does not only dream in the night. Anytime, sit in your chair, relax, and close your eyes, and some dream starts floating by.

You are not living.

You are only desiring to live.

You are hoping to live someday, hoping that this night is not going to be forever, that sometime there must be the dawn. But for the slave there is no dawn. He has to live in darkness, without even becoming aware that there is such a thing as light.

Don't take your so-called life for granted. This is not life at all. You have to go through a revolution; and that revolution has nothing to do with any politics, with any economics. It has something to do with your spirituality, and an awareness -- when your innermost core is full of light, your outer light also starts reflecting it.

YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED WHEN YOUR DAYS ARE NOT WITHOUT A CARE NOR YOUR NIGHTS WITHOUT A WANT AND A GRIEF,
BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.

Because they are old, and old companions to you, they will again and again try to make you unfree. But you should be aware always to transcend them. You should watch them coming, and say to them good-bye forever. That is, to me, the essential meaning of sannyas. Then suddenly you become part of these beautiful trees... with beautiful roses, with great stars -- they are all free.
Except in man, there exists no slavery in the world.
And to get out of it is not difficult. It is not a question of your slavery clinging to you. The reality is: you are clinging to your slavery.
It happened one time: I was standing by the side of a great river, in full flood, and it looked like a blanket was going down the river. One man, a fisherman, immediately jumped to catch hold of the blanket, and the moment he got hold of the blanket, he started shouting, "Save me, help me!"
I could not understand it. I said, "I don't understand it. If the blanket is too heavy, drop it.
He said, "It is not a blanket, it is a living wolf, and I saw only his back and thought it was a blanket." I said, "Then leave me alone."
But the situation of your slavery is not that of the fisherman; it is not that your slavery is clinging to you. The

fisherman was in a difficulty, because now the wolf was clinging to him.
Your chains are your responsibility.
You have accepted them; they are there. In full awareness, say to them, "Good-bye, you have been long with us. It is enough, we depart."
A simple awareness is needed to bring freedom to you, but there are some vested interests in clinging to your slavery.
I was a teacher in the university, and for almost twenty days I was out of the town, moving around the country. That much leave is not possible; although within ten days of every month, I was completing the course with the students. I asked them, "Have you any complaint?"
They said, "We are grateful to see the fact that for a small course, two years are wasted... not more than six months are needed." But the vice-chancellor became disturbed, because again and again he found that I was not in the university.
I had my own device: there were beautiful trees, but strangely, all the trees had died. There was only one tree which was still green and with shade, so I used to park my car under that tree. It had become known that nobody should park his car there. Once or twice, people had tried, and I had called my students to remove the car... wherever it goes, let it go, but this place is reserved. So whenever I was going out of the town, I used to send my car with my chauffeur, and the vice-chancellor, seeing my car under the tree from his window, was satisfied that I was there.
One day he was taking a round of the whole university, and he found my class was empty. He asked the students, "He is supposed to be here, and his car is parked exactly under the

tree. And I have been always suspicious: I have been reading his discourses -- sometimes in Calcutta, sometimes in Amritsar, sometimes in Madras -- and I have always been puzzled; his car is there."

I used to drive my car, and I had told my chauffeur, "Lock the car and enjoy yourself for one or two hours in the garden, and then take the car back home."

He said, "Well, what is the point?"

I said, "You don't be worried about it; it is not your problem."

So when I came back from Madras one day, the vice-chancellor called me and asked, "It seems you are a master of yourself. You never ask for leave, you never even inform me."

I said, "Just give me a piece of paper," and I resigned.

He said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "That is my answer. Are my students, in any way, suffering by my absence? Have they said to you that their courses are not complete? It is sheer nonsense to waste their two years. My job is to teach them their full course. It does not matter in how many days I do it."

In the evening he came to my house, and he said, "Don't leave us."

I said, "What has happened, has happened, and I cannot enter your university for the simple reason... you just see, I have burned all my certificates, because I don't want bridges with the past. I will never need these certificates. Now I am an uneducated man."

He said, "I will not say anything to anybody."

I said, "That is not the point. I really wanted to resign, but I was simply waiting -- it should come from you, not from me."
Almustafa is saying:

BUT RATHER WHEN THESE THINGS GIRDLE YOUR LIFE AND YET YOU RISE ABOVE THEM NAKED AND UNBOUND.

My father was worried, my friends were worried. My students came, saying, "Please take your resignation back."
I said, "That is impossible. I don't have any qualifications to be your teacher anymore."
My father was saying to me, "Even if you have resigned, what is the point of burning all your certificates and qualifications?"
I said, "What is the point of keeping them? Keeping them means, somewhere deep down, the desire is still there... perhaps you may need them, cling to them. I am now completely free of all that education which has not given anything to me, and I don't want to carry those wounds -- they are not certificates -- always with me."
After two years, the vice-chancellor asked me, "At least once in a while you can come, to address the whole university." So I went. He took me into his room, to the window from where he used to see my car. He said, "A strange phenomenon -- only that tree was green. Now that too has died."
I said, "Life is mysterious. Perhaps the tree had fallen in love with me, perhaps the tree was living just for me, because for nine years continually my car was waiting

under the tree, and I had become very friendly with the tree. It was not only a question of parking the car under it, I always thanked the tree. Once in a while, when my chauffeur was with me, sitting at the back, he would say, "You are really crazy -- thanking the tree?"

I said, "The tree is so loving. Out of all the trees in the line, it is a very beautiful tree -- gulmarg, with red flowers. When spring comes you can hardly see the leaves; there are so many flowers that the whole tree becomes red." The same kind of trees had all died, but she remained with me alive for nine years. Still somebody else parks his car there, but perhaps he has not even bothered to thank the tree, has not shown his gratitude to the tree.

The moment you are free of past and future, just sit by the side of a tree, whisper something to the tree, and soon you will know that it responds. Of course, its response is not going to be in words; perhaps it showers its flowers on you; perhaps it dances in the wind. And if you are sitting very close, your back touching the tree, you will start feeling a certain new sensation that you have never felt before. The tree is vibrating with love for you.

This whole existence is full of love, full of freedom -- except the miserable man; and nobody is responsible for it except you. And it is not a question of gradually dropping....

Many people have come to me and said, "We understand you; gradually we will drop...." But slavery is never dropped gradually: either you have understood and you are free, or you have not understood and are just pretending to understand.

Freedom does not come in fragments, neither does slavery go in fragments. When you bring a light into a dark room.... Have you not seen it? -- does the darkness go in fragments: a little part, then another part, making a queue, going out of the room? Or does the light come in fragments: a little light, then more, then more? No, the moment you bring the light in, there is no darkness. The very understanding of what freedom is... and you are free. It is not a question of time, or gradualness.

AND HOW SHALL YOU RISE BEYOND YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS UNLESS YOU BREAK THE CHAINS WHICH YOU AT THE DAWN OF YOUR UNDERSTANDING HAVE FASTENED AROUND YOUR NOON HOUR?

There is no other way. All those chains, you started in your very childhood... perhaps in the name of obedience, in the name of your love for your parents, in the name of trust in your priests, in the name of respect for your teachers -- good names. Always remember to remove the label and see what the content is inside, and you will be surprised: slavery is being sold to every child in beautiful names. It will be difficult for you to drop that, unless you see that it was not the slavery that you were attached to, it was the label that was given to it.

It was a constant fight with my father. He was a loving man, very understanding, but still he would say, "You have to do it." And my response would always be, "You cannot say to me, `You have to do it,' you can only suggest, `If you like, you can do it; if you don't like, you are free.' It has to

be basically my decision, not yours. I am obedient towards the truth, towards freedom. I can sacrifice everything for truth, for freedom, for love, but not for any slavery. Your `should' stinks of slavery."
Soon he understood that I don't belong to the obedient or the disobedient. I am not saying, "I will not do it," I am simply saying, "Withdraw your `should.' Give me space to decide whether I want to say yes or no, and don't feel offended if I say no.
"It is my life, I have to live it, and I have every right to live in my own way. You are much more experienced; you can suggest, you can advise, but orders I am not going to take from anyone. Whatsoever the cost, whatsoever the consequence, orders I am not going to take from anyone."
And slowly, slowly he dropped his "should." He started saying, "There is this problem. If you feel right, you can help me; if you don't feel like helping, it is your decision."
I said, "This is what real love should be."

IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

What do you call freedom? -- mostly the political, the economic, the outside freedom, which is not in your hands, which has been given to you. It can be taken away. Only that which has grown within you cannot be taken away from you; hence, Almustafa says:

IN TRUTH THAT WHICH YOU CALL FREEDOM IS THE STRONGEST OF THESE CHAINS, THOUGH ITS LINKS GLITTER IN THE SUN AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES.

It happened in Uruguay: The president had been reading my books, listening to my tapes, and he was very happy to welcome me to become a permanent resident in Uruguay. All the forms were ready. He had given me a one year's permanent residency card, so that all the bureaucratic procedure was fulfilled, and nobody could say that I had been favored. And he said, "Then I would like to give you three years' permanent residency, which will turn automatically into your citizenship."

Uruguay is a small country, but very beautiful. I asked him, "Why are you interested in me? -- because all the governments are passing orders that I should not enter their country. Not only that, my airplane cannot land at their airports.

He said, "They don't understand you."

The day the president was going to sign the forms, the American ambassador was continually watching, and the American government dogs of the CIA and FBI were following me everywhere. Their plane was either ahead of me or behind me. When they saw that he was going to sign for a permanent residency, which would turn automatically into citizenship, they immediately informed Ronald Reagan.

Ronald Reagan phoned the president of Uruguay, and said, "My message is not big, it is small: either force Osho to be deported within thirty-six hours from your country, or I will

cancel all the loans for the future that we have agreed on" -- which amounted to billions of dollars -- "and I will demand back all the dollars that we have given to you as loans in the past. If you cannot pay, then their interest rate will be doubled. You are perfectly free to choose."

I have never seen such a soft-hearted person. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Osho, I am utterly helpless. For the first time, your coming to Uruguay has made us aware that we are not free. Our country is economically a slave. Our sovereignty, our freedom is just fake. These are the alternatives given to me.

"I asked Ronald Reagan, `What is the need to deport Osho? I can simply ask him to leave -- because for deportation, when he has a one year permanent residency, he would have to commit a heinous crime like murder, then only can he be deported.' But Ronald Reagan insisted, `I have said what I wanted to say -- he has to be deported.'"

The president's secretary came running to me and said, "It is better that your jet plane leaves from a small airport, not from the international port, because there the American ambassador is present to see whether you are being deported or not."

It was an absolutely illegal demand, a criminal demand -- a man who had not left his room... all those days I was there. I said, "On what grounds can you deport me?"

He said, "There is no question of demand, no question of any law. It seems that for you, law does not exist."

The president arranged my flight, just because he was feeling so guilty. He was going to give me citizenship, and now he is deporting me for no reason at all. But those American government dogs, seeing that my jet plane had

moved from the international airport... where could it go? They immediately came to the small airport and forced the president to send all the necessary papers for deportation. I was delayed for two hours. The papers had to come, they had to be filled in to show that I am deported; my passport had to be stamped that I am deported.

My passport is really a historical thing. I have told my people to preserve it. The twenty-first century is coming, and exactly twenty-one countries have deported me, without any reason.

My attorney came running. He said, "This is absolutely illegal, we can fight it in the court."

I said, "I will not fight with a man who had tears in his eyes and felt so wounded, so humiliated: `... because we cannot pay the debts, and we cannot afford the rejection of future loans.'"

Political empires have disappeared from the world not because of your freedom struggles, but because imperialists have found an easier way of keeping you enslaved, while giving you a superficial idea that you are a flowering, independent, free country.

All these people use very beautiful words -- they are "helping." First, the poor countries used to be called, just three years ago, "undeveloped" countries, but that word, "undeveloped", hurts the ego. Now they are called, "developing countries." Just the word has changed, but the "developing countries" hides the wound.

They are all economically enslaved.

A man's life is small.

Don't waste it in any other kind of freedom.

Be decisive about it: You have to be free in your soul, because that is the only freedom there is.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #2
Chapter title: The real freedom
20 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND WHAT IS IT BUT FRAGMENTS OF YOUR OWN SELF YOU WOULD DISCARD THAT YOU MAY BECOME FREE?
IF IT IS AN UNJUST LAW YOU WOULD ABOLISH, THAT LAW WAS WRITTEN WITH YOUR OWN HAND UPON YOUR OWN FOREHEAD.
YOU CANNOT ERASE IT BY BURNING YOUR LAW BOOKS NOR BY WASHING THE FOREHEADS OF YOUR JUDGES, THOUGH YOU POUR THE SEA UPON THEM.
AND IF IT IS A DESPOT YOU WOULD DETHRONE, SEE FIRST THAT HIS THRONE ERECTED WITHIN YOU IS DESTROYED.
FOR HOW CAN A TYRANT RULE THE FREE AND THE PROUD, BUT FOR A TYRANNY IN THEIR OWN FREEDOM AND A SHAME IN THEIR OWN PRIDE?
AND IF IT IS A CARE YOU WOULD CAST OFF, THAT CARE HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY YOU RATHER THAN IMPOSED UPON YOU.

AND IF IT IS A FEAR YOU WOULD DISPEL, THE SEAT OF THAT FEAR IS IN YOUR HEART AND NOT IN THE HAND OF THE FEARED.
VERILY ALL THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOUR BEING IN CONSTANT HALF EMBRACE, THE DESIRED AND THE DREADED, THE REPUGNANT AND THE CHERISHED, THE PURSUED AND THAT WHICH YOU WOULD ESCAPE.
THESE THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOU AS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN PAIRS THAT CLING.
AND WHEN THE SHADOW FADES AND IS NO MORE, THE LIGHT THAT LINGERS BECOMES A SHADOW TO ANOTHER LIGHT.
AND THUS YOUR FREEDOM WHEN IT LOSES ITS FETTERS BECOMES ITSELF THE FETTER OF A GREATER FREEDOM.

Man is born with a soul, but not with a self.
Although all the dictionaries will be saying that these two words, "soul" and "self," are synonymous, it is not true. Soul you bring with yourself. The self is created by the society as a substitute so that you need not feel without identity... because the search for the soul may take long years of pilgrimage, of seeking and searching, and it will be impossible to bear a namelessness, an emptiness, a nobodiness.
The intention to create the self was out of love, so that from the very beginning you start feeling who you are; otherwise how will you live? How will you be addressed? The people who created the idea of the self were full of good intentions, but because they themselves had no idea of their

own soul, they remained a man-created self and they died as a man-created self. They never came to know what existence has made them, and for what.
Your soul is part of existence.
Your self is a social institution.
So the first thing to remember is that the distinction is unbridgeable. If you want to seek and know who you really are, you will have to go through a radical change of destroying your own self, because if you don't destroy the self, and by some accident you come to discover the soul, you will not be one. That's what is called "schizophrenia" by psychologists.
You will be split. Sometimes you will behave like the self, and sometimes like a soul. You will be in a constant tension. Your life will become simply a deep anguish and anxiety -- and it is impossible to live such a life. Hence the society, the educational system, the parents, the priest -- everybody around you, tries in every way to create such a strong self that you never become aware of the hidden soul. The journey is not long, but certainly very arduous.
The self is not a simple thing -- it is very complex. You are a brahmin, you are a doctor, you are a vice-chancellor, you are a president; you are beautiful, you are very knowledgeable, you are rich, superrich -- all these dimensions are of the self. And the self goes on accumulating more money, more power, more prestige, more respectability -- its ambition is unfulfillable.
You go on and on creating more and more layers of self. This is the misery of man, the basic misery.
Man does not know who he is, yet he goes on believing that he is this, he is that. If you are a doctor, that is your

function, not your reality; if you are a president, that is your function, just as somebody else's function is to make shoes. Neither the shoemaker knows his self nor the prime minister knows his self. Parents start from the very beginning, from the very first day... and this false ego, self, or whatever you call it, almost becomes your reality, and the real is forgotten.

The English word "sin" is very significant -- not in the sense Christians use it, not in the sense it is being understood all over the world, but in its very roots the word comes with a totally different meaning. It means forgetfulness. It has nothing to do with your action, it has something to do with your reality that you have forgotten. Because you have forgotten your reality, and you are living with a false substitute, all your actions become hypocritical. You smile, but the smile is not coming from your heart. You weep, you cry, but the tears are very superficial. You love, but your love has no roots in your being. All your actions are as if you are a somnambulist -- a man who walks in his sleep.

It happened in New York that one somnambulist.... There are so many people, somnambulists, that you would not believe it -- ten percent of the whole humanity. They get up in the night, they go to the fridge; they eat something which the doctor has forbidden them, because they are getting fatter and fatter and creating their own death, committing a slow suicide. In the day somehow they manage to repress, but in the night the conscious mind is fast asleep, and the unconscious does not miss the opportunity. It knows the way, and they walk with open eyes; even in the dark they don't stumble.

They are worried, their doctor is worried, their family is worried: "We have reduced your food, we are not giving you any sugar, and still you go on becoming fat!" And they are also worried that things go on disappearing from the fridge. And you cannot hold that person responsible, because he doesn't remember anything at all in the morning.

But this New York case became world-famous. This man used to live in a fifty-story building, on the last story. In the night he would get up, go to the terrace and jump across to the other house which was close by. The distance was such that nobody could have dared, with consciousness, to take such a jump -- and it was an everyday routine!

Soon people became aware and started gathering underneath to see, because it was almost a miracle. The crowd started becoming bigger and bigger, and one day, when the man was just about to jump, the crowd shouted loudly, hailing the man. That made him wake up. But it was too late -- he had taken the jump. He could not reach the other terrace -- although each day he had been going to the other terrace, coming back, going to his room and falling asleep. But because he became conscious and he saw what he was doing.... But he had already taken the jump. He fell down from fifty stories and his body was shattered in fragments on the road.

The self of man is his sleep.

The soul is his awakening.

And to keep the self, the society has given you certain rules and disciplines. For example, every small child is made ambitious. Nobody says to anybody, "Just be yourself." Everybody is giving him great ideals: "Be a Gautam

Buddha or a Jesus Christ or an Albert Einstein... but be someone! Don't just go on remaining yourself -- you are nothing."

Your self needs many degrees, your self needs recognitions, honor. Those are its nourishments; it lives on them. And even the people who renounce the world -- become sannyasins, monks -- do not renounce their selves. It is easy to renounce the world; it is very difficult to renounce the self, because you don't know anything else about yourself. You know your business, you know your education, you know your name -- and you know perfectly well you had come without a name. You had come a tabula rasa; nothing was written on you, and your parents and your teachers and your priests started writing all over you.

You go on believing in the self your whole life. It is very touchy, because it is very thin. Thin, in the sense that it is false. That's why the egoist is a very touchy person.

I used to go for a morning walk when I was a teacher in the university. I had no idea who he was, but there was an old man, and just because of his age I used to say, "Good morning," to him -- and we were the only two persons at that early hour, three o'clock in the morning. One day I forgot to say good morning to the man, and he said, "Hey, have you forgotten?"

I said, "This is strange! I don't know you at all; it was just out of sheer courtesy towards an older man, who was as old as my grandfather, that I used to say good morning to you. But it is not a contract that I have to do it every day."

He was demanding it because it had become a fulfillment of a certain part of his self. I had no idea who he was, but

he had every idea about me, and it was hurting to him that I had not said, "Good morning, sir."
I said, "I will never say it again to you -- or to any old man -- just out of courtesy, because I was poisoning your mind."
Have you ever wondered: you have entered the world without a name, but if somebody says something against your name you will be ready to fight without knowing, "I had come into the world without a name; this name is a false label."
You don't have any name -- namelessness is your reality.
People who renounce the world are worshiped as saints, but nobody sees that their egos have become even more subtle, stronger than ever before.
I have heard that there were three Christian monasteries deep in the hills, and one day three monks, one from each monastery, just by chance met on the road. They were tired -- they had been coming from the city -- so they rested under a tree.
The first monk said, "I am proud of my monastery. We may not be as knowledgeable as the people who live in your monasteries, but you cannot compete with us as far as living in austerity is concerned."
The second monk laughed. He said, "Forget all about austerities! -- austerity is nothing but torturing yourself. The real thing is the knowledge of your ancient scriptures. Nobody can compete with us. Our monastery is the oldest, and we have all the scriptures, and our people are so scholarly. What about austerities? -- that you fast, that you don't eat in the night, that you eat only one time a day. How dare you? -- all these things can be done by any idiot. But what wisdom have you gained?"

The third monk was listening silently. He said, "You both may be right. One lives in a very arduous and hard way, sacrificing his body; and the other may also be right -- that his people are great scholars."
They both asked, "But what about you and your monastery?"
He said, "What about me and my monastery? We are the tops in humbleness."
Tops in humbleness! It is so difficult.... Now they have grown, for their self, a religious garment. It has become stronger. Hence I say even sinners may have reached to the ultimate shores of life, but not the saints... because the sinner knows he is neither living in austerity, nor is he knowledgeable, nor is he humble; he is just an ordinary person who knows nothing. And perhaps he is the person who is more religious because he is less of a self, and coming closer to his soul.
Almustafa is touching on very significant things; hence, don't just hear, but listen too. He says:

AND WHAT IS IT BUT FRAGMENTS OF YOUR OWN SELF
YOU WOULD DISCARD THAT YOU MAY BECOME FREE?

The real freedom is neither political, nor economical, nor social; the real freedom is spiritual. If it were not so, then Ramakrishna could not have become what he became -- a light unto himself -- because the country was living under the slavery of the British rulers. Then Raman Maharshi would not have been such a glory, such a silence, and such

a blessing, because the British imperialism was still keeping the country under slavery.

Spiritual freedom cannot be touched.

Your self can be made a slave, but not your soul.

Your self is sellable, but not your soul. Almustafa is saying that if you want to know what real freedom is, you will have to go on dropping fragments of your self -- forgetting that you are a brahmin, not a sudra; forgetting that you are a Christian, not just a human being; forgetting what your name is -- knowing it is only an ordinary utility, but not your reality; forgetting all your knowledge -- knowing that it is all borrowed, it is not your own experience, your own attainment.

The whole world may be full of light, but deep inside you are living in darkness. What use is the world full of light, when you don't even have a small flame inside you, slowly, slowly trying to understand that whatever has been added to you after your birth is not your true reality?

And as fragments of the self disappear you start becoming aware of an enormous sky, as vast as the sky outside... because existence is always in balance. The outer and the inner are in harmony and in balance. Your self is not that which is confined to your body; your real soul is that which will not be burned even if your body is burned.

Krishna is right when he says, nainam chhindanti shastrani -- "No weapon can even touch me"...nainam dahati pravaka -- "And neither can the fire burn me." He is not talking about the body, the brain, the self -- they will all be destroyed -- but there is something in you indestructible, immortal, eternal. It was with you before your birth and it

will be with you after your birth, because it is you, your essential being.
To know it is to be free, free from all prisons: the prisons of the body, the prisons of the mind, the prisons that exist outside you.

IF IT IS AN UNJUST LAW YOU WOULD ABOLISH, THAT LAW WAS WRITTEN WITH YOUR OWN HAND UPON YOUR OWN FOREHEAD.

Laws go on changing, constitutions go on changing. That shows that no law is ultimately true, no constitution is forever. As man's understanding grows, he has to change his laws, his constitutions, his governments -- everything. But Almustafa is saying, "Don't condemn anybody because the law that looks unjust...." For example, the law of the Hindu society that divides it into four castes is absolutely unlawful, unjust. It has no reasonable support for it -- I have seen idiots who are born in a brahmin family. Just because you are born in a brahmin family, you cannot claim superiority.
I have seen people who are born in the lowest category of Hindu law, the sudras, the untouchables, so intelligent: when India became independent, the man who made the constitution of India, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar, was a sudra. There was no equal to his intelligence as far as law is concerned -- he was a world-famous authority.
Brahmins were not called; shankaracharyas were not called and told, "You are superior beings -- you should make the constitution of this country," but a man who just by chance slipped out of the torturous, unlawful, unjust division of

Hindu society. Somebody who had riches saw in the boy a great potential, and he sent him to England to study, because in India no sudra in those days was allowed in any school, college, or university. From the very roots their intelligence was destroyed.

Ambedkar was educated in England, and he became the world-famous authority as far as constitutions are concerned. And when he came back to India, India became free and there was no choice; nobody was even close to him....

But for five thousand years the Hindu society has remained immobile; no movement is allowed. Even a Gautam Buddha is not accepted as a brahmin; he remains belonging to the second category lower than the brahmins. And the brahmins have not been able to create a single Gautam Buddha. But the man who wrote the Hindu law code, Manu, was a brahmin, and naturally, prejudiced.

So for the brahmins there are all facilities, and for the lowest -- who work the hardest, who do all the dirty work of the society.... In fact they deserve to be respected more, because the society can exist without brahmins, but the society cannot exist without those poor people. They are so absolutely essential, and still they are condemned. Even animals are better; they are below animals. Even their shadow, if by chance it falls upon you, makes you dirty; you have to go and take a bath. And this continues even today.

Everybody knows nobody can argue for the reasonability, justification, of this strange, fixed division. No education, no understanding, not even enlightenment can move you

from the fixed structure of the society; you cannot go higher.

And those who are born higher, they may be criminals. They are criminals, because all that they do are nonessential things. But they exploit the whole society in that they are uncreative, unproductive. They are sitting on the chest of everybody to suck his blood, and still you have to respect them, you have to touch their feet.

Almustafa is saying, "Still, five thousand years ago, when Manu was writing this Hindu law, you were also involved in it" -- because the same blood, and the same bones, and the same marrow goes on being inherited by everybody. So you cannot just get yourself free from the responsibility -- that it is others who have done something unjust; you are also to feel the responsibility. His effort is to show that human society is an organic whole, so whatever is done by one part is done by the whole. At least either you support it or you remain silent, you do not oppose.

Certainly you were not there in the same body, but you must have been present somewhere, in some other body. Manu should have been opposed, but he has not been opposed for five thousand years. And if I oppose him today, I am opposing my own forefathers; I am not opposing anybody else.

I am condemned. I am ordered not to criticize anybody, but I am going to criticize anything that is unjust, because I am also part of it -- however far away. Jesus is a cousin to me. Seeing anything unjust, if I do not criticize him then I also become a partner. Nobody will know it, but those who understand the deepest core of human being will not

forgive me. Should I listen to the police commissioner of Poona, or should I listen to my own soul?
I am not criticizing anybody else; I am criticizing only my own heritage. Even if you are lost in the morning, if you come back home in the evening, you should not be considered lost. If I can correct something which is unjust -- it may have been there for thousands of years, it does not matter: I have been a part in it, either actively or silently. But now that I have become aware that the whole humanity -- not only the contemporary humanity but the whole humanity of the past and the future -- is one single whole.... So when I criticize somebody, I criticize mercilessly, for the simple reason that I am criticizing myself.
To me, the Mohammedan, or the Hindu, or the Jaina, or the Buddhist, or the Christian, are arbitrary, artificial discriminations. Within me, Moses also has a part, just as Zarathustra has a part, just as Mahavira has a part. They are not somebody's properties. Nobody can monopolize Gautam Buddha; he is yours just as he is mine.
And unless I am merciless, it will be impossible to destroy the unjust, the unlawful, the unreasonable that we have inherited. I would like to burn it all! And remember, in burning it, I am burning something in me too.

YOU CANNOT ERASE IT BY BURNING YOUR LAW BOOKS NOR BY WASHING THE FOREHEADS OF YOUR JUDGES, THOUGH YOU POUR THE SEA UPON THEM.

Just burning the law books will not help; or even if you pour the whole sea upon your judges, it is not going to

wash away all the crimes that we have committed in the name of religion, in the name of nation, in the name of riches. Any excuse seems to be enough. People can fight so easily -- it seems they are just looking all around to find some excuse.

In a court there was a case.... Even the magistrate was surprised, because those two men were known in the whole area as bosom friends. What had happened? -- because they had been fighting, hitting each other's heads, blood was oozing.... He could not believe it. He said, "What happened? -- you were the ideal of friendship."

Both stood, ashamed, in the court and each said, "You explain what happened." But the other said, "You explain what happened."

The magistrate said, "It does not matter who explains, just explain to me what happened."

They said, "We are ashamed to." One of them gathered courage and told the whole story: "We were sitting on the beach, and I said that I was going to purchase a buffalo." He was just going to purchase a buffalo -- he had not purchased it.

The other had said, "I am going to purchase beautiful land to cultivate, and I warn you that your buffalo should never enter into my field. Our friendship is one thing, but I cannot see my crops being destroyed by your buffalo. I will kill it!"

Things became so hot that the other man said, "You will kill my buffalo? Let us see!"

On the sand of the beach he drew a small field and said, "This is your cultivation land," and the other man said, "Agreed. Now let your buffalo enter." This man, with the

same finger that he had made the field, drew a line and said, This is my buffalo entering into your field. Now do what you can do! Touch my buffalo!"

And of course the challenge was so great that buffalo and field were lost, forgotten completely: "We started hitting each other, and we ended up in your court; that's why we are feeling ashamed. Neither do I have any field nor does that idiot have any buffalo. Not only have we destroyed our friendship, we have shown our stupidity. I have nothing to say, but just forgive us."

The magistrate must have been a man of intelligence. He said, "All fights are like that, whether real or imaginary. The question is not on what excuse you fought -- any excuse will do." People are burning to fight, as if in their heart there is only hate, violence; they have never tasted any love, any friendship.

So it is not going to help, just burning the scriptures, because those scriptures are not outside you. You can burn the MANUSMRITI -- the basis of all Hindu ideology about social system, social structure; you can burn the holy KORAN, upon which millions of Mohammedans depend; you can burn THE HOLY BIBLE... almost half of humanity believes in it.

So burning the books is not going to help. Those books have entered into your blood, they have entered into your hearts; and unless you are ready to destroy the self which contains them all -- Hindu or Mohammedan or Christian, it does not matter -- unless you are ready to burn your false self, there is not going to be any real revolution in the world.

AND IF IT IS A DESPOT YOU WOULD DETHRONE, SEE FIRST THAT HIS THRONE ERECTED WITHIN YOU IS DESTROYED.

It is not only that for thousands of years human beings had been auctioned in the marketplace as slaves. Although now that kind of slavery does not exist, if you look a little deeper it has only changed its form. Now you have better slaves and less expense.

To have a slave, first you have to buy him. That is an investment. Then you have to keep feeding him; otherwise how is he going to work? You have to provide shelter, clothes; otherwise how is he going to serve? In sickness you have to take care of him, and call a doctor, and find medicines, because if he dies, your whole investment is gone down the drain. It is not the slave that you are trying to save; you are trying to save your investment. That is a very costly thing.

Having servants is simpler, easier, more economical -- and on the surface it looks more human. To go into a marketplace and to auction for a man looks ugly -- man is not a commodity. But if somebody comes seeking employment, you need not go to purchase a slave. This looks more human, but it is the same thing improved, made more reasonable -- he himself is asking, and there is no investment. If he becomes sick, you can get rid of him. If he becomes old, you can get rid of him. At the most, only in the advanced countries you may have to pay one month or two months' salary, or to give him an advance notice -- that's all. This is slavery in a new form, not in any way favorable to the slaves; it is still favorable to the masters.

India has remained, for two thousand years, under slavery. Masters went on changing; slaves remained the same. My whole family was involved in the freedom struggle; everybody has been punished and jailed. I was continuously -- because I was too young -- fighting with my uncles, with my father, saying, "Can't you see a simple thing? For two thousand years in a country, which is not a country but a continent so vast that the whole of Europe can be accommodated in it, small countries like England, which is not bigger than a big district of India, control and rule. And it is not a single instance: Moguls came, Turks came, Mongols came, Hunas came. To anybody who wanted, this country was available, ready to be enslaved. My point was that the real question is not to fight the people who have become your rulers. The real question is to fight within you the one who has become a slave. Otherwise this seems to be absolutely impossible. How could small groups of people come and rule all over the country? Certainly there must have been a slave in everybody's being.

And you can see it even today. After forty years of freedom, what have you got? When China attacked India after freedom, the first prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, was immensely annoyed. Forces were sent, and they were defeated; China had taken over thousands of miles of beautiful Himalayas. And once they were defeated, Jawaharlal Nehru said, "That land was useless -- not even grass grows there." Then why had you sent all those people to be murdered and butchered? -- to save a land where nothing grows, not even grass.

Since then no Indian president or prime minister has even mentioned it, or said, "What about those thousands of miles of beautiful Himalayas? When are you going to return it?" Pakistan has taken a part of Kashmir. The man who was in charge of the Indian armies, General Chaudhuri... his wife was very interested in me and in my ideas. She told me the inside story. General Chaudhuri was ready, and he wanted to attack before the sun rose, before the Pakistani armies were even awake. And his logic was absolutely right: "We should not only take our part that Pakistan has taken, we should go deeper towards Lahore, which is not far away. We should take Lahore too."

Then you have the upper hand when the question of negotiations comes: "We can leave your Lahore to you; you leave our part to us." Otherwise how are you going to negotiate? For what? You are not giving anything, you are just asking for something. For forty years continuously India has been asking, "The part you have taken should be returned." But rather than returning it they have made it, constitutionally, part of Kashmir. Now it is not an invaded part, now it is an essential part of Kashmir. And the Indian leaders have been silent; nobody has even objected.

General Chaudhuri was phoning continually to say, "Allow me to go ahead." But Jawaharlal Nehru and his cabinet could not decide; they said, "You have to wait until sunrise." And you will be surprised to know that if he had waited until sunrise the whole of Kashmir would have gone into the hands of Pakistan.

He did not wait -- he was a real, courageous man -- but they delayed him so much that he started attacking just nearabout when the sun was going to rise, without the

orders from the prime minister. It was through his courage that Pakistan could take only a small part -- but the most beautiful part, and the most significant part as far as military science is concerned, because that small part allows Pakistan to be joined with China. That small part is so significant -- without it the boundaries of China and Pakistan were separate. Pakistan has taken that part, and now China has made a thousands-of-miles-long superhighway, reaching to Lahore. Both are the enemies of India, and now they are connected.

Chaudhuri was insisting, "Allow me.... Forget about that part, because Pakistan is focused on taking it. Let them take it -- don't waste time. Allow me: I will take Lahore, their most important city" -- and it was only fifteen miles away, a few minutes' job. But the cabinet discussed and discussed -- this country is very clever as far as discussing is concerned; for centuries it has been discussing everything, and doing nothing.

As they became aware that Chaudhuri was going to take over Lahore, they stopped him and said, "Without our orders, who are you?" and Chaudhuri was punished, retired before his time. His wife was telling me, "If he had been allowed to take Lahore, we would have had an immediate solution to the problem. Pakistan would not have been ready to lose Lahore, because Lahore joins us with Afghanistan and the Soviet Union."

Chaudhuri was very clear in his conception that they would not take the risk of India becoming joined by road, by railway trains, to the Soviet Union. They would have rather changed and negotiated: "You can take the part we have taken, and you give the part that you have taken."

This country has learned, in two thousand years, to be slaves. So even though forty years of freedom have passed, there is no freedom anywhere -- only in the words of the constitution; otherwise how could the police commissioner have dared to prevent me... and tell me to leave Poona within thirty minutes, on the grounds that I am controversial?

I simply want to know: Has there been anybody in the whole world who was of any significance and not controversial? Was Jesus not controversial? If he had remained just with his father in his carpentry, I don't think people would have crucified him. They did not crucify his father.

Was Buddha not controversial? But was he ordered by any kingdom...? India was divided into two thousand kingdoms at his time, and he was moving freely from one kingdom into another; not even a visa was asked, not even a passport. And nobody can be more controversial than Gautam Buddha, because he was against the VEDAS, which are the base of the Hindu religion. He was against the brahmins, who are the priests and the lawgivers of Hinduism. Still nobody prevented him just because he was controversial.

It seems we have become such slaves in our minds that we have written a constitution which is simply a copy of all the best constitutions of the world; we have chosen fragments from here and there. Whenever I think of the Indian constitution I always, without exception, remember a small story: It was Darwin's birthday, and the children of his neighborhood wanted to present him with something, because he was the most famous man, and of course the

most controversial man, of his time. He was very friendly with children and used to play with them; they were all his friends.

For his birthday, they were thinking about what to present him. Because his single-minded interest was to know about animals, birds, how life has arisen, why life has taken so many forms, what the children did was -- children are very intelligent before they are corrupted by their elders -- they gathered a few insects and cut pieces from them: wings from one, legs from another, a body from the third, a head from the fourth -- from different insects -- and they glued them and made a new insect. They waited to see whether Charles Darwin, the greatest expert on insects and animals and birds, could even say what kind of insect this was. They were very much excited, and in the evening they brought it to him. Even Darwin could not figure it out. He had seen... over his whole life he had been around the world. But these little children of his neighborhood, where had they found such an original insect? Then he looked closely -- he was getting old -- and he said, "Bring my glasses... because I have never seen such an insect."

And when he put on his glasses, the children said, "Now tell us the name of the insect."

He said, "This is a humbug!"

The Indian constitution is a humbug: something from the Soviet constitution, something from the American constitution, most of the English constitution, and from every other country whatever they could find which is good, sounds good -- freedom of the individual, no discrimination, freedom of expression, government by the people of the people for the people. Everything is

borrowed. It looks good when you read it, but it is not applicable.

Because I am controversial I should leave Poona within thirty minutes. Where should I go? -- because I will be controversial wherever I am! And if to be controversial is a crime, then there is no place for me anywhere in my own country, which goes on bragging to the whole world that this is the greatest democracy.

This is the freedom for which my whole family fought, went to jail, suffered. And because all the elders of the family were suffering, only women were left in the house; the business was closed. We were children, small children, and we were suffering because there was even no money to pay the school fee. And this is the freedom for which not only my family, but thousands of families, suffered, thousands of people died.

And they were all controversial people.... Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Dr. Ambedkar -- they were all controversial people. If you have even a little intelligence you are bound to be controversial. Only in the armies is your intelligence crushed and destroyed so that you cannot say no, even if you see something is wrong. You have been trained to say yes in every condition.

I am not a soldier, neither am I a saint -- because saints are also very afraid of controversy; their whole reputation.... Just today I heard that one young Jaina nun -- just twenty-one years old, but she must be very daring -- escaped. And everybody thought -- it happened in Indore, which is a very Jaina-dominated city -- everybody thought somebody had abducted her. But that was wrong, because soon her letter came: "Nobody has abducted me. I am now adult; I have

passed my twenty-first year. Now it is my right to choose my life. I don't want to remain a Jaina nun. I have fallen in love with a young man, and I want to live the way I want.
"And don't try to find me; otherwise I will expose everything about what kind of inhuman treatment has been given to me and what is going on behind the scene, behind the screen. All kinds of things which the Jaina monk and the Jaina nun go on teaching to people are wrong things -- behind the screen all those things are happening. And I don't want to be tortured.
"If you try to find me I am going to expose everything. Then don't blame me. In the first place, to force me when I was very young and could not understand what you were doing... I became a nun."
The Jainas are very angry; they want the girl to appear in the high court. Seeing her letter, I feel that she is capable of exposing them; and if she is not, I invite her to come to me. I will appear with her in the high court and will expose all the inhuman behavior that goes on behind the walls -- all kinds of sexual perversion. The same people are teaching that celibacy is divine -- and none of them is a celibate. If anyone is a celibate, let him come out and be examined in a medical college. Except that... just his word is not enough. I know them very intimately -- this is the situation all over the world.
In one monastery of Christians in Europe, half of the monks are fighting with the other half, and the monastery is divided now into two parts, because half of the monks are saying that everybody in the monastery is homosexual. The other half are trying to save their face and saying that this is not right. But if you force so many young people, full of

sexual energy, into one place and don't allow any contact with the other sex, what do you expect from them? Yes, they will teach celibacy and they will behave just the opposite of their own teaching.

So the real thing is not to burn the scriptures.

The real thing is to burn the self which carries inside you the scriptures, the tradition, the past and all kinds of rotten things and superstitions. The dead people seem to be very cunning: they go on dominating the living people. What right has anybody to dominate the children of the future?

I have been asked again and again, "What about the future? What will happen to sannyasins, their children, when you are gone? You should write the discipline, the code, the morals; you should give them the ideals."

But I will be dead -- and I am against the dead ruling the living. The living should find their own life, their own discipline, their own morals. And they will be living in a different time, in a different age, in a different atmosphere. Nobody should look backwards, and nobody should try to control even those who are not born.

Just live your life with as much joy and celebration, as a gift of God. Dance with the trees in the sun, in the rain, in the wind. Neither do the trees have any scriptures, nor do the animals have any scriptures; neither do the stars have any scriptures, nor do they have any saints. Except man, nobody is obsessed with the dead. This obsession I call one of the greatest mistakes which has been committed over thousands of years. It is time it should be stopped completely.

For each new generation, leave the space open to search, to find the truth, because finding the truth is less blissful than

searching for it. The pilgrimage is the real thing, not the reaching to the temple.

FOR HOW CAN A TYRANT RULE THE FREE AND THE PROUD...?

Help your children to be proud, not obedient, not slaves. Help them to be free. Teach them that there is no higher value than freedom of living and freedom of expression. Make them capable... that if the need arises it is better to die than to accept any kind of slavery.

But this is not being done. And unless it is done you cannot save the world from Adolf Hitlers, Joseph Stalins, Mao Tse-tungs, Ronald Reagans -- you cannot save humanity from tyrants, dictators. In fact, deep down you desire them. Deep down you want somebody to dictate the terms and style of your life. You are so afraid of committing mistakes... because if you are free, naturally you will commit many mistakes. But remember, that is the way of life.

Many times you will fall. There is no harm. Get up again and learn not to fall. Be more alert. You will commit mistakes, but don't commit the same mistake again. This is how one becomes wise. This is how one becomes an individual, a proud man like a cedar tree rising high, reaching to the stars.

Don't be pygmies. Try to reach to the ultimate height of which you are capable.

AND IF IT IS A CARE YOU WOULD CAST OFF, THAT CARE HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY YOU RATHER THAN IMPOSED UPON YOU.

What are your anxieties? What are your problems that are torturing you? You have chosen them; they have not been imposed on you. Who has told you to be jealous of somebody who is more intelligent, of somebody who is stronger, of somebody who is richer? Why have you chosen to be jealous? Your jealousy will destroy your energy unnecessarily. Rather than being jealous, find out what you can do with your energy, what you can create.

And I say unto you that not a single man is born in the world who has not a certain capacity which will make him proud, who is not pregnant with something to produce, to give birth to something new and beautiful, to make the existence richer. There is not a single man who has come into the world empty.

Have you seen children when they are born? Their hands are closed. A closed hand, a fist, is a mystery: one never knows what is hidden inside. And have you seen the dead man? When somebody dies... have you seen any dead man with a fist? It is impossible. A dead man dies with an open hand, empty, spent. These are only metaphors. I am saying a child is born full of possibilities -- he need not be jealous of anyone.

I have never felt jealous of anyone; however great they may be -- Lao Tzu or Moses or Krishna or Buddha -- I have not felt jealous. I have simply felt immensely happy that at least a few people realized their potential. And it has given me the incentive: "You are also a man belonging to the

same race. If Buddha can rise to such a height, certainly you can rise to the same height in some direction. Perhaps you may rise higher, because twenty-five centuries have not gone in vain. You are richer than any Buddha, because twenty-five centuries of learning, experience, and twenty-five centuries of thousands reaching to the same heights -- Kabir, Nanak, Jesus, Rabindranath.... Why cannot you?" Except yourself, nobody is preventing you.

AND IF IT IS A FEAR YOU WOULD DISPEL, THE SEAT OF THAT FEAR IS IN YOUR HEART AND NOT IN THE HAND OF THE FEARED.

What can one take away from you? At the most your life, which is anyway going to disappear one day. And if somebody can be made happy, why miss the chance? Let him be happy! But there is no need to be afraid.
I have been going around the world alone, without any firearms, and I have been fighting with people who have nuclear weapons. And it is strange that they are afraid; I am not afraid. Sometimes I have even wondered: either they are mad or I am mad. They have all the powers to destroy me.
I don't believe in destroying anything, not even an ant. My whole philosophy can be called a reverence for life.
Why are they afraid? The seat of fear is in their own heart. Now it is one year, more than one year, since they destroyed my commune in America. But they destroyed it only after they had arrested me and forced me to leave America, because they knew perfectly well that if I am there.... For two years they had been trying to come, but....

We had sent them invitations -- to the president of America, to the attorney general of America, to the governor of Oregon: "You are welcome; you just come and see. Don't go on deciding on rumors."
None of them had the courage even to visit the commune. And the commune was in a desert -- the nearest American town was twenty miles away; we were not in fact in America. And we were not doing anything to them. Still, on the boundary of the commune they had gathered thousands of armed guards. Strange people.
And the attorney general, Mr. Meese, who is now in trouble -- everybody who has committed the crime against the innocent people of the commune is going to have trouble. Every cause produces its effect. This man, the attorney general of America, was the cause. And in a press conference a representative from his office admitted, "Our first priority was to destroy the commune." But why? Why should it be your priority to destroy the commune?
Asked, "Why did you not send Osho into jail?" he said, "First, we were not ready to make him a martyr." Certainly the desire was there, but also the fear that if they put me in jail, all their embassies around the world would be burned; it would be made difficult for every American to live outside America.

In making me a martyr they would help my work, because my people would become stronger and would come together with force. And those who had always been sympathizers and lovers would come out of their dark holes to support me.

And thirdly, he said, "Osho has not committed any crime. We don't have any evidence, any proof." The same man was standing in the court against me and forced the judge to fine me four hundred thousand dollars, nearabout sixty lakh rupees. He must have been thinking that I don't even have pockets: from where am I going to produce four hundred thousand dollars? He was shocked because my people, who were present in the court, collected the money within ten minutes.

The jailer told me, "Your people have shocked all of us. Even the richest man in the country would find it difficult... because all his money is invested. Four hundred thousand dollars your people managed, and threw it on the table before the judge."

Now it becomes a strange case. He is accepting that I have not committed any crime. Then for what have I been punished? Just because I criticized Christianity -- and Ronald Reagan is a fanatic Christian. I had challenged him, I had challenged the pope. They can all be together; I alone am enough for an open, public debate on the fundamentals of Christianity, because they are so idiotic that nobody can support them on reasonable, logical grounds.

How can you support the idea that Jesus is born out of a virgin mother? Just produce another child out of a virgin mother. You are speaking against the whole medical science... that Jesus is the only begotten son of God. What happened to God? Has He started following birth control? Or perhaps He has become impotent? Or perhaps Friedrich Nietzsche is right, that He is dead. But what happened -- why should there be only one child? Even beggars in India create dozens of children.

And in the Christian trinity there is no woman: God the Father, God the Son, Jesus Christ, and a certain strange guy, the Holy Ghost. What are these three fellows doing without a woman? These are very pertinent questions today. Certainly it is a gay group.

They will have to prove.... They have all the powers. Now it has been one year that my people are being continually told by the prime minister of Italy, "We are going to give the visa next week." It is now one year! And just the other day one sannyasin came from Italy and he said, "Now he is saying that a fresh application is needed. We are sorry, because the time... one year has passed." But whose fault is it? It is not that we were not reminding him. Our sannyasins were sitting there the whole day, for the whole year!

But the pope is the problem; he was insisting that I should not be allowed in Italy. And these powerful people, prime ministers and presidents.... I am not powerful, but deep down there is fear. I have every right -- because I am only asking for a three-week tourist visa -- but the prime minister is afraid: the country is Catholic, elections are coming near, and if the pope is not listened to, then Catholic votes will not be given to him. What kind of power is this, that depends on others? If they give you their vote you are a beggar, and constantly afraid.

Now in Italy it has almost become a great problem because one hundred and fifty celebrities, Nobel prize-winning people, scientists, painters, poets, world-famous actors, actresses have all signed a petition for me saying that this is absolutely against the freedom of expression and freedom of movement.

Now the prime minister is in much more difficulty because these one hundred and fifty people are world-famous: they also have weight. If they all go against him in the elections, then even the pope will not be able to save him. That's why he is saying, "A fresh application, a little more time...." Really he wants the time to pass so that this election passes. Then for five years he will not be afraid. But he is wrong. Whenever I go into Italy... I have a standing challenge for the pope. And I don't want him to be here or amongst my people -- I have many sannyasins in Italy -- I want him to have an open discussion in the Vatican before all the Catholics. So he need not be worried; all his people will be there, and I will enter alone.

I know truth has a power of its own. And this Polack pope certainly knows that he has no answers for me. And it is better to avoid confrontation because my simple proposal is: If I am defeated I will become a Catholic; but if you are defeated I become the pope! A simple proposition. Then the Vatican becomes my kingdom.

And even if I get the visa I can predict it: for those three weeks he will escape from Italy. I am just closing the door so he cannot escape.

VERILY ALL THINGS MOVE WITHIN YOUR BEING IN CONSTANT HALF EMBRACE, THE DESIRE AND THE DREADED, THE REPUGNANT AND THE CHERISHED, THE PURSUED AND THAT WHICH YOU WOULD ESCAPE.

Your life is a hell for a simple reason: nothing is whole in you; everything is divided. You are living a life of

contradictions. You desire something, and at the same time you are afraid to desire it. You feel something is very attractive but you are also afraid, and half of you says it is repugnant. ...the pursued and that which you would escape.... You are doing both the things together.

Just watch yourself. When you condemn something, just look within yourself; there must be some appreciation. And when you love, just behind it, like a shadow, follows the hate.

So it is not accidental that couples are continually fighting, and loving also. In fact, every fight ends in love. By and by it becomes such a conditioning that if they don't fight they cannot love -- just like small children. They go on carrying their teddy bear -- dirty, greasy, looking like an Italian pope. They want to get rid of it, but they have become so accustomed to it, they cannot sleep without it. Only when they are hugging their teddy bear will they go to sleep.

The husband may be fighting with the wife, but unless some negotiation happens he cannot feel at peace, at rest. He will bring ice cream, flowers, a new sari. He will feel at ease only when the wife shows signs that it is time to drop the fight: "It is late and we have to go to sleep." They both have become teddy bears to each other.

In one neighborhood, everybody was fighting, every couple was fighting.... And have you noticed? When a woman throws anything at you -- a saucer, a cup -- it never hits you. It is half-hearted. She does not want to hurt you because if you are hurt, immediately she will run and find the ointment and.... But why in the first place hurt the poor fellow? Husbands and wives have found a very good thing to fight with: that is pillows. They don't hurt each other;

they throw the pillows at each other, and they shout at each other.

The whole neighborhood was worried because one Sardarji who used to live in the same apartment building... from his apartment nobody heard anybody screaming or anybody shouting. On the contrary, they always heard laughter every night. They could not believe it: Are they really husband and wife, or has he abducted somebody else's wife? Why do they go on laughing? for what?

One day the whole neighborhood gathered around the Sardarji as he was getting out of his taxi -- he was a taxi driver -- and they asked, "We cannot resist the temptation any more. What is the secret? -- because we come home and a fight starts, and it goes on late into the night. You are an exception -- just laughter! Just tell us your secret. We would also like to laugh."

The Sardarji said, "It would have been better that you had not asked, but if you are so curious to know, I will tell you the truth. The truth is that when she throws something at me, if she misses, I laugh. And if she hits me, she laughs. This is an agreement. So you always hear laughter; but we are in the same boat -- there is no difference at all."

Man is divided in himself. You are never doing anything whole-heartedly -- a half embrace. Such a state cannot create peace, silence, joy.

These things move within you as lights and shadows in pairs that cling.... Here is light; just outside the net the darkness is waiting.

AND WHEN THE SHADOW FADES AND IS NO MORE, THE LIGHT THAT LINGERS BECOMES A SHADOW TO ANOTHER LIGHT....

There are layers and layers and layers in you. You peel one layer, another fresh layer is found.

AND THUS YOUR FREEDOM WHEN IT LOSES ITS FETTERS BECOMES ITSELF THE FETTER OF A GREATER FREEDOM.

These are immensely important statements. The journey is eternal; never think that the pilgrimage stops somewhere. You get rid of one thing, and suddenly you see another thing is waiting. Again you are fettered; as you get rid of it you find something even more subtle that you have never seen before.

These statements are true, but Kahlil Gibran does not know anything beyond your mind. He goes the deepest in the mind -- deeper than any Sigmund Freud, or Jung, or Adler, or Assagioli -- but he never goes beyond the mind. And in the East our approach has been just totally different. We know the mind is like an onion -- layers upon layers. Why waste time? Just transcend it. Fifteen years of continual psychoanalysis and still the man is the same; nothing changes.

But only a small effort towards meditation... and meditation is just a step out of the mind. Leave the mind behind; there is no need to go on peeling its layers.

You are not the mind, just as you are not the body.

You are part of an immortal life.

Your body, your mind are all centered on a false self. As you go beyond the self, you suddenly discover a sky that has no limits. A few have called it God, a few have called it Brahma, but the best word is used by Mahavira and Gautam Buddha: they have called it moksha. Moksha means "total freedom" -- freedom from all that binds you, freedom from all that is false, freedom from all that is going to die. And as you become free from all that is false and mortal, immediately doors of immortality open for you. The VEDAS have declared you amritasya putrah: sons and daughters of immortality. And except meditation, there has never been any way and there will never be any way. Those who miss meditation miss the whole dance of life. I hope that none of you misses that dance, that song, that music of eternity.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #3
Chapter title: Each moment a resurrection
21 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND THE PRIESTESS SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID:
SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD,
UPON WHICH YOUR REASON AND YOUR

JUDGMENT WAGE WAR AGAINST YOUR PASSION AND YOUR APPETITE.
WOULD THAT I COULD BE THE PEACEMAKER IN YOUR SOUL, THAT I MIGHT TURN THE DISCORD AND THE RIVALRY OF YOUR ELEMENTS INTO ONENESS AND MELODY.
BUT HOW SHALL I, UNLESS YOU YOURSELVES BE ALSO THE PEACEMAKERS, NAY, THE LOVERS OF ALL YOUR ELEMENTS?
YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.
IF EITHER YOUR SAILS OR YOUR RUDDER BE BROKEN, YOU CAN BUT TOSS AND DRIFT, OR ELSE BE HELD AT A STANDSTILL IN MID-SEAS.
FOR REASON, RULING ALONE, IS A FORCE CONFINING; AND PASSION, UNATTENDED, IS A FLAME THAT BURNS TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.
THEREFORE LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION, THAT IT MAY SING;
AND LET IT DIRECT YOUR PASSION WITH REASON, THAT YOUR PASSION MAY LIVE THROUGH ITS OWN DAILY RESURRECTION, AND LIKE THE PHOENIX RISE ABOVE ITS OWN ASHES.
I WOULD HAVE YOU CONSIDER YOUR JUDGMENT AND YOUR APPETITE EVEN AS YOU WOULD TWO LOVED GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE.
SURELY YOU WOULD NOT HONOUR ONE GUEST ABOVE THE OTHER; FOR HE WHO IS MORE

MINDFUL OF ONE LOSES THE LOVE AND THE FAITH OF BOTH.
AMONG THE HILLS, WHEN YOU SIT IN THE COOL SHADE OF THE WHITE POPLARS, SHARING THE PEACE AND SERENITY OF DISTANT FIELDS AND MEADOWS -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN SILENCE, "GOD RESTS IN REASON."
AND WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND THE MIGHTY WIND SHAKES THE FOREST, AND THUNDER AND LIGHTNING PROCLAIM THE MAJESTY OF THE SKY, -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN AWE, "GOD MOVES IN PASSION."
AND SINCE YOU ARE A BREATH IN GOD'S SPHERE, AND A LEAF IN GOD'S FOREST, YOU TOO SHOULD REST IN REASON AND MOVE IN PASSION.

Humanity has suffered more because we have lived in divisions than for any other reason.
Man is one organic whole.
This has to be your fundamental understanding: there is no way to cut any of your parts and yet remain blissful. Yes, all those parts have to be brought into a harmonious whole, just like an orchestra... so many people are playing on different instruments, and if they don't know how all those different instruments should melt and be one, in one music, then there is not going to be music at all -- only noise, which will not be soothing to your soul, but a disturbance. Man's whole history is the history of divisions. Discard this, discard that, and just cling to one part of your being... you will remain in misery, because bliss is born when all

your parts are dancing together in a deep harmony, without any conflict.

Why has man created this schizophrenic state of mind? It is not without reason. Those who want to dominate you, those who want to exploit you, those who want you to remain enslaved forever... this is their device. A man who is whole cannot be oppressed, cannot be exploited and cannot be reduced to a slave. And there are people whose only ambition is for power. Power seems to be their only cause for living.

Friedrich Nietzsche died in a madhouse. It is an unfortunate thing... while doctors were declaring him mad, priests were declaring him mad, his own friends and family were declaring him mad, he was writing his greatest book -- in the madhouse. The name of the book is THE WILL TO POWER.

Looking at the book and its greatness, anyone can see that all those people who forced him into the madhouse were simply trying to get rid of someone whose every word was an arrow. They were not able to bear the height of his being. They wanted him to be completely forgotten and ignored. Certainly he was not mad; otherwise the greatest book of his life could not have been written in the madhouse. He himself never saw the book published -- it was published posthumously.

I have looked into all his works. It seems in THE WILL TO POWER he has put together everything that was scattered in many books of his writings. Each statement is so pregnant that it is impossible for a madman to have written it. It is so logical, so profound, that if you are ready to read it without any prejudice, you will be amazed that one of the

best books in the world was written by a madman, in a madhouse.

His only fault was that he was not obedient to the society or its out-of-date disciplines, rotten rules. His simple crime was that he was an individual in his own right -- and the slaves cannot tolerate a man who knows freedom, and lives freedom.

His actions and his words are out of freedom, but the slaves feel irritated, annoyed, because they cannot even understand what he is saying. He is shouting from a hilltop to the people who are creeping in the dark valleys of their so-called comfort. They are in the majority, and this man is disturbing them on each point that they have been clinging to as wisdom. He is proving that it is sheer stupidity.

Kahlil Gibran was immensely impressed by Friedrich Nietzsche. In his work, THE WILL TO POWER, he has opened the heart of humanity: Why is there no music, but only misery?

The reason is that the priests of all religions, and politicians of all kinds of ideologies, are so desirous of power that they don't want humanity to listen to a man who is talking of unity, inner harmony, being undivided, one and whole.

Yes, there are going to be changes, because things in your being have been put by the society in such a way that you are in a mess: the servant has become the master, the master is being treated as a servant.

The heart cannot shout, it only whispers; the mind shouting loudly makes it completely impossible for the heart to give his message to you.

These very important statements Kahlil Gibran is making through the mouth of a fictitious mystic poet and

philosopher, Almustafa. I have always wondered why he has chosen to speak indirectly, and my feeling is absolutely clear about it: he did not want to suffer the same fate Friedrich Nietzsche suffered -- and nobody is serious about poetry. Friedrich Nietzsche writes prose, although his prose is so beautiful that you can call it poetry. But he is speaking directly to humanity.
Almustafa creates a fiction. Kahlil Gibran is never declared mad, is never forced to live in the madhouse, for the simple reason that he is only a fiction writer -- at the most a composer of poems. He has secured himself by hiding behind Almustafa. So I want you to remember, whatever Almustafa is saying are the words of Kahlil Gibran.

AND THE PRIESTESS SPOKE AGAIN AND SAID: SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION...

of mind and of heart, of logic and of love.... For centuries man has thought of them as opposed to each other. He has been told by the vested interests that if you listen to both, you are going to be mad -- they are contradictory; you will have to choose.

Those who choose reason have all the opportunities to be powerful in the world, but empty inside. Those rare souls who choose passion, love, the heart, are aflame inside with beauty, blissfulness, fragrance, but on the outside they have no power.
The priestess is asking one of the fundamental questions:

SPEAK TO US OF REASON AND PASSION....

What is your approach to these two things? Both exist in man, and both appear -- at least superficially -- contradictory. A choice has to be made; otherwise man will be riding on two horses, and the ultimate result cannot but be a disaster.
She was not aware that Kahlil Gibran has a far deeper insight than the priests and the priestesses, the politicians and the people who have power -- either of money or of prestige.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD..

because you have never gone to the roots of your being. Reason says one thing, the heart longs for something else, and whatever you choose you will suffer, you will remain miserable, because half of your being will remain starved, hungry. Slowly, slowly, the distance between the two will become so great... as if you have been cut by an electric saw in two parts.
These split people are fighting within themselves; they have become a battlefield. This is a strategy, a very cunning strategy: if a man is put in a situation where he is fighting with himself, he has neither energy nor time to revolt against slavery, against oppression, against exploitation; his inner fight has made him so weak that anybody can dominate him. It is a subtle way of psychological castration.
Man has been made impotent with a very clever device. If you are together and one, you have the integrity,

individuality, and energy to fight against anything that wants to destroy your freedom, and if the whole humanity has that integrity, dictators will disappear. Politicians have no place in a right human society. In a cultured society, what is the need of laws, of courts? The judges, the police commissioners lose all their power. So as not to lose the power, they have to keep you divided.
Nietzsche spoke directly, and suffered for it. Nietzsche is one of the greatest sacrifices humanity has made -- because of power hungry people. But they are not bothered about Kahlil Gibran. People will read him as a poet, a beautiful entertainment, but nothing more.

YOUR SOUL IS OFTENTIMES A BATTLEFIELD, UPON WHICH YOUR REASON AND YOUR JUDGMENT WAGE WAR AGAINST YOUR PASSION AND YOUR APPETITE.
WOULD THAT I COULD BE THE PEACEMAKER IN YOUR SOUL, THAT I MIGHT TURN THE DISCORD AND THE RIVALRY OF YOUR ELEMENTS INTO ONENESS AND MELODY.
BUT HOW SHALL I, UNLESS YOU YOURSELVES BE ALSO THE PEACEMAKERS, NAY, THE LOVERS OF ALL YOUR ELEMENTS?

Whatever is given to you by existence cannot be without a hidden purpose. You have reason. Reason has eyes, capacity to think, to find out the right part. You have the heart and all its passions. But the heart knows how to sing, how to dance, how to love. The heart cannot create science and technology, neither can reason create love, peace,

silence -- all the qualities that make you transcend ordinary humanity.

The heart can give you the wings for transcendence and the flight of the alone to the alone. The heart is the door to where God can be found.

Reason is absolutely incapable. It can create money, it can create thousands of other objective things, but it has no capacity to enter into your inner world.

There is no need for any conflict. Reason fuctions in the objective world, and the heart functions in the subjective world. And if you are alert, meditative, you can easily manage a balance between the two.

I have called your heart the Zorba, and the flight of your intelligence -- which is nothing but refined energy of reason -- Gautam the Buddha. Until now, Zorba and Buddha have been fighting. Both are losers, because the Buddha does not allow total freedom for the Zorba; neither does the Zorba allow the Buddha any life of his own.

So there have been Zorbas in the world... all their smiles, all of their joy, is without any depth; it is not even skin deep. And there have been Buddhas whose joy is profound, deep -- but there is a constant disturbance from the Zorba because the Zorba does not want to starve. And there is no difficulty in bringing them closer, to create a friendship between the two and finally a deep oneness.

There is an ancient story... two beggars, one was crippled and could not walk, and the other was blind but could walk.... Of course, they were competitors. Begging is a business where there is continuous competition -- you don't know which is the beggar who owns you. When I came to know this, it was a great surprise. Because I was traveling

continually, I was coming and going to the railway station so many times, an old beggar had become accustomed -- in fact, he had started taking it for granted -- that whenever I came back from a journey, or went for a journey, he was entitled to have one rupee each time.

In the beginning he used to be grateful. When I, for the first time, gave him one rupee, he could not believe it -- Indians don't give rupees to beggars. But slowly, slowly, everything becomes taken for granted. Now it was not a question of gratitude, it was a routine. And I could see from his eyes that if I don't give him the rupee he will be angry -- I am depriving him of one rupee.

I never deprived him, but one day I was surprised: the old man was gone, and a young man was sitting in his place and he said, "Don't forget that one rupee."

I said, "How did you come to know about the one rupee?"

He said, "You don't know... I got married to that old beggar's daughter."

Still I could not understand, "If you got married, where is the old man?"

He said, "He has given the whole area of the railway station as a dowry to me, and he has given me all the names -- and your name is the first name. You have been giving him one rupee each time, whether you enter the railway station or you come out."

I said, "This is a revelation, that beggars have their territories." They own it. They can give it as a dowry to their sons-in-law. I said, "This is great! Where is the old man?"

He said, "He has found another place near a hospital, because the beggar who used to sit there has died. And he

looks old, but he is a very strong man. Nobody wants to fight with him." Beggars are also in continual conflict to own the clients, customers....

Both these beggars were born enemies, but one day... they lived outside the town, in the forest. In the middle of the night, the forest got on fire. There was nobody to save them. The cripple knew that the fire was coming closer and closer, and all the trees were going to be burned; but he could not walk. And the blind man felt intense heat rising. This was for the first time they spoke to each other in friendly terms: "What is happening? -- you have eyes, you can see." And they came to a compromise, forgetting all their fights of the past.

The blind man said to the crippled one, "You sit on my shoulders, so that we become one man. I have enough strength to carry you, and you have eyes to see where to go, where to find a way out of this constantly increasing fire." And they both were saved.

The whole town was awake and they were worried about the beggars, but nobody was courageous enough to enter into the forest to find out where they were. They knew that one could not walk. They knew that the other could not see, but they had not thought of the possibility that they both could become one. And when they saw them coming out of the forest alive, they could not believe their eyes. What a miracle had happened!

This is an old, very old story. India has one of the most ancient books of parables, the PANCH TANTRA; from the PANCH TANTRA comes this story. And this is the story of you, about you. The house is on fire, death is coming

closer, but you are not yet one solid individual; you are a battle field inside yourself.

Reason can see, but alone, seeing is not of much help. The heart can feel -- but alone, feeling is not much of a help. Is it possible that seeing and feeling are no longer competitors, but join in an adventure for the search of the meaning of life?

That is what Kahlil Gibran is saying: "I know the remedy, but...unless you yourself be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all your elements... this miracle is not possible."

Hence, I have been proclaiming the new man as Zorba the Buddha -- which is a meeting of East and West, which is a meeting of science and religion, which is a meeting of logic and love, which is a meeting of the outer and the inner. Only in these meetings will you find peace; otherwise, you will remain a battlefield. If you are miserable, remember that the misery is arising out of an inner battle that goes on day in, day out.

There have been great Zorbas in the world. "Eat, drink and be merry" is their simple philosophy. "There is no life beyond death. God is nothing but an invention of cunning priests. Don't waste your time on unnecessary things; life is short."

In India we have a whole philosophy, the system of the charvakas. Perhaps a charvaka is the most articulate Zorba, and if you try to understand him he is very convincing: "There is no evidence, no eye-witness of any God or of any life after death. There is no evidence or proof that you have an immortal soul. Don't get caught in these words, which have been created just to create a conflict in you so you can

become Christians, Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, Mohammedans."

India has also known great Buddhas. They say the world is illusory; all that is true is inner, and all that is untrue is outside. So don't waste your time in desires, in ambitions; they are nothing but the same stuff as dreams are made of. Use the small time that you have in your hands to go as deep inside as possible so that you can find the temple of God -- your godliness.

If you listen to the Buddhas, they seem to be convincing. If you listen to the Zorbas, they seem to be convincing -- and then you are in trouble, because you have both within you. I want you to be a peacemaker, not a battlefield.

Let there be a deep friendship between your reason and your passion, so that you can enjoy what is available on the outside... and much is available. It is not illusory, the actions of the Buddhas prove it. They need food -- it does not grow inside. They need water -- they have to seek and find it outside. And still they go on saying, "All that is outside is illusory."

And the Zorbas, although they say that they are only living on the outside, are simply unreasonable -- because the outside can exist only if there is an inside. They are inseparable. Have you seen anything which has only outside and no inside? Have you seen a coin which has only one side? Howsoever thin you make it, both sides will remain together.

The first step to understand is: The most significant approach is to relax and be in love with your body, with your heart. Don't create any conflict, bring them closer -- because centuries have made them so unbridgeable. And as

they come closer and become one you will not be just a Zorba or just a Buddha, you will be Zorba the Buddha. You will be a total man. And in your totality is beauty, is bliss, is truth.

YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.

When you have understood their unity and they are no longer in conflict, suddenly you will see a new space arising in you: you will see your soul. Now that there is no conflict in your body, your reason, your heart, you have time, silence and space to see something of the beyond -- the soul.
You are basically a triangle: reason, heart and soul. But very few people have reached to the soul, because the battlefield continues. You don't have any time to explore -- the Zorba goes on pulling you outside, and the Buddha goes on pulling you inside. It is a strange struggle that has been imposed on you by all those who want you to be weak, who want you to be without souls -- just machines, robots.
He is saying:

YOUR REASON AND YOUR PASSION ARE THE RUDDER AND THE SAILS OF YOUR SEAFARING SOUL.
IF EITHER YOUR SAILS OR YOUR RUDDER BE BROKEN, YOU CAN BUT TOSS AND DRIFT...

and that is what almost all of humanity is doing, tossing and drifting...or else be held at a standstill in mid-seas -- that is a kind of death before death.

FOR REASON, RULING ALONE, IS A FORCE CONFINING.

Reason has its limits. It cannot accept that which is limitless.

AND PASSION UNATTENDED IS A FLAME THAT BURNS TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.

Your passion is your fire -- fire of your life. But unattended, unlistened to, ignored, the fire is going to destroy itself. The same fire could be used by reason to destroy the limits, to burn the limited imprisonment, and you would have the whole sky for yourself.

THEREFORE, LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION.

Passion knows no limits. Your energy is a source inexhaustible, because your energy is the energy of the whole universe.

LET YOUR SOUL EXALT YOUR REASON TO THE HEIGHT OF PASSION, THAT IS MAY SING.

Blessed is the man whose reason starts singing and dancing -- because reason knows only curiosity, doubt, questioning;

it does not know anything about singing, dancing, celebrating -- those belong to your heart. But if your soul, your awareness, brings them together they will become partners in a dance, partners in a song so deeply in tune that all their duality disappears.

To me, this disappearance of duality is the beginning of a new life without any conflict, without any battlefield. Your life starts to become the garden of Eden. All your energies are enough to create a paradise within you.

It has been told to you that if you follow certain conditions as a Christian, a Hindu or a Mohammedan, you will enter into paradise. But I say to you: You never enter paradise. It is paradise which enters you the moment the battlefield has disappeared, and your heart and your reason are dancing in tune. Paradise is waiting for the moment when it can enter. In this joy, silence and peace, paradise has to come to you. The whole idea of you going to paradise is nonsense. There is no paradise outside you, and there is no hell outside you. You are living in hell when you are in conflict, fighting with yourself. And heaven is in you when there is absolute silence, and a song arises in your being of totality, of organic unity.

AND LET IT DIRECT YOUR PASSION WITH REASON, THAT YOUR PASSION MAY LIVE THROUGH ITS OWN DAILY RESURRECTION...

What Kahlil Gibran is saying.... Never forget, because these are not only words, they are seeds which can transform you into a beautiful garden where birds will start singing, flowers will start opening and paradise is waiting

for that moment to knock on your doors: "I have come, you are ready."
What he is saying is that the first thing is that reason should be raised by you, your awareness, to the height of passion, "that it may sing." And the second thing is more important: and let it direct your passion with reason... so that you are not lost in a blind groping. On the heights, having no eyes is very dangerous -- then it is better to remain in the valley with all other blind people. Even if you fall, you will not die -- maybe a scratch, or maybe a fracture, but not death. Let reason direct your passion, let it become the eyes of your heart, and then you will come to know why Christians say that after the crucifixion there was resurrection. It may not be -- perhaps it is not a historical fact -- but it has a deep psychological and spiritual depth.
Each moment your passion dies, because passion knows nothing of the past and nothing of the future; those are the accumulations of reason. Passion knows only this moment -- each moment it dies, and if directed with the eyes of reason, each moment there will be a resurrection. It will die and it will be reborn fresher, younger, better, more refined.

... AND LIKE THE PHOENIX RISE ABOVE ITS OWN ASHES.

The mythological bird, the phoenix, is really a way of telling you that you should learn to die each moment and be born again each moment. Your life should be a continuous death and a continuous resurrection so that you remain fresh to the very last breath; otherwise dust goes on

gathering, and you die almost thirty, forty years before people understand, "This fellow is dead."

The hippies used to say, "Never trust anyone who has passed the age of thirty" -- because almost at the age of thirty or nearby a person dies, and then he lives for forty years, fifty years, a posthumous life, because resurrection does not happen.

But hippies were only a reaction, that is why you don't find any old hippies. They had all died at the age of thirty; now they are living their posthumous lives in the marketplace very efficiently. They have forgotten all about that, it was just a dream that every young man has to pass through; now they laugh about it -- it is nothing but a fading memory.

I have been in search of an old hippie -- I have not been successful. Old hippies don't exist for the simple reason that they don't know: It is not a question of reacting against the society. It is a question of inner transformation, of learning the alchemy of how to die peacefully and allow the energy to resurrect -- just like the phoenix bird -- on its own ashes.

That is one of the most powerful and meaningful metaphors. I have not come across another metaphor that is so significant and so strong. It is the whole philosophy of religion: Dying and being reborn you remain always fresh, you remain always in a flow; you don't just grow old, you grow up.

Growing old is not a great quality -- all animals grow old, all trees grow old. Only man has the privilege, the prerogative, that he can grow up and can remain as fresh and young, even in old age, as he was when he was below

the age of thirty. Full of dreams of the beyond, even on the deathbed he is not sad that he is going to leave this earth; on the contrary, he is immensely excited about the new pilgrimage that is going to start, because he knows that no death is a death... every death is a resurrection too.
This becomes a truth only when your reason and your passion are together, when your Zorba and Buddha are not fighting, but hugging each other.

I WOULD HAVE YOU CONSIDER YOUR JUDGMENT AND YOUR APPETITE EVEN AS YOU WOULD TWO LOVED GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE.
SURELY YOU WOULD NOT HONOUR ONE GUEST ABOVE THE OTHER; FOR HE WHO IS MORE MINDFUL OF ONE LOSES THE LOVE AND THE FAITH OF BOTH.

I have heard about a man who was in love with two women. Both the women wanted an assurance, a security, "Be honest and say whom you are going to marry." And it was difficult for the poor man, because the woman who was very beautiful was very poor, and the woman who was just homely was immensely rich, and all those riches were going to be his. You can understand his dilemma.
They had gone in a boat just to enjoy the sea and the sun. Suddenly the rich woman told him, "Stop the boat here in the middle of the ocean. I cannot wait anymore. You have to make the decision. Tell us whom you love!"
The man must have been very intelligent. He said, "What kind of question are you asking? I love each of you more

than the other." And both the women were immensely satisfied.

AMONG THE HILLS, WHEN YOU SIT IN THE COOL SHADE OF THE WHITE POPLARS, SHARING THE PEACE AND SERENITY OF DISTANT FIELDS AND MEADOWS -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN SILENCE, "GOD RESTS IN REASON."
AND WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND THE MIGHTY WIND SHAKES THE FOREST, AND THUNDER AND LIGHTNING PROCLAIM THE MAJESTY OF THE SKY -- THEN LET YOUR HEART SAY IN AWE, "GOD MOVES IN PASSION"
AND SINCE YOU ARE A BREATH IN GOD'S SPHERE, AND A LEAF IN GOD'S FOREST, YOU TOO SHOULD REST IN REASON AND MOVE IN PASSION.

This is the greatest synthesis which man needs -- and needs immediately -- because the whole humanity of the past has missed this synthesis, this synchronicity. But I want my people to enjoy God in every possible situation -- when it is day, God is light, and when it is night, God is darkness. Don't create any conflict.
Once you are no longer a battlefield, you have become a temple -- and you are not going to purchase a statue of God to enshrine in the temple. The living God has always entered into the being of the man who has turned into a holy place, who has become sacred.
You have all the elements that are needed.
You have all the possibilities that are required.

If you miss, nobody else will be responsible for it except you.
God is just waiting on the door, but you are in such a mess that who would like to enter inside? And even if He knocks on your door, you cannot listen... there is so much going on, so much fight, that you are not going to listen to the small knock on the door. And there is no strong electric button on your door that God can go on pushing... He still uses the old human way of knocking with His own hand. That gives Him the idea whether you are prepared or not, whether you are ready to receive Him or not: Have you become a host that he can become a guest?
Okay Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #4
Chapter title: Breaking the shell of the past
21 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A WOMAN SPOKE, SAYING, TELL US OF PAIN.
AND HE SAID:
YOUR PAIN IS THE BREAKING OF THE SHELL THAT ENCLOSES YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
EVEN AS THE STONE OF THE FRUIT MUST BREAK, THAT ITS HEART MAY STAND IN THE SUN, SO MUST YOU KNOW PAIN.

AND COULD YOU KEEP YOUR HEART IN WONDER AT THE DAILY MIRACLES OF YOUR LIFE, YOUR PAIN WOULD NOT SEEM LESS WONDROUS THAN YOUR JOY;
AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART, EVEN AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS ACCEPTED THE SEASONS THAT PASS OVER YOUR FIELDS.
AND YOU WOULD WATCH WITH SERENITY THROUGH THE WINTERS OF YOUR GRIEF.
MUCH OF YOUR PAIN IS SELF-CHOSEN.
IT IS THE BITTER POTION BY WHICH THE PHYSICIAN WITHIN YOU HEALS YOUR SICK SELF.
THEREFORE TRUST THE PHYSICIAN, AND DRINK HIS REMEDY IN SILENCE AND TRANQUILITY:
FOR HIS HAND, THOUGH HEAVY AND HARD, IS GUIDED BY THE TENDER HAND OF THE UNSEEN, AND THE CUP HE BRINGS, THOUGH IT BURN YOUR LIPS, HAS BEEN FASHIONED OF THE CLAY WHICH THE POTTER HAS MOISTENED WITH HIS OWN SACRED TEARS.

It seems that it is very difficult, even for a man of Kahlil Gibran's caliber, to forget a deep-rooted, male chauvinistic attitude. I am saying this because the statements that Almustafa is going to make are right in a way -- but still they miss something very essential.
Almustafa forgets that the question is raised by a woman, and his answer is very general, applicable to both man and woman. But the truth is that the pain and suffering that women of the world have gone through is a thousandfold

more than man has even known. That's why I say Almustafa is answering the question, but not the questioner. And unless the questioner is answered, the answer remains superficial -- howsoever profound it may sound. I would like you to remember again and again: Wherever I see that just a small sentence or sometimes just even a word would have made it truer, far deeper, far more compassionate.... The answer seems to be academic, philosophical.
It does not have the insight into what man has done to the woman -- and it is not a question of one day, but of thousands of years. He does not even mention it. On the contrary, he goes on doing the same that the priests and the politicians have been doing always -- giving consolations. Behind beautiful words there is nothing but consolation. And consolation cannot be a substitute for truth.

AND A WOMAN SPOKE....

Is it not strange that out of that whole crowd no man asked about pain? -- is it just accidental? No, absolutely no. It is very relevant that a woman asked the question, "Tell us of pain," because only the woman knows how many wounds she has been carrying, how much slavery -- physical, mental and spiritual -- she has suffered and is still suffering. A woman is hurting in the deepest core of her being. No man knows the depth pain can go into you and destroy your dignity, your pride, your very humanity. Almustafa said:

YOUR PAIN IS THE BREAKING OF THE SHELL THAT ENCLOSES YOUR UNDERSTANDING.

A very poor statement -- so superficial that I feel ashamed of Kahlil Gibran sometimes. Any idiot can say it. It is not worthy of Kahlil Gibran: your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. It is a very simple and general statement.

EVEN AS THE STONE OF THE FRUIT MUST BREAK, THAT ITS HEART MAY STAND IN THE SUN, SO MUST YOU KNOW PAIN.

I hate this statement; he is supporting the idea that you must experience pain. It is a truism, but not a truth. It is very factual -- a seed has to go through great suffering, because unless the seed dies in his suffering the tree will never be born, and the great foliage and the beauty of the flowers will never come into existence. But who remembers the seed and its courage to die for the unknown to be born?

The same is true, if...the shell that encloses your understanding... goes through suffering, breaks down, allows freedom to your understanding, there is going to be a certain pain.

But what is the shell? That's how poets have escaped from crucifixions; he should have explained what the shell is. All the knowledge, all your conditionings, the whole process of your upbringing, your education, your society and civilization -- they constitute the shell which keeps you and your understanding imprisoned. But he is not mentioning a single word of what he means by "shell."

Obviously no religion has condemned Kahlil Gibran. If he had been more sincere and honest then he himself would have known what pain is. He has received only praise for his beautiful poetic sayings, but behind that praise there is some weakness; something of the coward is still lurking in the darkness of his soul.

If he had said, "Your religion, your philosophy, your political ideology, your nationality, your race -- these are all constituents of your imprisonment," then, instead of having international respect and honor, he would have been condemned by all the religions, by all the nations, by all the races -- which means by almost the whole world. I have been passing through that pain for my whole life, so when I say it, I say it out of my own experience.

Just make a single statement against those who are benefited by reducing the whole humanity to slaves, and all the powerful ones are going to be against you. And the masses are blind, the masses are not intelligent, the masses are poor; they are not going to listen to me -- because what can I give them? I can give to them understanding, but they cannot eat understanding, they cannot live by understanding. And their own conditioning is all that they have been taught -- that it is wisdom.

So it is not only the powerful ones; those who are being exploited, whose power has been taken away by the powerful ones -- otherwise from where will they get the power? -- they are also going to follow them. The powerful ones are the shepherds, and they have reduced the whole humanity to a crowd of sheep.

It is almost unbelievable that those who could have raised humanity and its consciousness to such beauty, wisdom and

joy have never been heard -- although they were shouting from the housetops. Every effort has been made that either they should be forced to remain silent, or they should be crucified. Those who had not the courage -- seeing the whole thing -- have remained silent; but in remaining silent you are also participating in the suffering the whole humanity is going through.
Only very few people have spoken -- and they have been poisoned, crucified, killed, assassinated. You have been killing your friends. You have been killing those who have loved you so much that they were ready to sacrifice their life, but were not ready to remain silent. And you have followed your enemies, who are sucking your blood every moment.

When I spoke for the first time for birth control, for legalization of abortion, I was condemned by everyone. If they had listened to me at that time, today India would have been rich, because when I started telling people, "This growth of your population is going to kill you, to destroy you," there were only four hundred million people in India. After thirty years there are nine hundred million people; five hundred million people could have been prevented, and the country would not be starving.
But still they are not willing to listen to me. They are still listening to the shankaracharyas who are against birth control, they are listening to Mother Teresas who are against birth control. THEY are your enemies. But it seems you are so blind you cannot see a simple fact.
Almustafa is saying: your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. It is true, but it would

have been more sincere if he had explained what he means by "the shell," because the whole thing depends on the meaning of the word "shell" -- what is the shell?
People will read it just like fiction, poetry, and nobody will ever take note that they have passed the word "shell," which contains your whole past. And unless you are ready to disconnect yourself from your past, there is going to be pain -- it is your past; it is not easy just to get out of it. It is not like clothes that you can change, it is like peeling your skin. But without passing through this pain there is no possibility of any understanding.
This is true for both men and women, but it is more true for women because the whole past is created by the male; the female has been simply a shadow, not very substantial. All Hindu incarnations of God are men; it is so surprising and shocking that they can accept animals as the incarnation of God, but they have not accepted a single woman as an incarnation of God.
The woman has been completely ignored, has not been taken into account at all. She constitutes half of the world, and for thousands of years she has had no voting right. In China it has been believed that she has no soul, so the question of pain does not arise. If you destroy your furniture do you think the furniture will go through great suffering? that there will be pain? If you slap the table do you think there will be tears? China, for centuries, has categorized woman with things; hence, in the Chinese morality, to murder your own wife is not a crime. It is your wife, it is your possession; you can do anything you want to do.

In India.... Gautam Buddha is a man, his great disciples -- Mahakashyap, Sariputta, Moggalayan -- all are men. Was there not a single woman who could have been raised to the same consciousness? But Gautam Buddha himself was denying initiation to women, as if they are a species not of humanity but of some subhuman state. Why bother with them? -- let them first attain manhood.
The statement of Gautam Buddha is that man is the crossroads from where you can go anywhere -- to enlightenment, to ultimate freedom. But the woman is not mentioned at all. She is not a crossroads, but just a dark street where no municipal corporation has even put lights; it goes nowhere. Man is a superhighway; so first let the woman come on the superhighway, let her become a man, be born in the body of a man -- then there is some possibility of her becoming enlightened.
Says Almustafa...so must you know pain -- but for what? If the woman cannot become enlightened, why should she go through pain? She is not gold, in that going through fire she will become purer.

AND COULD YOU KEEP YOUR HEART IN WONDER AT THE DAILY MIRACLES OF YOUR LIFE, YOUR PAIN WOULD NOT SEEM LESS WONDROUS THAN YOUR JOY....

It is true, but sometimes truth can be very dangerous, a double-edged sword. On one hand it protects, on another hand it destroys. It is true that if you keep the wonder in your eyes you will be surprised to know that even pain has

its own sweetness, its own miracle, its own joy. It is not less wondrous than joy itself.

But the strange fact is that the woman is always more like a child, more full of wonder than man. Man is always after knowledge -- and what is knowledge? Knowledge is just a means to get rid of wonder. The whole of science is trying to demystify existence, and the word "science" means knowledge. And it is a very simple fact that the more you know, the less you wonder.

Just go for a morning walk with a small child.... My father used to drag me out of bed so early in the morning, at five o'clock. It was still one hour before the sun would rise; everything was dark. And I had told him many times, "I cannot understand; what kind of arithmetic is this? -- when I want to remain awake I am forced to go to bed. When the night sky is so full of stars and I want to go to the river, I am prevented. And then, when the stars have started disappearing, the sun has not yet arisen, and I am feeling sleepy, I am forced to go for a morning walk. You are dragging me! -- it is not a morning walk. I just want to understand the logic of it."

Every child feels it -- every child, without exception, because the family wants to get rid of him: "Go to sleep." Don't disturb them. And they want the child to get up early in the morning.

And my father quoted an ancient saying which exists in all the languages all over the world: "Early to bed and early to get out of the bed keeps you healthy and wise."

I said, "A strange kind of logic."

But there was no way... he was so insistent I had to go. But as darkness started disappearing and the birds started

singing... and the morning freshness... and the beautiful sunrays, as if a new sun had come -- the old died last night -- I would ask him many questions. He said, "While walking you have to be silent."
I said, "I can be silent only on one condition."
He said, "What?"
I said, "My condition is -- don't disturb my sleep in the morning. You can choose. If you wake me up, you also wake my intelligence. It is good that people in England take their dogs for walks: I am not a dog! So either you have to go alone for your walk -- wherever you want to go, go.... Even if you don't want to return, nobody is going to worry about it. One day you will go and you will not return -- and that can be any day. But if you drag me out of my bed, then be prepared for my questions. And my questions are not out of curiosity... I feel so full of wonder about each and every thing."
He said, "I cannot leave you sleeping. I am creating a foundation for your whole life. It is a healthy habit -- because the air is fresh, the sun is young, everybody is asleep, all over there is silence. And the birds only sing once in a while; their singing does not disturb the silence, on the contrary, it deepens it."
I said, "I am ready."
He said, "Let us have a compromise."
I said, "I don't believe in compromises. Either I am right or I am wrong. What kind of compromise? What do you mean by...?"
He said, "You don't have to do anything; it is all on my part. I will take you for the morning walk, and you can ask

any questions you like, as many questions as you like, but I am not going to answer."
I said, "That's perfectly okay."
And it was really a joy! I would pull his shirt, nudge him, that there was a question. For a few minutes he would keep silent; finally he would get angry. He would say, "What kind of boy have I got? You don't allow me to enjoy my walk!"
And I said, "What about my sleep?"
Finally he dropped it; he said, "You sleep and I'll go for a walk."
As you grow older you lose the sensitivity for wonder, you become more and more dull. But the reason for it is that now you know everything. You know nothing, but your mind is now full of borrowed knowledge, and you have not ever thought that underneath it is nothing but darkness and ignorance.
In India there were only two persons who were known as Mahatma, the great soul. One was Mahatma Gandhi, another was Mahatma Bhagwandin. Mahatma Bhagwandin used to stay with my family -- he was constantly traveling. I have never seen such a knowledgeable man, about everything; he knew so much that he was almost the ninth wonder of the world! With him I used to go for a morning walk. He needed me because he was so full of knowledge, he wanted somebody to ask questions.
My father said, "This is strange. I am tired of you, and whenever Mahatma Bhagwandin comes he asks for nobody else's company, he simply asks about you. I have to drag you out of the bed, but when he is here, you drag him out of

the bed. Not five, but four o'clock will do, even three will do: `Let us go for a walk.'"
Sometimes he would say, "This is too early!"
I would say, "Nothing is early. The earlier it is, the wiser you become."
But he enjoyed my company because I was constantly asking about everything. He knew the names of all the trees, he knew all their medicinal uses. He himself was a wonder. But one day our friendship was finished because I asked a wrong question, although he realized before he died....
I was present three days before he died, and he confessed before his death, "You were right, just forgive me -- because now I know my life-energy is spent. It is only a question of a few hours, or at the most a few days. And you have come at the right time to see me. I was waiting for you, because I owe this apology to you."
I said, "What are you talking about?" I had completely forgotten. It was many years before that he had become angry because I had asked him, "I do understand that you know much about trees, you know much about the stars, you know much about the earth, you know much about everything -- and whatever I have asked you have never said, `I don't know' -- but now I want to ask, `Do you know yourself?' And don't deceive a child, because that will be a real sin. I am asking out of my love and respect for you.
"And secondly, is all this knowledge that you have gathered going to help you to know yourself? And is not all this knowledge simply borrowed? What is the point of your knowing the Latin name of a tree, the medicinal use of its leaves, of the bark, of the roots, of the flowers? Is it your

own discovery? -- or have you just been collecting information?"
He became angry. I said, "Your anger is enough of an answer. You have never become angry before, because I was asking things about which you have collected information. You are a walking ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA -- that is accepted. But what about you? All this knowledge will disappear when death knocks on your door, and this is not going to help YOU."
He was so angry that he told my father, "From tomorrow I am going alone for my morning walk."
My father said, "I had suggested that to you from the very beginning. Why take unnecessary trouble on yourself?"
He said, "He has never been a trouble up to now, but today he has certainly troubled me. The whole day has passed but his question is still ringing into my head."
Before he died... it must have been many years afterwards; he died somewhere near 1960. It was just a coincidence that as I was coming from Warda.... Mahatma Gandhi's son Ramdas was very much interested in me for the simple reason that, as he said, "You are the only man who has criticized my father -- everybody worshiped him. I could see many times that he was going too far in illogical, superstitious things, but he was a man of great weight. It was better to remain silent -- because what happened with my eldest brother, Haridas? He was thrown out of the home, and my mother was told, `If you allow him any entry in the house, remember -- you will be the next to be thrown out.'"
And Haridas never could enter the house again. Twenty years more Mahatma Gandhi lived, but he always refused

him, saying that he did not even want to see Haridas' face. And what was Haridas' crime? His crime was that he wanted to be educated. Gandhi was against education -- he was against everything that was modern, contemporary. So naturally the other children were very afraid.

Ramdas was very interested in me because I had been criticizing Gandhi point by point, and no Gandhian had dared to answer me on anything -- they could not answer. So when Gandhi died, Ramdas became the head of his ashram, and he used to invite me once in a while.

So I was coming from Warda, and Mahatma Bhagwandin was in Nagpur, which was on the way. Just in the train, by coincidence, one of my friends, who was also very intimate with Mahatma Bhagwandin, told me, "Do you know that he is going to die any moment? So just stop here, at least for one day."

I went to the hospital. I have never seen such a sad state -- Bhagwandin had become just bones, just a skeleton covered with skin, and he was continually coughing and throwing up mucus. His lungs were just about to fail any moment. And the doctor said, "Sad, we don't have any remedy."

Seeing me, Bhagwandin smiled and he said, "I was hoping that somebody would inform you, because I wanted, before I depart from the world, to apologize for my anger. You were right: all my knowledge is of no use. The whole world one can know, but unless one knows oneself it is futile knowledge -- a burden that you are carrying for no purpose."

He said, "I am dying; still I don't know how to answer you. Your question has remained with me all these years, but I

don't know how to know myself. And it is too late -- perhaps tomorrow I will be gone."

I said, "It is never too late. Anybody can be gone tomorrow; even a young man, perfectly healthy, may be gone tomorrow through a heart attack. It will be difficult for you... I can see you -- you cannot even talk, you are coughing and throwing up mucus and your body has become a skeleton; but even in this condition a simple meditation, Vipassana, may be able to open the doors.

"And as you have realized that all your knowledge is meaningless, you are almost ready to take a jump into silence, into your own inner center, because that is the only thing that is going with you. Before you leave the body, at least be introduced to it. That small introduction to yourself may give you a new life on a higher level."

Almustafa does not mention the fact that women always remain more like the child than men; that is one part of their beauty -- their innocence, they don't know. Man has never allowed them to know anything. They know small things -- about keeping the house and the kitchen and taking care of the children and the husband -- but these are not the things that can prevent.... This is not great knowledge; this can be put aside very easily.

That's why, whenever a woman has come to listen to me, she has heard me more deeply, more intimately, more lovingly. But when a man first comes to hear me, he is very resistant, alert, afraid that he may be influenced, hurt if his knowledge is not supported. Or, if he is very cunning, he goes on interpreting whatever is said according to his own knowledge, and he will say, "I know it all -- there was nothing new." This is a measure to protect his ego, to

protect the hard shell. And unless that shell breaks and you find yourself wondering like a child, there is no possibility of your ever being in a space which we have always known as the soul -- your very being.

This has been my experience all over the world -- that the woman listens, and you can see the glitter of wonder in her eyes. It is not superficial, its roots are deep into her heart. But Kahlil Gibran does not mention the fact, although the question is asked by a woman. In fact, man is even so cowardly that he is afraid to ask questions, because your question proves your ignorance.

All the best questions in THE PROPHET you will find are asked by women -- about love, about marriage, about children, about pain, authentic, real... not about God, not about any philosophical system, but about life itself. They may not look like great questions but they are really the greatest questions, and the person who can solve them has entered into a new world. But Almustafa answers as if the question has been asked by anybody, any XYZ -- he is not answering the questioner. And my approach is always that the real question is the questioner....

Why has the question arisen in a woman and not in a man? Because the woman has suffered slavery, the woman has suffered humiliation, the woman has suffered economic dependence, and above all she has suffered a constant state of pregnancy -- for centuries. She has lived in pain and pain and pain. The growing child in her does not allow her to eat -- she is always feeling like throwing up, vomiting. When the child has grown to nine months, the birth of the child is almost the death of the woman. And she is not even free of one pregnancy and the husband is ready to make her

pregnant again. It seems that the woman's only function is to be a factory to produce crowds.
And what is man's function? He does not participate in her pain. Nine months she suffers, the birth of the child she suffers, and what does the man do? As far as the man is concerned, he simply uses the woman as an object to fulfill his lust and sexuality. He is not concerned at all about what the consequence will be for the woman, and still he goes on saying, "I love you." If he had really loved her, the world would not have been overpopulated. His word "love" is absolutely empty: he has treated her almost like cattle.

AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART, EVEN AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS ACCEPTED THE SEASONS THAT PASS OVER YOUR FIELDS.

True, and yet not absolutely true: true if you forget about the questioner, but not true if you remember the questioner. Just as a philosophical statement it is true.

AND YOU WOULD ACCEPT THE SEASONS OF YOUR HEART....

Sometimes there is pleasure, and sometimes there is pain, and sometimes there is just indifference -- no pain, no pleasure. He is saying, "If you accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields...."
Superficially it is true. Acceptance of anything gives you a certain peace, a certain calmness. You are not too worried,

you know this too will pass. But as far as the woman is concerned there is a difference. She is constantly living in one season -- pain and pain. The seasons don't change from summer to winter... or to rain. The woman's life is really hard.

It is not so hard today, but only in the advanced countries. In the so-called developing countries, which are not really developing, which are really undeveloped countries.... Only the word has been changed; they used to be called "undeveloped" countries. And this is the cunningness of human mind, that the word "undeveloped" hurts -- hence "developing countries," to hide the fact that nothing is developing.

Eighty percent of India's population lives in villages, where you can see the real hardship that the woman goes through. She has been going through that hardship for centuries, and the season does not change. If you look into this fact then this statement becomes anti-revolutionary, this statement becomes a consolation: "Accept the slavery of man, accept the torture of the man."

You will be surprised that one of the great saints that Hindus worship, Tulsidas... it is his book about the life of Rama which is perhaps the book most read by the Hindus. He says, "Just as you cannot produce sounds without beating the drum...." And of course Nivedano will support the fact that a drum has to be beaten; otherwise there is no sound. Tulsidas puts the woman in the same category -- the drum, the untouchable, the animals and the woman... unless you go on beating them, your life will become miserable. Once in a while a woman has to be beaten, whether there is

any excuse for it or not, so that she understands her position.

This man, Tulsidas, is thought to be one of the greatest saints of Hinduism -- and I am asked not to criticize him! This man is a criminal. It is not a criticism; it is a simple fact that a man who puts the woman in the category of drums.... It is good that Nivedano has not read him; otherwise the life of Gayan would have been a constant practice of beating. "When you are tired of the drum, beat Gayan -- only then can you keep the woman in control." What kind of people, what kind of sayings...?

And it was his own wife... without her, Tulsidas would have never been known to the world. The story is so significant, I would like you to understand it, and that will make you understand the statement too -- that it is really his violence and his anger against his wife. Tulsidas must have been a very passionate man, too sexual. His wife had gone for a few days to her father and mother's house. It was impossible for Tulsidas to live without his wife, even for a few days. It was the rainy season, and the house of his father-in-law was not far away -- on one side of the river he lived, and on the other side lived the family of his wife. But the river was a mountainous river, and it had been raining for days. The river had become a vast ocean; you could not see the other shore.

In the middle of the night, Tulsidas was so full of mental, cerebral sex, that he jumped into the river, and a dead corpse.... Lust makes a man blind -- he thought it was a piece of a tree. So taking that corpse which was floating in the river as a help, he passed across the river. Of course he was afraid to enter through the front door in the middle of

the night, so he went to the back of the house. He was immensely happy that a rope was hanging there, because his wife lived on the first floor, and so there was no need to disturb anybody. He could just catch hold of the rope and get to the first floor. But it was not a rope, it was a snake. That's how blind lust is.

But he reached the first floor and knocked on the doors of his wife's rooms. She came out with a lantern, and she saw the snake. She said, "What have you done? This is a snake, this is not a rope! And why have you come in the middle of the night? The river is going mad with such a current!"

He said, "My God, perhaps the thing that I had taken the support of to pass across the river was not wood -- because it was smelling, stinking like a corpse."

His wife said to him, "If you had loved God, if you had loved truth with such passion, the way you love me, you would have been a transformed man. Feel ashamed! Go back -- because I am feeling ashamed that my husband cannot live for a few days without me, and he is so blind that he could not see what was a corpse, he could not see what was a snake! And what will my family say when they find you in the house in the morning? How will I show my face today? Just think of me too! Go back and remember: with this much energy, this much love, you can find God -- and you are being blind for a poor, ordinary woman."

Insulted, he went back, but not to his home. He traveled to Varanasi, the holy city of the Hindus. He renounced the world -- he became a saint because he renounced the world -- and he wrote a beautiful book on the life of Rama. And that book is so simple that even villagers, who are not

educated, can understand it. So it became one of the most famous books of the Hindus, and he became a great saint. Can you see the ugliness of his behavior? It was his wife who provoked in him a sense of searching for the truth, it was his wife who made him a saint, but he became a saint in anger. This statement shows his anger towards his wife, but he is not courageous enough to say clearly, "I am talking about my wife." He condemns all women.

That's how the human mind functions: one man deceives you, and you start distrusting the whole humanity. He should have worshiped the woman. But his ugliness is that he is taking revenge not only on his wife, but on the whole of womankind, categorizing them with drums, with animals, with untouchables: "Beat them! -- the better a beating you give them, the more they will be humble, the more they will be within your hands."

The woman has lived in such pain... and yet Almustafa completely forgets who is asking the question. It is possible to accept the change of seasons, but not ten thousand years of slavery. The season does not change....

The woman needs revolt, not acceptance.

Man is the most lustful animal on the earth. Every animal has a season when the male becomes interested in the female. Sometimes the season is only for a few weeks, sometimes a month or two months, and then for the whole year they forget all about sex, they forget all about reproduction. That's why they are not in a situation of overpopulation. It is only man who is sexual all the year round, and if he is American then he is sexual in the night, he is sexual in the morning. And you are asking the woman to accept the pain?

I cannot ask my people to accept such pain, pain which is imposed by others on you.
You need a revolution.
And if man is treating you as a drum then you have to treat your man also as a drum. You have an equal right: beat your man, so then he remains in his senses.

AND YOU WOULD WATCH WITH SERENITY THROUGH THE WINTERS OF YOUR GRIEF.

Why? When we can change it, why should we watch?
Watch only that which cannot be changed.
Watch only that which is natural -- be a witness to it.
But this is poetic cunningness. Beautiful words: and watch with serenity... what about Kahlil Gibran being beaten by his own wife? "Watch with serenity!"
Watch anything that is natural with serenity, and revolt against all suffering that is imposed by anybody. Whether it is a man or woman, whether it is your father or mother, whether it is the priest or the professor, whether it is the government or the society -- revolt!
Unless you have a rebellious spirit you are not alive in the true sense of the word.

MUCH OF YOUR PAIN IS SELF CHOSEN.

This is true. All your misery, all your pain... much of it is not imposed by others. Against that which is imposed by others, revolt, but that which you have chosen yourself -- drop it. There is no need to watch. Just the understanding that "I have imposed it upon myself," is enough -- throw it

away. Let others watch you throw it! Seeing you throwing it away, perhaps they will also understand, "Why unnecessarily suffer? -- the neighbors are throwing away their grief."
Your jealousies, your anger, your greed -- they all bring pain. Your ambitions, they all bring pain. And they are self-chosen.

IT IS THE BITTER POTION BY WHICH THE PHYSICIAN WITHIN YOU HEALS YOUR SICK SELF.

Again he comes back to console you. He is not making a clear-cut distinction. There are pains which are imposed by others -- revolt against them. And there are pains which are natural -- witness them, and witness them with serenity, because it is the bitter medicine that nature, the physician, within you uses to heal your sick self.

THEREFORE TRUST THE PHYSICIAN, AND DRINK HIS REMEDY IN SILENCE AND TRANQUILITY.

But remember it is about the physician -- not about your husband, not about the government. They impose pain over you, not to heal you but to destroy you, to crush you, because the more you are destroyed, the more easily you can be dominated -- then there is no fear of rebellion from your side. So remember who the physician is. Nature heals, time heals: you simply wait, witness. But be very clear what is natural and what is artificial.

FOR HIS HAND, THOUGH HEAVY AND HARD, IS GUIDED BY THE TENDER HAND OF THE UNSEEN.

Nature is nothing but the visible part of the invisible God. Even if his hand is heavy and hard, it is guided by the very spirit of existence. So don't be worried.

THE CUP HE BRINGS, THOUGH IT BURN YOUR LIPS, HAS BEEN FASHIONED OF THE CLAY WHICH THE POTTER HAS MOISTENED WITH HIS OWN SACRED TEARS.

Whatever is natural, against which no rebellion is possible.... Then don't be miserable; then accept it with gratitude. It is the invisible hand of the divine which wants to heal you, which wants to bring you to a higher state of consciousness. But whatever is unnatural....
To yield to any kind of slavery is to destroy your own soul. It is better to die than to live as a slave, because the death of a rebel gives a dignity to him.
Socrates has that dignity, even today. He could have easily saved his life. The chief judge had given him the opportunity, because he also felt that the man had not committed any crime -- he was innocent. But it was a city-democracy, and the votes were divided. There was not much difference: forty-nine percent were for Socrates, and fifty-one percent were against him. But all laws are blind. Just because of two percent of the people of the city -- who may be retarded, who may be idiots, who may be mad -- they destroyed their best flower.

Since then, Greece has never come to the same glory. It has gone down and down, and today what status has Greece in the world, what power? Just killing one man who was their highest consciousness, a bringer of the good news to the people.... They destroyed him because what he was saying was painful. He was saying, "Get rid of all that is old; only then will you be reborn. Trust only in that which is your experience; otherwise you are just carrying rubbish."

The chief judge was feeling sad. The same sadness was in the heart of Pontius Pilate when Jews asked that Jesus should be crucified. Pontius Pilate was more cultured, more human, and he had no Jewish prejudices because he was not a Jew. The situation with Socrates was very different. He was himself a Greek, and there were many who felt offended because of his height. Every camel feels offended if you take him to the mountains. That's why they never go to the mountains, they live in the desert; there they are the mountains.

The judge said, "I give you some alternatives, you can choose. You can leave Athens. And it is only a city-state -- you can be just outside the boundary of Athens, and those who love you will reach there. It is not far away."

Socrates said, "No, because that will show that I was more interested in saving my life than fighting for the truth."

The judge said, "Then you do one thing: Remain in Athens, but don't do your teaching work. Stop talking about truth; be silent."

Socrates says, "Then what is the purpose of my being alive if I cannot speak the truth?"

The chief judge said, "Then you are putting me into such a helpless situation that the only alternative is to kill you by giving you poison."
Socrates said, "That seems to be the best out of all the alternatives you have proposed, because at least I can die with dignity, and I will be remembered with dignity." And certainly Greece has not produced another man of the same dignity. With Socrates something essential died in the very soul of that land.
So always remember that truth is higher than life.
Everything can be sacrificed, but truth cannot be sacrificed.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #5
Chapter title: Not even the heart... only a witness
22 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A MAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR HEARTS KNOW IN SILENCE THE SECRETS OF THE DAYS AND THE NIGHTS.
BUT YOUR EARS THIRST FOR THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART'S KNOWLEDGE.
YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN THOUGHT.

YOU WOULD TOUCH WITH YOUR FINGERS THE NAKED BODY OF YOUR DREAMS.
AND IT IS WELL YOU SHOULD.
THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS
RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA;
AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD BE
REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.
BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE;
AND SEEK NOT THE DEPTHS OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH
STAFF OR SOUNDING LINE.
FOR SELF IS A SEA BOUNDLESS AND MEASURELESS.
SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH," BUT RATHER,
"I HAVE FOUND A TRUTH."
SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY
RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."
FOR THE SOUL WALKS UPON ALL PATHS.
THE SOUL WALKS NOT UPON A LINE, NEITHER DOES IT GROW LIKE A REED.
THE SOUL UNFOLDS ITSELF, LIKE A LOTUS OF COUNTLESS PETALS.

I really feel sad and sorry whenever I have to criticize a man, so beautiful in many ways, like Kahlil Gibran. I love

him tremendously, and because of my love I have the right to criticize him. It is because of my love that I cannot support him when he is not right.
There are many times when he is not right -- and he cannot be right, so I also feel compassion. He has the capacity, the potentiality, to go much higher, but he knows not the way. He remains, most of the time, a poet, a dreamer. His poetry is beautiful, his dreams are beautiful, but they are not the truth we are seeking. I wonder sometimes... perhaps his great capacity to express prevented him from experiencing. It will not be possible for his readers to find where he is walking on the earth, and where he is flying in the sky. I have walked on the earth and I have gone to the farthest end possible to man in the heights, in the depths, but he has only dreamt about it. Alas, if he were not such a good poet perhaps he may have searched for truth. It is a very extraordinary case.
There are men who have found the truth and remained silent, because they don't know how to express it. Kahlil Gibran is just the opposite -- he has not found the truth, but he is capable of expressing. And for the humanity which lives in darkness, even his poetry appears as if it is coming from the source of self-knowing. It is not so, and you will see why I am saying that it is not so....

AND A MAN SAID, SPEAK TO US OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

The first thing to be noted.... Do you see the difference when a woman asks from when a man asks? A woman asks about that which is intimate, close; she's deeply rooted in

the earth. Man is a vagabond; he's curious about many things, he wants to know everything. The woman is satisfied to know a few essential things which will transform her being, but man's curiosity knows no limits. The very question shows that the man is not a meditator; he is not even aware that nobody can speak about self-knowledge. He seems to be a learned scholar... this is exhibitionism. How can he ask about ordinary, mundane things? His questions must show to the world that here is a man who is asking the question which is the most important. His very question may befool the ignorant, but to me it exposes him and his ignorance.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING: YOUR HEARTS KNOW IN SILENCE THE SECRETS OF THE DAYS AND THE NIGHTS.

Kahlil Gibran never goes deeper than the heart -- and the heart is not you, and the heart cannot contain self-knowledge. It is better than the head, but self-knowledge means going beyond both mind and heart, going beyond both thinking and feeling. Only then do you know what silence is.
Neither the mind knows silence -- it is a marketplace -- nor the heart knows silence, because it is so full of emotions, sentiments. You don't hear them because the heart can only whisper; it is not so articulate, because it has not been educated. Mind has been trained to express, the heart has been ignored. So I cannot agree with him as far as his continual emphasis on the heart goes. The heart is a midway station, it is not the terminus. The terminus is your

being; there the road ends, because there is nowhere else to go.
The man is asking about self-knowledge, and the answer is not consistent with the question: your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights... that is not the question. The secrets of the days and the nights is not self-knowledge. Perhaps, unconsciously, he himself does not realize that his answer is off-the-wall.

BUT YOUR EARS THIRST FOR THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART'S KNOWLEDGE.

I feel hurt myself when I say that sometimes his statements are stupid. But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge.... The thirst is in the being, not in the ears. Ears are thirsty only for curiosity; they don't mean much. And how can the heart speak to the ears? -- because the heart itself does not know who you are.
Yes, the heart can give you beautiful dreams, but those beautiful dreams can become the greatest hindrance in your pilgrimage towards the truth, because you will start believing in those dreams. And Kahlil Gibran seems to be believing in those dreams. They may be beautiful, and you may feel that now there is no need to go ahead; you have found such a beautiful space... remain here.
But you are not the heart. The heart is still part of the body, and you are only a witness -- just as you were the witness of the outside world of your mind and its constant traffic of thoughts. You have gone a little deeper, and now you are thinking, "I have arrived."

The heart is not going to fulfill you. Soon you will be tired of those dreams, because they are non-substantial, they cannot nourish you. You will have to go still deeper, till it becomes impossible to go further because there is no way -- you have come to the end. Only then you know who you are.

Poets sing about it, dream about it, write about it, but it is all just describing the moon, looking at the reflection of the moon in the lake; it looks like the moon, but it is not the moon. And if you jump in the lake to be closer to the moon, it will disappear. A disturbed lake cannot reflect the moon, neither can the disturbed heart create beautiful poetries -- very satisfying to people who have always lived in the ugly world of the mind.

The heart is certainly a step towards self-knowledge, but it is not self-knowledge.

YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS THAT WHICH YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN THOUGHT.

This statement is simply crazy, because the truth has never been known in words, and the truth has never been formulated in thoughts. Thought belongs to the mind, and words also belong to the mind.

Mind can philosophize, the heart is a poet, but the home of the mystic is in your being, where thoughts, words, innocence... all are left behind and forgotten.

People ordinarily think -- and it appears as if it is very rational -- that silence means no thoughts, no words, no noise. This is a negative perception of silence; you are not saying anything about silence.

Silence has its own positive existence, much more solid, much more valuable -- a part of eternity. Silence is not a thought or an absence of thought; when you see the absence of your thoughts and dreams, they have simply gone to sleep. You can be deceived that their absence is silence, but this silence will be empty -- there will be no dance in it, no blissfulness in it. It will be the silence of the graveyard. People who have died cannot speak, but that does not mean that the dead have attained to silence.

A silence in its real, positive existence is almost music; it is the silence of a garden where, without words, flowers are sending messages to other flowers.

Scientists have discovered that perhaps bees have a certain kind of language. We cannot understand it, but their behavior shows that there must exist a communication system different than ours -- and this is a research of years. The scientists were puzzled.

One bee will go to find the garden where flowers are available, and then the bee will come back; she will dance before other bees, and in a strange way, all the bees will reach the garden. In her dance, the bee has spoken -- but scientists are still unable to find how she can indicate the direction, the distance, the kinds of flowers. She will continue to dance till all the bees have moved to the garden. The first bee will reach there as the last one.

Sometimes the first bee may not find flowers, again she will dance. It is very difficult for us to make out the difference between the two dances. No bee will come out, and no bee will go in any direction -- she has communicated that there are no flowers around. Not a single word has been uttered. And with our very

sophisticated instruments, we have not been able to see the difference between the two dances. To us, they look absolutely the same, but there must be a difference because all the bees have understood.

Silence is not only absence of words and thoughts; silence is a living music, a dance, a song that is not composed of words. That is the way of the heart.

If you are in deep love with someone, the hearts will start a deep communion of which the mind will never become aware, because the mind cannot understand silent messages; it cannot understand a music that is arising without instruments, and it cannot understand the dance which cannot be seen -- but another heart has the capacity. This is the secret of the East: Just sitting at the feet of your Master, nothing is said, and everything is conveyed. The mind is not even aware that a great communication, a communion, is happening.

But still, the silence of the heart, although a great step towards self-knowledge, is not in itself self-knowledge; it simply opens the door for the road that goes to self-knowledge.

YOU WOULD KNOW IN WORDS.... This is absolute nonsense. No mystic anywhere in the world will agree with this -- that you will know in words what you have always known in thought. This is how philosophy functions, but not mysticism. Philosophy is nothing but words and thoughts; mysticism is a totally different world, a different dimension.

YOU WOULD TOUCH WITH YOUR FINGERS THE NAKED BODY OF YOUR DREAMS.

That's where poets go on missing. They are hypnotized by their own words, and they hypnotize millions of people by their words, which are nothing but lullabies.
You would touch with your fingers.... Can you think of anything more nonsensical? -- self-knowledge is touched by your fingers? It is reduced to an object. And if you can touch it with fingers, you can drag it out and show it to others too. If fingers can touch it, then the fist can carry it out and convince everybody that, yes, you have a soul. But who will do this? -- is the soul in your hands? The body cannot in any way know its own interiority, because it does not belong to the body. Your soul simply lives in the body -- the body is nothing but a house.
Not only will you be able to touch -- this statement becomes so absurd -- you will be able to touch even the naked body of your dreams! Dreams don't exist; dreams are only non-existential desires which you have not been able to fulfill.
Dreams are like mirages in the desert: from far away you see a beautiful oasis. Not only are your eyes deceived, your reasonability is also deceived because you can see the water, the lake, and your logic is convinced -- because the trees standing on the bank of the lake are reflected in water. If there is no water, trees cannot be reflected. But as you come closer the mirage starts disappearing.
When you reach, trees are there, but there is no lake, no water -- it was created only by the sunrays; when they start returning from the sand, they create the illusion of a lake -- you can even see waves in the lake, because those rays return wavering. But when you are standing on the spot,

you will not find anything. So are your dreams... and dreams are not self-knowledge.
Kahlil Gibran has fallen into the same trap as Sigmund Freud. He also used to think that if we can understand all the dreams of man, there is nothing more to understand; you will have understood man's very being.
But these people never think for a single moment: Who are you, who is understanding the dreams? Certainly a dream cannot understand another dream. It has never been heard that a dream can analyze another dream. And as you wake up, where do all your dreams disappear? Are they realities? -- then you can dissect the man and you will find his dreams hiding somewhere within him. But no dream has ever been found.
A dream is just the opposite of the truth. That's why I say, this is the most absurd statement made by Kahlil Gibran. And it is well you should... go to the heart, touch your dream before it has stopped half-way. Neither he's a Zorba, nor he's a buddha; he's just a gap between the two, empty and of no meaning, of no substance. I say unto you, it is not well that you should do such a thing.

THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA.

How has the soul come suddenly in? To him, the heart and the soul are synonymous. They are not. The heart keeps the body alive, but not the soul.
The soul knows only one nourishment, and that is not material -- it is the positive silence, the positive serenity, the positive ecstasy.

The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea.... There is no need for the soul to go anywhere, murmuring and running -- these are the ways of the mind and the heart. The soul is already part of the sea.
The moment you reach your soul, you are in for a great surprise: Your soul is not only your soul, it is the universal soul. The body was yours, the mind belonged to the society, the heart belonged to your biology, chemistry, physiology. The soul belongs to eternal life. It is part of it, it has not to go anywhere. But poetically, it looks very beautiful:

THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING OF YOUR SOUL MUST NEEDS RISE AND RUN MURMURING TO THE SEA....

It is the sea itself.

AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD
BE REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.

It is absolutely impossible! Your eyes can see only objects, they can see only matter. And by the way, I should remind you that the English word "matter," and the French word "meter," come from a Sanskrit root, matra, quantity. That which can be measured cannot be infinite.
He is saying: and the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes.... Your eyes can see only outwards. Objects are measureable, that's why we call them matter. But your being is immeasurable -- it is not matter; it

is a quality, not a quantity. Can you touch love? Can you measure love? And when you propose to a woman do you mention exactly how many kilos of love you have for her? Hearing you, the woman will start running, saying, "This man seems to be mad. He's saying, `I love you twenty kilos.'" Qualities cannot be measured -- "I love you twenty miles long." No method of measurement is possible.
"The infinite treasure of your depths," he's saying, "will be revealed to your eyes." The body cannot see the soul -- your eyes belong to the body. Hence it is possible, and it has happened, that blind men, who have no eyes, have come to self-knowledge -- because eyes are not needed. Hands are not needed, so you can cut the hands, but that is not going to prevent the person from knowing himself.
A beautiful story -- very ancient, of the days when the UPANISHADS were written -- is about a man, a young man. He was tremendously intelligent, but he had a body which was so ugly; one hand was long, one hand was small, one eye was missing -- even the legs were not of the same length.
There was a great discussion happening in the court of the king, and the father of the young man, a well-known, learned scholar, had gone to participate. But discussions never come to a conclusion -- particularly discussions of scholars, and the so-called learned people. If two enlightened persons meet, discussion never starts. Looking into each other's eyes, the conclusion has happened.
So, it was getting late... the mother of the boy told him, "You should go and see what is happening, and tell your father the food is ready and getting cool." He went.... He was a strangely crippled man, almost like a camel, or

perhaps worse. His name was Ashtavakra. Ashtavakra means he was strangely bent in eight places of his body -- the hand was not straight; in the middle there was a bend. He could not keep his head straight because his neck was bent. He was certainly made for some circus, some carnival, some museum.

All the learned people were in the court, and as he entered the court everybody started laughing -- they had never seen such a strange creature. But he was immensely intelligent, and finally became one of the great awakened people of the world -- of the same height as Gautam Buddha. They were all laughing and joking about him, and his father felt ashamed -- why has he come here?

Ashtavakra went directly to the king and he said, "It seems you have gathered shoemakers here, CHAMAR" -- that is the word for people who work on leather -- "Disperse all these idiots! They can only see my skin, my body; they are blind, they don't have any heart -- no love, no compassion -- and they are talking about self-knowledge, self-realization. What has the self to do with the body?"

There was great silence, because what he said was absolutely true. And he said, "I had not come here to see all these shoemakers. I have come just to find my father; my mother is waiting." The king himself was so impressed, because the boy felt neither ashamed nor shocked, but the statement he made was far more important than the things all these learned people had been discussing.

"I am not my body, and these people can see only the body. If they had any self-knowledge, they would not have laughed looking at my body. They would have felt the presence of a man who is enlightened."

The whole conference was dissolved, and the king told Ashtavakra, "From tomorrow you come and teach me, prepare me. I want to be your disciple."
In the book ASHTAVAKRAGITA the songs of Ashtavakra are compiled, the statements that he made to the king... each statement is a diamond, invaluable.

AND THE TREASURE OF YOUR INFINITE DEPTHS WOULD BE REVEALED TO YOUR EYES.

No, the treasure is revealed when you have forgotten your eyes, your ears, your body, your mind, your heart. It is self-luminous, it is self-evident. It does not need the eyes to witness that "Yes, this is the self." What do the eyes know?

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE.

He has got into a fix because, as I have told you, he's capable of rising to the heights, but most of the time he's able only to walk. He's like a peacock, so beautiful, carrying a rainbow in his tail -- such brilliant colors nature has not given to anybody else. He has wings, but he cannot fly high like an eagle; he hops from one tree to another tree, from one house to another house. While he's hopping from one house to another house, from one tree to another tree, between the two trees he's free from the gravitation of the earth, and he has great insights. But soon, he's sitting again on a tree. On the one hand he says: and the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes.... On the other hand, immediately he hops to another tree:

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE.

He must have felt what he's saying... eyes can see only objects which are measureable; so he corrects himself in time and quickly says:

BUT LET THERE BE NO SCALES TO WEIGH YOUR UNKNOWN TREASURE;
AND SEEK NOT THE DEPTHS OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE WITH STAFF OR SOUNDING LINE.
FOR SELF IS A SEA BOUNDLESS AND MEASURELESS.

He has corrected himself, but again....

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH," BUT RATHER, "I HAVE FOUND A TRUTH."

It looks humble, full of understanding, but it is only an appearance. Reading his sentence, I was thinking he would say, "Say not, I have found the truth...." I thought he was saying, "I, the ego, the self, cannot find the truth." I thought he would say, "Truth has found me," or he would say, "I have not found the truth because I is a barrier. Truth has been found, but I have lost my I." Then it would have been a profound statement.
But he had something else in his mind. He says...but rather, "i have found a truth." He was not denying the I, he was changing the truth to A truth -- and again missed the target.

Truth is always the truth.... A truth? -- that means there are many truths. How can there be many truths?
There can be many lies, but there cannot be many truths. Truth has to be one; it has to be the truth.
Hence, I say to you, say not "I have found the truth," but rather, "Truth has been found, but I have lost myself -- I and truth cannot coexist." The I is your self -- false, manufactured by the society.
In the light of the truth, all darkness is bound to disappear. In the fire of the truth, all that is false is going to be burned.

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."

To understand Kahlil Gibran is troublesome, unless you are very alert, unless you have reached to profounder depths than him; otherwise, you will be deceived. His words are golden.
The first statement was absolutely wrong. There is only one truth, there are not many truths, so the question of finding A truth does not arise. The truth of Gautam Buddha, and the truth of Bodhidharma, and the truth of Tilopa, and the truth of Naropa... it is the truth.
Seekers are many, but the sought is one.
And the beauty of seeking is:
The closer you come to the sought, the more you start melting and disappearing.
But, in the second statement, he has again a very deep insight:

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH"

-- I am the path, at the most, and I have found the soul walking upon my path.

There is a very beautiful story, but never interpreted rightly in five thousand years. I have told you about Krishna and his insistence to his disciple, Arjuna, to fight the war against his cousin-brothers, because it is cowardly for a warrior of the quality of Arjuna... people will call you an escapist. He did not know the word "hippie"; otherwise he would have used the word "hippie," because hippie means the escapist -- one who has shown his hips to the society and forgot, ran away, seeing the troubles and problems. The word "hippie" comes from hips.

Krishna persuaded him finally -- in a very fascist way. Seeing that his arguments were not working, he said, "It is God's will that you should fight. Don't be worried about violence because the soul never dies, and don't be worried about being defeated, because I can see the enemies are just waiting for their death -- just a little push and the corpses will be on the earth. So it is going to be a simple job. Don't be worried and don't be a coward; follow God's will -- God will be behind you." This is not an argument; this is just exploiting the belief in God that has been forced into the mind of Arjuna from the very beginning.

The war happened, millions of people died.... But you are not here forever. The day came when all the five brothers -- Arjuna and his four brothers -- and their one wife... that is a rare case in the history of the world. There are men who have many wives, but Draupadi is the only woman in the

whole world who had five husbands. But don't think that it was out of respect or love, no....

In those days particularly the kings' daughters used to choose certain devices to find a husband -- it was a trust in nature. A great crowd of princes and kings had gathered. Draupadi was so beautiful -- she was Krishna's sister -- and she had chosen a very complicated device. The device was a steel fish hanging by the ceiling and moving continuously, so that you could not see the fish, you could only see a circle because the fish was moving so fast. And underneath, on the ground, there was a beautiful pond made, silent without any waves -- inside the palace. Draupadi had declared that whoever, looking at the reflection of the fish in the pond, throws his arrow -- without seeing the real fish, which is moving fast -- and kills the iron fish, destroys it... then she's going to marry that man. So many kings tried, but it was such an impossible job to destroy that fish which was moving fast like a fan -- you cannot see the wings of the fan, just a round circle. It was impossible even to directly destroy the fish -- even the best archer would not have been able to do that.

But the condition was almost impossible... you have to look into the pond but your arrow has to point towards the real fish. And looking at the pond, the reflection, you have to destroy the fish by a single arrow -- there is no second chance.

Hundreds of princes who thought they were great archers were so nervous -- they had never thought that such a device had to be faced. A few never participated, because it was impossible. Arjuna managed -- he was the greatest

disciple of a master archer, Dronacharya -- so, he won Draupadi's hand. But the four brothers who had also gone there felt very jealous.

Arjuna was not the eldest brother; the eldest brother was famous all over India as the most virtuous man. But it was not a question of virtue -- you had to know archery. Another brother, Bhim, was known to be the greatest wrestler of the times, but it was not a question of wrestling either -- you had to be an archer, and a unique archer, a genius.

So, all the brothers were very angry; they were not happy about what had happened. They knew that they could not defeat Arjuna in archery, but the device had not been declared before; that was part of the game -- when you reached there, the device was declared. Immediately, the remaining four brothers thought, "We are finished." Only Arjuna participated -- but there was no need of anybody else's participation. He finished it and got Draupadi.

But when they reached home their mother was inside the house. Arjuna knocked on the door and said, "Mother, just open the door and see what a gift I have brought for you." And the mother said, "I will see later on. You divide the gift amongst your brothers first" -- she was not aware that it is a woman.

The obedience to mother, to father, to parents was such a conditioning that all four brothers were immediately happy. They said, "This is good. So, in a week, Draupadi will be the wife for one day to one brother, another day to another brother... and for two days she will have her weekend." When the mother opened the doors, she was shocked at what she had said, but it was too late; they had already

decided how to divide her, with a condition that when one brother was with the wife, no other brother could enter their private chambers. Again the woman is thought to be almost a thing -- you can divide her, you can force her to have five husbands.

The time came of their death; they all died... and this is the story that I wanted to tell you, but without this introduction you would not have been able to understand. When they died they started moving towards heaven, but it is so high and the snow becomes thicker and thicker. By and by, one brother fell and was lost in the snow, another brother fell, the wife fell....

Only Yudhisthira, who was known as a very virtuous man, and his dog reached to the gate of heaven. The doors were opened, and the gatekeeper said, "You can come in, but no dog has ever been allowed in heaven." So Yudhisthira said, "My brothers, my wife, have all melted and disappeared in the snow. This dog is far more virtuous, and he has been my companion to the very last -- I cannot leave him out. You can close your doors. I am also not going to come in."

The doorkeeper was in a trouble. He enquired of his boss, who said, "Let both of them come in, because Yudisthira is a man of his word. He has said, `We will both go together or we will both remain out'... if we leave Yudisthira out, we will be in trouble soon. Once God hears it, the whole bureaucracy from the Police Commissioner of Poona to God will be in trouble. It is better... what can the dog do? And that dog certainly seems to be far more virtuous than Yudisthira's brothers and his wife."

They were allowed in. This way, it has always been interpreted that if you are virtuous -- even if you are a dog -

- heaven has to open its doors; but if you are not virtuous, even if you are the greatest archer of the world like Arjuna, or the greatest wrestler of the world like Bhim, it does not matter. These qualities are not counted and you will disappear on the way, evaporate completely. This is the Hindu interpretation of the story, but I have always been unconvinced by the interpretation.

My own interpretation is based on my inner experience that as you come closer to your real heaven, the paradise of your being, you start melting and disappearing. In fact, only that dog and Yudisthira did not melt and reach simply as souls; they don't have any understanding of what the search of truth is. Of course, the dog is not interested in truth, so there was no need for him to disappear. He would have passed truth, or may have pissed on it -- he is not concerned about truth; find a good place... he would have pissed without hesitation!

Yudisthira, all the Hindus say, is a very virtuous man -- I don't consider him to be. They call him Dharmaraj, the king of religion. I don't consider him at all a religious person, because he was a gambler to the point that he lost his whole kingdom, all his treasures, and finally the only possession left -- which was also not only his possession, five brothers were the owners of Draupadi... he staked his wife, and lost his wife too. Strange people... they call this man who had no compassion, no respect for a human being, his own wife, the king of religion.

So, my feeling is that these two people reached whatever gate it was -- most probably a fake gate, just like the fake police officers coming here to listen, coming to the Ashram. It is very easy to find a uniform or borrow from a

friend.... They must have reached a fake gate; it was not heaven.

The real people who are virtuous, and particularly Arjuna.... He never wanted the war, but just because Krishna insisted that it was God's will he reluctantly participated in it. And even though victorious, he was not happy. He was never known to smile again, because he had killed all his friends, relatives -- either he had killed them because they were participating from the other side, or the other side had killed them because they were participating from his side -- with a sadness he lived. He wanted to go to the Himalayas to renounce this whole nonsense and just meditate.

Krishna is the criminal of the whole massacre that happened, because without Arjuna there was going to be no war. Then all his four brothers would have dropped the idea -- without Arjuna they were not going to win it. He was the man to bring victory....

My interpretation is that as you come close to truth, you start melting and disappearing. Truth is found, but you are lost.

SAY NOT, "I HAVE FOUND THE PATH OF THE SOUL." SAY RATHER, "I HAVE MET THE SOUL WALKING UPON MY PATH."

We are paths, and if we allow God to walk... that's what religion should mean -- we allow existence to enter into us, without any resistance, but with deep welcome. Then Kahlil Gibran is making a very beautiful statement: We are the paths upon which our soul, or the soul of the universe,

walks. Paths should be clean and clear, without any hindrances. Our paths should be loving welcomes.

FOR THE SOUL WALKS UPON ALL PATHS
THE SOUL WALKS NOT UPON A LINE, NEITHER DOES IT GROW LIKE A REED.
THE SOUL UNFOLDS ITSELF, LIKE A LOTUS OF COUNTLESS PETALS.

So you will have to become accustomed to Kahlil Gibran rising high towards the stars and falling back down to the earth. He is making statements which make my argument absolutely clear.
He has wings -- but not strong enough.
He has insight -- but not something absolute.
He has glimpses, but very fleeting.
Once in a while he almost becomes a mystic -- but only once in a while; otherwise, he falls back to his habitual style of life, the life of a poet. He is a mixture, a divided soul himself.
But this is such a beautiful statement, and so profound that any Gautam Buddha is bound to agree with it: The soul walks not upon a line -- it is freedom -- neither does it grow like a reed.
The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals....
True, very true -- but how are you going to manage to unfold your soul in countless petals? About that he says nothing -- because he knows nothing. But he's certainly a genius.
Without knowing, without experiencing, sometimes he comes so close to the experience that it is very easy for

those who have never moved in depth and heights to be convinced that this is a man who knows himself. He could have known -- but rather than going to America, he should have come to India, or to Japan, where there are people who understand, not intellectually only, but from their very roots.

When I was arrested in America, thousands and thousands of telegrams and telexes and telephone calls started coming to the jailers. The first man to call was a Zen master from Japan making it clear in his statement: "You cannot understand the man you have arrested. In our monastery, we are teaching Zen through his books. Zen is a Japanese phenomenon, but we don't have books comparable to his interpretations."

The sheriff of the jail brought the telegram to show me. I had no idea that a Zen master, well-recognized as a man of self-realization -- he has thousands of people in his monastery where, from all over the world, people go to meditate -- was the first man to inform the jailer and the president of America, "You don't have the eyes or the experience to understand that man. Don't harass him. It is beyond your capacity. You don't even know the meaning of meditation."

America became a calamity to Kahlil Gibran. A man of such potential should have moved more deeply towards the East -- then he would not be just a poet. He would have been recognized as one of the greatest enlightened men of human history.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #6
Chapter title: Within your own self
22 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN SAID A TEACHER, SPEAK TO US OF TEACHING.
AND HE SAID:
NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH
ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.
THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM
BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS.
IF HE IS INDEED WISE HE DOES NOT BID YOU ENTER THE HOUSE OF HIS WISDOM, BUT RATHER LEADS YOU TO THE
THRESHOLD OF YOUR OWN MIND.
THE ASTRONOMER MAY SPEAK TO YOU OF HIS UNDERSTANDING OF SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU HIS UNDERSTANDING.
THE MUSICIAN MAY SING TO YOU OF THE RHYTHM

WHICH IS IN ALL SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE
YOU THE EAR WHICH ARRESTS THE RHYTHM,
NOR THE VOICE THAT ECHOES IT.
AND HE WHO IS VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF
NUMBERS
CAN TELL OF THE REGIONS OF WEIGHT AND
MEASURE, BUT
HE CANNOT CONDUCT YOU THITHER.
FOR THE VISION OF ONE MAN LENDS NOT ITS
WINGS TO ANOTHER MAN.
AND EVEN AS EACH ONE OF YOU STANDS ALONE
IN GOD'S KNOWLEDGE, SO MUST EACH ONE OF
YOU BE ALONE
IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF GOD AND IN HIS
UNDERSTANDING OF THE EARTH.

Kahlil Gibran again rises high in the sky, very close to the stars. Whatever he is saying in these statements is so profound that it is unbelievable that he was only a poet; even mystics have not been able to say things which he is saying. His intelligence is unparalleled.

Perhaps, just as sometimes blessings come in disguise, sometimes curses also come in disguise. Because his intelligence is so profound, he forgets that there are even more profound truths. Because his flight towards the stars is so high, he forgets that there are skies beyond skies -- and there is no limit.

If Kahlil Gibran were a lesser poet, less intelligent, less articulate, perhaps he would have tried to find the deeper meaning hidden in life, the significance of which is not visible. But his being such a great poet has prevented him

from seeing that there can be anything higher than this. His intelligence has become a barrier, not a bridge. It is a strange case.
But, even without any experience of the ultimate, his words are so beautiful that I can give the meaning and content to his beautiful -- but empty -- words. I can see where he has missed, and why he has missed -- he has missed because of his great intelligence. He has missed because of his great creativity, his sensibility, his art of playing with beautiful words and arranging them in such a way that they carry at least some semblance, some similarity, to the real, awakened consciousness.

THEN SAID A TEACHER, SPEAK TO US OF TEACHING.
AND HE SAID:
NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

All that is great, magnificent, absolutely true, nobody can give to you -- because it is not a commodity. You cannot purchase it in the market, nor can you be taught it in the universities. It lies already half asleep within your own self. So what you are seeking is not somewhere else.

The seeker himself is the sought.
The archer himself is the target.
All that you need is not more knowledge but more awareness, so that which is asleep in you is no longer

asleep. God is nothing but another name of your awakening.

NO MAN CAN REVEAL TO YOU AUGHT BUT THAT WHICH ALREADY LIES HALF ASLEEP IN THE DAWNING OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

Why does he say half asleep? -- because the question is coming from a teacher: speak to us of teaching. It is coming out of sincerity; otherwise the teacher would not ask, "Teach us about teaching," because that shows that he does not know what teaching is, and yet he has been pretending to be a teacher.

The question needs the courage to expose yourself in your nudity. The teacher is not a man who is afraid of exposing his ignorance about his own profession. Usually the teachers, the professors, hide their ignorance in all kinds of borrowed knowledge. They never ask a sincere question.

I have been a teacher in universities, and you will be surprised that I have never come across more ignorant people anywhere else. Although they are burdened with knowledge, their ignorance has not disappeared -- it is only repressed. They have made every effort to cover it up. But remember, ignorance is a wound; if you cover it up you are not going to be healed. Your wound needs the fresh air, the fresh sunrays. Don't cover it! Expose it to the healing forces of existence.

What is true about your bodily wounds is even more true about your spiritual wounds. For bodily wounds you are not worried about having to go to a doctor, to a physician, to a healer. But for your spiritual wounds you never go to a

master, to a mystic -- he is also a healer. Because the spiritual wound is so deep, and you are afraid to open your wounds and allow others to see you in your nudity, you go on covering it. But the more you cover it, the more pus is gathered; the more you cover it, the more it is going to become a cancer. Almost the whole humanity is suffering from a spiritual cancer.

But because the teacher has asked about his own profession, Kahlil Gibran can share with him his deepest insights: No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.... Because the question has come out of innocence, the wisdom, the awakening, the enlightenment is already only half asleep. If the question had come from knowledge, not from innocence, then your real being is fully asleep.

Your question shows much, from where it comes. That's why Almustafa is saying that you are already half awake; just a little more courage, and you will not need to ask anyone what truth is. And the authentic teacher is one who knows what truth is. Out of his knowing the truth, his teaching becomes honest, sincere; then it has authority of its own, not dependent on any scripture or anybody else. His truth becomes his teaching. His truth transforms him into an authentic teacher.

Kahlil Gibran is not aware of the difference between the two words, the teacher and the master; otherwise he would have said that if you are only professionally a teacher -- that means you are a medium of transferring knowledge from one generation to another generation -- you don't have anything of your own to share and to give. But if your truth

is awakened in you, and your house is full of light and your being is full of fragrance, you have become a master; you are no longer just a teacher. When you are sharing your own truth, you are a master.

But that distinction, between the teacher and the master, is Eastern. The West is unaware. The West thinks the teacher and the master are synonymous: they are not. In fact, the more you are full of borrowed teachings, the less is the possibility of your ever becoming a master. That's why it is very rare to find a knowledgeable man who has depth, whose very gestures speak, whose very silence is a message, whose very presence reaches, just like an arrow, into your being.

The master is the most precious miracle in the world, because he can become the door to millions towards the divine. The teacher is simply carrying a load which is not his own, and throwing it into other people's minds -- it is just his profession. But as far as the master is concerned, it is his very life.

Just this evening, Nirvano was telling me, "You have been harassed and tortured all your life. Why don't You stop speaking?" I can understand, when I am harassed and tortured, and it has been going on for years continually....

Just today I have received another summons. Somebody in Kanpur has filed a case against me; his religious feeling is hurt. It seems to be the strangest religious feeling -- seems to be so weak....

In India we have a very beautiful plant with very small leaves, but which is a real coward -- its name is Chhuimui -- because if you touch it, all the leaves immediately close; you touch one leaf and all the leaves of the bush

immediately start closing up. I have never come across another plant who is so cowardly. These so-called religious people are just Chhuimui.

If your religion is so weak that any argument against it hurts you, then it is not worth remaining in that religion. Change that religion: it is your sickness, it is your weakness, it is your impotence. Whatever I am saying -- if you are just a little bit intelligent -- either agree with me or disagree with me, but why should you get hurt and run immediately to the court...?

I have been asked by my friends, disciples, thousands of times, "Why do You unnecessarily get into trouble?"

I am not a teacher -- it is not my profession.

I am a master -- it is my very soul.

And if I stop speaking the truth, it will be committing suicide: What will be the point for me of living any more, even for a single second? Because as far as I am concerned, I am fulfilled -- I am not living for myself. And I was surprised that since I have started living for those who are thirsty for truth, who are thirsty for love, I have found a life that is not mine; now it belongs to existence.

In fact, I am receiving all these summons on behalf of God, because these idiots cannot find God and his address -- only I am left. But it does not disturb me; it simply makes me feel sad and compassionate for these people, because they think they are religious. They don't know even the ABC of religion. If somebody is hurt in Kanpur, rather than going to the court he should come here, he should expose his wound that has been hurt. And the way I know how to hurt people, I know how to heal.

The court is not going to help. The court knows nothing of healing the spirit of people. Hundreds of cases... and finally the court has to dismiss them, because I am simply stating the facts which are in your own scriptures. If you are really hurt, burn those scriptures, because they are hurting you. You go on printing all kinds of nonsense in your scriptures, and distributing them.

If I indicate that your scriptures are full of rubbish, and if you are really a religious man, either you will have an argument, sharper, higher, deeper than my argument... quash my argument, or I am going to quash all your arguments. And the courts are not going to help, for the simple reason that your scriptures are stating the fact.

I have never spoken against any religion without solid evidence. If you are hurt, that simply means you were making castles in sand -- just a little breeze and your castle disappears. And rather than thinking that you were idiotic -- castles are not made in the sand, out of sand -- you feel hurt because your castle has been destroyed. Send a summons to the breeze, "This breeze has hurt my feelings very much." Perhaps it was not a castle, it was a temple....

Your religious feelings are hurt, but I cannot stop speaking -- for the simple reason that it is not me who is speaking. I am not a teacher. I have allowed the hidden secrets of life to speak through me, to speak through my eyes, to speak through my hands. I have offered everything to existence. Now, only existence can stop me from speaking.

It is not in my hands: I am no more.

And the moment you are no more, you become a master.

If you are just a parrot, repeating other parrots, dead parrots, you are a teacher.... It was a very strange experience. When I was in the university, on the first day, it was just an accident that one chair in the common room, where all professors were sitting while they had no periods, waiting for their time... I sat on a chair. People were interested -- I was a new man in the university -- but soon they became aware that it is dangerous even to say hello to me, so my chair became my absolute monopoly. Not only that, a few chairs on this side, a few chairs on that side always remained empty -- almost seven chairs I was occupying alone. Sometimes there were many more people, but nobody dared to sit by the side of my chair -- because I may hurt somebody's religious feeling.

But even professors who are well-educated and cultured are not able to defend their religion, because it is not their finding. It has been handed over to them by their parents, by the priests, but always by others; they don't know the source of what they are believing in. They don't know whether there is such a thing as they are feeling hurt about because I have spoken against it.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS....

You can see he does not understand the distinction between the teacher and the master, because why should the teacher walk in the shadow of the temple among his followers? No teacher has a follower; teachers only have students, and teachers are only servants of their students because they're paid for whatsoever knowledge they impart. And what

business has the teacher to walk in the shadows of a temple? He is using a wrong word, unconsciously.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS.

Again, I have to remind you of the poverty of the Western tradition, because it is not only that the master is missing; many things along with the master are also missing as a natural and logical corollary -- because the teacher has no wisdom, the teacher has only knowledge. Only the master has wisdom. But his insight is right, although he is using wrong words because he is not aware of the fine distinctions which the East has made between teacher and master, between knowledge and wisdom.

Knowledge is that which comes from outside and settles in you, and prevents your wisdom; it becomes a wall, China Wall, around your own wisdom. Wisdom is that which comes from your innermost core. In knowledge you are not sharing anything of your own being.

Wisdom is the child that has grown in your very being. Knowledge is the adopted child. It has grown in somebody's womb, but nobody knows who the father is, who the mother is -- and perhaps it is only a test tube baby. Wisdom grows in you, and radiates outwards to be shared with those who are thirsty, who are seekers. It does not ask anything in return. Its joy is that it has been shared.

THE TEACHER WHO WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE, AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, GIVES NOT OF HIS WISDOM BUT RATHER OF HIS FAITH AND HIS LOVINGNESS...

Again he is using wrong words for right things. "Faith" should be substituted by "trust." Faith can be given by the teacher; the master is not needed for that. In fact, the teacher, the priest, gives you faith. The master only creates in you a trust -- a trust in yourself. Faith is always in some knowledge, in some belief, in some doctrine, in some dogma.

It is faith that has destroyed the whole of humanity. Somebody is a Hindu, somebody is a Mohammedan, somebody is a Christian... not that they know different truths, because the truth is one. They are different because they have been given different faiths; they have not been helped to grow their trust in themselves, that they are capable of finding the truth which is hidden in their own being.

That's why the master does not give you the wisdom -- cannot give -- but he creates the right milieu of trust in which your wisdom starts flowering, becomes awake. You will be grateful to him -- perhaps in the beginning you will think he has given it to you. He has not given anything; he has simply given you confidence. He has taken away many things from you -- your fear, particularly the fear of being alone, because if you are a seeker, one day you have to learn the art of being alone.

He has created a synchronicity because he loves, and his love becomes a challenge in you and provokes love in you,

and because he trusts, it provokes trust in you. Because he is truth, a tremendous longing arises in you to be as awakened as he is, to be as beautiful as he is, to be as profound a truth as he is, to have such depth of being, and such wings that you can go as far as you desire. He makes your wings strong, he makes you strong. He cannot just give you wisdom, but he creates the atmosphere in which wisdom starts growing on its own accord.

Kahlil Gibran is saying something immensely beautiful. But, poor fellow, he does not know that he is using wrong words. But that is not his fault; he never came in contact with Lao Tzu, with Chuang Tzu, with Basho, with Kabir, with Nanak. His whole upbringing remained Christian -- all that he knows is Christianity; and Christianity is a very poor religion. It is not accidental that only the poor around the world become converted to Christianity. The reason is simple: it speaks the language of the poor.

It is difficult for the poor to understand Gautam Buddha -- he speaks the most cultured language; he is a prince, well-versed, well-educated by all the wise people of his times. Just to understand him is not easy; whatever he says is going to pass above your head. Jesus is a poor man, a carpenter's son, uneducated. He speaks the language of the poor man, and it is easy to understand Jesus because there is nothing of any complexity. It is very difficult to understand THE UPANISHADS, because each sentence has so many implications.

In the East it has been a tradition that unless a man is capable of producing commentaries on three sources -- one is the four VEDAS, the second is the one hundred and eight UPANISHADS, and the third is Badarayana's

BRAHMASUTRAS -- unless a man is capable of producing commentaries on these, he will not be called even a teacher. This much sophistication is needed just to be a teacher. Of course, the master needs no conditions. He may not have even heard about Badarayana, and the VEDAS, and the UPANISHADS. The master can find the source, the same source from where Badarayana spoke, the same source from where the UPANISHADS have arisen -- why should he bother?

While I was touring all around the country, talking on BRAHMASUTRA, on the UPANISHADS, on the GITA, on the VEDAS, many times scholars would come to me and say, "The way you quoted it is not correct." And they were shocked when they heard my answer.

I said, "Then correct your VEDAS, because whatever I have spoken is correct. I depend on my inner sources; I am not quoting your VEDAS. So if you find some discrepancy between me and your VEDAS, correct it -- because you may not find another chance of correcting them. They are five thousand years old; they need continuous correction, new editions, new impressions. Much has become rotten and which has to be thrown away, and much new light has come into the world which should be incorporated."

IF HE IS INDEED WISE HE DOES NOT BID YOU ENTER THE HOUSE OF HIS WISDOM, BUT RATHER LEADS YOU TO THE THRESHOLD OF YOUR OWN MIND.

It would be true, if he had not used the word "mind."If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter into the house of

wisdom... because there is no possibility. I cannot allow you to enter into my being, neither can I enter into your being; that is simply against the fundamental laws of nature...but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind. That's where he needs correction. I would like to say that he leads you beyond the mind to the very door of your own inner wisdom.

But Kahlil Gibran is continually using only two words -- the mind and the heart, the thoughts and the feelings. It seems he never even heard that there is something more -- more than the mind, more than the heart... your being, which is beyond your body, beyond your mind, beyond your heart.

The master simply creates trust in you, "Don't be afraid," because you will be going alone. The deeper you will go, the more alone you will find yourself, and more afraid -- not one but thousands of fears: Am I going in the right direction? -- there are no signposts, there are no milestones, no map can be provided -- or am I going in the wrong direction? And who knows whether this road leads anywhere or is just a dead-end street? And the fear: Will I be able to go back if I find that the road is wrong. Will I be able to find my own footsteps to help me to go back?

The inner world is almost like the sky -- birds fly, but they don't leave any footprints. When you go inwards you don't make any footprints; it is impossible to find the way that you have traveled if you want to come back. You will need tremendous courage, great trust, and a constant nourishment by the master, through his love.

THE ASTRONOMER MAY SPEAK TO YOU OF HIS UNDERSTANDING OF SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU HIS UNDERSTANDING.

Obviously there are things which cannot be given, and they are the most valuable things in the world -- the most essential, the most fundamental. A man without them is just a pauper; he may be an emperor -- it does not matter. But a man with those things which cannot be given is an emperor, even though from the outside he may look like a beggar.

THE MUSICIAN MAY SING TO YOU OF THE RHYTHM WHICH IS IN ALL SPACE, BUT HE CANNOT GIVE YOU THE EAR WHICH ARRESTS THE RHYTHM, NOR THE VOICE THAT ECHOES IT.

Certainly the musician can sing songs so beautiful, so enchanting, that you almost feel that you are no longer on the rotten earth but have entered into paradise, and the angels are playing on their harps. But even the greatest musician is unable to give you the ear, the musical ear.
In India, we have a proverb: "Don't waste your time playing on your flute before a buffalo." Whatever you do, the buffalo is not going to pay any attention to it. At the most you are making some noise and disturbing her chewing the grass -- with which she is absolutely content.
Remember, just as there are born musicians, so there are people born who have the capacity to receive music. He cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm.... The rhythm he can produce. He can fill the whole sky, the

whole space with the rhythm, but unless you have the ear to arrest it, to allow entry into your inner world, for you it does not exist. ...nor the voice that echoes it. He may sing a beautiful song to you, but he cannot give you the voice. What to say about singing the song? -- you cannot even echo it. Even the valleys can echo it, the mountains can echo it.

Just nearby there is a hill station, Matheran, where there is a very beautiful scenic spot. I have seen many mountains and many places where mountains echo, but Matheran's echo point is very rare. You sing a song or you start barking like a dog, and the valley and the mountains repeat it seven times successively. Each time the echo becomes less loud, farther away, very faint, but you can count that it has been echoed seven times.

When I was there for the first time, leading a meditation camp, a few friends said, "We know that you don't bother to go here and there, but this echo point is worth taking the trouble to visit." And particularly in Matheran it is more troublesome, because you have to walk or you have to sit in a rickshaw which is pulled by a man -- which is even more ugly, which hurts -- sometimes an old man, perspiring... and on the mountain, the roads are not worthy to be called roads. It was impossible for me because of my own asthmatic condition -- I cannot go for miles, reaching towards the highest peak. Both ways it was difficult. But they were so persistent that I agreed to go. It was arduous for my heart -- I had an attack that night, and could not sleep the whole night -- but it was worth it.

The man who was the most persistent had the capacity to make noises of many animals. He was a very good imitator

-- he could imitate many actors, many leaders -- so first he started barking just like a dog, and the whole mountain was filled as if there were thousands of dogs barking and barking, although it was getting less and less loud... perhaps the dogs are moving farther away, but you can count at least seven times.

I told the man, "This is one of the stupidities of humanity. Why have you chosen to bark? You could have imitated the sound of a cuckoo -- and you are a cuckoo; otherwise, why should you bother about learning animals and their sounds?" The Indian cuckoo is so sweet, particularly in the season when mangoes are becoming ripe. It seems almost the sweetness of the mangoes, which are known in this country as the king of all the fruits... they are. And from mango groves -- cuckoos love mangoes -- the call from one grove to another grove....

I said to him, "Why have you chosen a dog? All the hills must be laughing at you, that some madman has come who is barking like a dog."

He immediately started making the sound, the musical sound of the cuckoo, and the whole space for miles around was filled with echoes. But even that cannot be given to man. Of course, the music cannot be given, the musical ear cannot be given, the song cannot be given -- even the echo of it cannot be given.

It is good that the most valuable things in life have no price, because you cannot purchase them -- you are born with them. They may remain dormant if you are born in an ugly society, like the society we have inherited. But if you are fortunate enough, in your future rebirth at least, to be helped to be yourself, to search and find what is your born

talent... that's the only way to find it. There is no other way; everything else is pseudo, false, imitation.

AND HE WHO IS VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF NUMBERS CAN TELL OF THE REGIONS OF WEIGHT AND MEASURE, BUT HE CANNOT CONDUCT YOU THITHER.

The man who is versed in the science of numbers, the regions of weight and measure, a great mathematician like Albert Einstein.... His whole life he traveled everywhere, perhaps in every university of the world, because he was continually visiting, being invited. At the end of his life he said, "As far I understand, there are not more than twelve people in the whole world who really understand me. Others have listened to me because of the weight of my name, but they don't understand what I am saying, what I am talking about."
Just twelve persons in the whole world! It must be a born quality.
Even a great philosopher like Bertrand Russell, who tried hard to grasp Albert Einstein's philosophy -- particularly the theory of relativity -- could only write a book ABC OF RELATIVITY. When asked, "Why are you not writing about the whole theory of relativity?" he said, "First I have to understand it. This is all, with years of effort, that I have been able to figure out of what it means -- just the ABC, just the beginning. I have shown it to Albert Einstein. He said, `That's good, you stop there; beyond that you will not be able to go.'"

And this is sad for a man who wrote one of the greatest books on mathematics, PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA. Nobody reads it, because it is impossible to understand it. I have never come across any professor of mathematics.... They say, "Yes, we have seen the book, but trying to understand it a fear arises -- one may go mad." Just to explain that two plus two are four, he has taken two hundred and thirty-five pages, there exists no other book on mathematics which has covered the whole ground.... Even such a man could not understand Albert Einstein. Einstein said, "You write ABC OF RELATIVITY, but don't go further." And I don't think there is anybody, even today, who can write the XYZ OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

All that is great, in any dimension, is something that comes asleep in you. All that can be done is that it can be provoked, challenged. You cannot be taught, but you can be awakened to your own potential. And the potential I am talking about -- your enlightenment -- is the only thing which is not a talent given to a few people and not to others. It is your intrinsic nature -- not a talent. Everybody cannot be an Albert Einstein, but everybody can be a Gautam Buddha.

Remember the distinction: mathematics or music, poetry or painting, are talents -- but awakening is not a talent. Just as everybody wakes up in the morning -- not only the talented people, it is an intrinsic capacity -- so, in the same way, everybody wakes up if a right atmosphere can be created. The only person that you cannot wake up is one who is pretending to sleep; otherwise you can wake up everybody. But if somebody is pretending to sleep, then there is no

way. You can go on creating the atmosphere, you can put alarm clocks all around and call to Nivedano, "Drum! Beat the drum!" But if the man is pretending, then it is impossible; even nuclear weapons cannot wake him. For example, if I am asleep and Poona is bombed, I will go on sleeping -- because I am only pretending to sleep, there's no problem in it. And why bother? So many people are bothering. Later on they will give me the information.
I never read any newspaper, any news magazine, nothing, because I know that if anything happens anywhere... I have so many people, it is going to come to me. People who are reading or listening to my discourses must think that I am aware of what is happening in the world, in all the newspapers of the world. I don't bother at all about your newspapers, but whenever something important happens, somebody immediately brings it to my notice. When I have got so many eyes and so many hands working for me, why should I waste my eyesight on third-class yellow journalism?

FOR THE VISION OF ONE MAN LENDS NOT ITS WINGS TO ANOTHER MAN.

Words to be written in gold -- pure, twenty-four carat gold. You should not pollute such words: For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man... that is simply not possible. Wings cannot be borrowed; one eagle cannot ask another eagle, "Just give me your wings for a few hours only." It is not possible. Wings are part -- not mechanical, but organic parts.

The vision of one man is just like wings. In his vision he rises high in the sky, to the point where he becomes, to us, almost invisible. But he can create a trust in you that you also have wings, just you have never used them; or perhaps you have been made afraid by other people telling you that it is dangerous -- it is not dangerous.
The only danger that I know of is not to use all your potential in its totality. Except that, I don't see that there is any danger in life. Death is not a danger, death is entering into eternal rest -- or perhaps into another body. Death can be left till the time comes. But in life there is one danger which it seems man is not aware of, and that danger is the fear of opening up all your potential.
The danger is not to live in totality and intensity, not to make your life a dance, a celebration.

AND EVEN AS EACH ONE OF YOU STANDS ALONE IN GOD'S KNOWLEDGE, SO MUST EACH ONE OF YOU BE ALONE IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF GOD AND IN HIS UNDERSTANDING OF THE EARTH.

Aloneness is one of the most mysterious experiences. But you are all afraid of being alone, you have become accustomed to being a sheep. I want my people to be all shepherds. That is the real transformation. You are, in fact, shepherds, but society has forced the idea on you that you are just sheep, so you behave like sheep.
And when parents say that, priests say that, teachers say that, all the scriptures say that... you become surrounded with such pressure. You have just arrived on the earth, you don't know who you are, and everybody is telling you that

you are a sheep; naturally, you live as a sheep your whole life. This is wastage, wastage of millions of people -- their joy, their integrity, their individuality. This is real murder. There cannot be any crime which is bigger than this.

I say unto you: you are born a shepherd. Remember it, and behave like a shepherd. Your old habit, your old conditioning, will again and again interfere. There are a few advantages in being a sheep... the coziness of millions of sheep surrounding you -- you are never alone -- snuggling with each other. Have you seen sheep when they walk? -- with no fear; they know real brotherhood and sisterhood. There is some safety, security, but there is no life.

This is not a good bargain -- losing life for safety and security. For whom is the safety and security needed? You have already lost that treasure of your life for which you needed the security and safety. But you have lived always in a paranoia, a fear, that you should not be left alone. Your real being is that of a lion; it is that of a shepherd.

Seek aloneness.

Whenever you can find moments to be alone, be alone, and never try to convince yourself that you don't have time to be alone. You have time to go to a movie, you have time to gossip for hours, you have time to read all kinds of yellow newspapers, you have time to look at pornographic magazines, you have time to play cards, you have time to play chess, you have time to see stupid things -- like a football match -- for hours on end. And if asked by someone, you say, "I am killing time."

Whom are you befooling?

Time is killing you.

You cannot kill time. You cannot even catch hold of time. You can break your watch -- that does not mean you have killed time.
You are destroying your life.
You have enough time to be alone. Use it, because aloneness is so precious that it cannot be bartered for anything in life; it is aloneness that will slowly, slowly bring you to your innermost being, and if you die without reaching to your innermost being, you have lived in vain... you have not lived, you have simply been seeing football matches.
So never try to console yourself, "What to do?" I have heard it so many times that I am tired of hearing it -- "I don't have time." And you have time to read novels written by idiots, detective novels, for hours on end. They are so tempting that, unless you finish them, you cannot go to sleep.
And what do you find in them?
Don't waste a single moment that you can afford for aloneness, because that is the only moment that you are really living.
At the time of death you will remember what I am saying, because all else will look like a dream -- except those few moments that you used to live in your aloneness, silence, serenity with yourself.
In death all else will be taken away, but not your aloneness. Your aloneness is your very soul.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Friendliness rises higher than love

23 January 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR FRIEND IS YOUR NEEDS ANSWERED.
HE IS YOUR FIELD WHICH YOU SOW WITH LOVE AND REAP WITH THANKSGIVING.
AND HE IS YOUR BOARD AND YOUR FIRESIDE.
FOR YOU COME TO HIM WITH YOUR HUNGER, AND YOU SEEK HIM FOR PEACE.
WHEN YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS HIS MIND YOU FEAR NOT THE "NAY" IN YOUR OWN MIND, NOR DO YOU WITHHOLD THE "AY."
AND WHEN HE IS SILENT YOUR HEART CEASES NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS HEART;
FOR WITHOUT WORDS, IN FRIENDSHIP, ALL THOUGHTS, ALL DESIRES, ALL EXPECTATIONS ARE BORN AND SHARED, WITH JOY THAT IS UNACCLAIMED.
WHEN YOU PART FROM YOUR FRIEND, YOU GRIEVE NOT;
FOR THAT WHICH YOU LOVE MOST IN HIM MAY BE CLEARER IN HIS ABSENCE, AS THE MOUNTAIN TO THE CLIMBER IS CLEARER FROM THE PLAIN.

AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE IN FRIENDSHIP SAVE THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRIT.
FOR LOVE THAT SEEKS AUGHT BUT THE DISCLOSURE OF ITS OWN MYSTERY IS NOT LOVE BUT A NET CAST FORTH: AND ONLY THE UNPROFITABLE IS CAUGHT.
AND LET YOUR BEST BE FOR YOUR FRIEND.
IF HE MUST KNOW THE EBB OF YOUR TIDE, LET HIM KNOW ITS FLOOD ALSO.
FOR WHAT IS YOUR FRIEND THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK HIM WITH HOURS TO KILL?
SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.
FOR IT IS HIS TO FILL YOUR NEED, BUT NOT YOUR EMPTINESS.
AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.
FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

My eyes become full of tears when I see that Kahlil Gibran is only sometimes a vehicle of godliness, of truth -- but not always.
I would have loved him to be always on the sunlit peaks of consciousness, but he goes on down into the valleys, which are dark. Although his articulateness remains the same, and his poetry carries the same beauty, the truth is lost. He is so articulate that unless you know the truth you will not be able to make any distinction, where he goes on falling down and where he rises to the highest peaks.

His Zorba and his Buddha are not together; they are not an organic unity yet. So when Zorba speaks of course the language is the same as that of Buddha, but the meaning is not of Buddha. It seems he has a split personality, and I feel tears for him, that a man of such great genius could not manage to become one; he remained two -- just as every ordinary man is.

Kahlil Gibran is not enlightened; hence he cannot see the bird's eye view of the whole. But because he has great intelligence he manages, whenever he is falling down, to make his words hide his fall. I love the man, because it is very rare to find such a man, but I feel sorry for him too because he could not become integrated, crystallized. You will not be able to find when he is flying high like an eagle, and when he is just walking on the earth amongst you; you will not be able to recognize him. That's very unfortunate. We have missed another Gautam Buddha for the simple reason that he was praised all over the world by those who knew nothing of the organic unity. He himself cannot see the contradictions, and neither will you be able to see the contradictions. But I want to be honest and sincere, because I love him, and love is a fire; it burns all that is false and saves only that which is true.

AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.

The very word "friendship" is not of the heights -- the word "friendliness" rises to the moon, to the sun -- because the word "friendship" is just of the mind. It is confining -- you can be in friendship with only a few people. But

friendliness is vast; you can be friendly to the trees, to the mountains, to the stars.
Friendship is hiding a bondage too. All words like "relationship," "friendship," are superficial. Lovingness, friendliness, have a totally different meaning. When you are talking about friendship it is a very small thing -- a kind of bondage, and dependence on the person with whom you feel the friendship.
But friendliness is freedom -- you are not dependent on anybody. Friendship is objective, and friendliness is your love shared unconditionally with the whole existence. They don't mean the same thing. Friendship can become any moment its opposite -- the so-called friend can turn into your enemy. But friendliness has no particular address. It is not for anybody, it is for the whole existence. It can never turn into its opposite.
Remember, that which can turn into its opposite very easily -- and you know friends become enemies, enemies become friends -- is very superficial, a false substitute. But friendliness is not addressed to anyone; it is the love overflowing within you, unconditionally. There is no possibility of it turning bitter -- you are the master of it. In friendship you are not the master. Friendship is like marriage, an artificial thing, but friendliness is your very nature.

AND A YOUTH SAID, SPEAK TO US OF FRIENDSHIP.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOUR FRIEND IS YOUR NEEDS ANSWERED.

This is an ugly statement, but it is a logical consequence because he has not changed the basic question. He should have told the youth that friendship is worthless; friendliness is invaluable.... your friend is your needs answered. I say it again: it is ugly, because friendship is demanding.
Friendliness simply gives its fragrance to all without any exception -- and it is fulfilled in giving it. It is not a need; it is an overflowing love. You can be friendly with the trees, you can be friendly with the stars, but there is no demand, no condition. Of course your needs will be fulfilled, but not because you have been demanding. Your friendliness will bring you tremendous treasures. Make a clear distinction between these two words.
Friendship is a prison.
Friendliness is absolute freedom.
You give out of your abundance; it is not a need. Of course, existence understands that the person who is giving without any demands is a rare being. Existence takes care of your needs, but they are not demanded. Even if it does not fulfill your needs, it simply shows that deep down in your unconscious you are clinging to the idea of friendship. Only fools can be deceived just by changing the words.
Existence is so abundant; just don't ask.
Because Kahlil Gibran remained a Christian.... Although he was a great intellectual, he was not a meditator. He is repeating Jesus Christ in different words; Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given." He reduces you into a beggar. I say unto you, "Never ask and you will receive it. Ask and you are not going to get it." Your very asking is ugly.
Jesus says, "Seek and you will find." I say to you, "Just be silent, a nobody, and existence will pour into you from all

directions" -- because the man who seeks is still seeking decorations for his ego, and existence does not understand the language of ego. No tree is an egoist, no mountain is an egoist, no bird is an egoist, but existence goes on and on giving them all that they need or even more than they need.
Jesus says, "Knock and the door shall be opened." These are superficial statements, because I know there is no door where you can knock. God is all over the place. Don't knock -- that is violence. Just wait.
Your waiting... you will be mature in your waiting. You will become capable of receiving, open. God always comes as a gift. God always comes to the emperors, not to the beggars. You need not go to God -- and even if you want to, where are you going to find Him? He can find you because He is the whole.
Neither ask nor seek nor knock on the door -- trust. If you are worthy, ripe, the spring is bound to come with thousands of flowers in your being.
Your friend is your needs answered.... The statement is Jewish, business-like.
Love is not a business.
Love is the song of your soul.
Friendship is the fragrance of that love, and winds will carry it over the seas, over the mountains to the faraway stars.
Love is not getting.
Love is giving -- and so is friendliness.

HE IS YOUR FIELD WHICH YOU SOW WITH LOVE AND REAP WITH THANKSGIVING.

Sounds good; Kahlil Gibran is a genius in finding beautiful words, but he knows nothing. Even behind his beautiful words and poetry there is darkness, unconsciousness. He is your field.... A friend is your field? You are going to exploit the field by sowing with love? It does not matter -- your love is not for the friend, your love is for reaping the crop.

And reap with thanksgiving.... It will be very strange to you that friends are one soul in two bodies. There is no question of thanksgiving, it is understood in silence. It is not the ugly "thank you," which is just a formality. And... SOW WITH LOVE.... You are going to exploit the friend. How can you sow with love? Your love is a facade, a bribe, a persuasion -- because of your love the friend will become a field for you. But your real interest is sowing the seeds and reaping the crop, and your thanksgiving is empty. If the friend has not given you anything, your thanksgiving will disappear.

Hence I say to you: Give, share with love, with no desire in your heart lurking anywhere for return, and the question of thanksgiving then takes a new dimension. You are thankful that the friend received your love, received your songs, received your abundance.

You should be thankful not because you have received from the friend; you should be thankful that he has not rejected. He had every right to reject. He was humble and he was understanding. Feel grateful, but for a totally different reason.

AND HE IS YOUR BOARD AND YOUR FIRESIDE.

What nonsense is he talking about? It hurts me because he is a very sensitive man. And he is your board and your fireside -- your friend? You should be a board for your friend and you should be a fireside for your friend. That is the difference between friendship and friendliness. I can forgive the youth who asked the question, but I cannot forgive Kahlil Gibran who is giving the answer.

WHEN YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS HIS MIND YOU FEAR NOT THE "NAY" IN YOUR OWN MIND, NOR DO YOU WITHHOLD THE "AY."

Why should one be afraid of a friend? -- then what are you going to do with the enemy? So when the friend speaks his mind, don't be afraid to say "no," because he will understand. And...nor do you withhold the "ay."
What is friendliness? If you cannot expose your heart, naked, in friendliness then you are a cunning businessman. You think of profit, you think of future, you think of the response.
Although you are feeling to say no, you are afraid that the friendship will be destroyed by your no. And he is your need, he is your board, he is your field... are you a cannibal?
It shows the secrets of a cunning mind: Say yes when you know that he will be happy, say no only when you are certain that he will be happy. You are not being honest, straightforward.
If you cannot be honest with a friend, with whom are you going to be honest? That's why I say: friendliness is a far greater and higher value. It can say no without any fear,

because it knows the friend will understand, and he will be grateful to you that you were not deceiving him.
Friendliness means: standing exposed to each other, because you have a trust. Friendship is a very poor thing.

AND WHEN HE IS SILENT YOUR HEART CEASES NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS HEART.

This is the split personality of Kahlil Gibran. In the very invention of Almustafa he is being political. He is not speaking directly, he is speaking through Almustafa because Almustafa is only a fiction. But it is a good security; people will take it as poetry, a fiction, beautiful. He has been praised all over the world for this small book, THE PROPHET. Perhaps I am the first one who is trying to shift and create a clear-cut division between when he is honest and when he is not honest.

FOR WITHOUT WORDS, IN FRIENDSHIP, ALL THOUGHTS, ALL DESIRES....

He never goes beyond the mind. Friendliness is beyond the mind just as love is beyond the mind; in fact, friendliness rises higher even than love.
In the UPANISHADS there is a tremendous statement.... It has been a tradition in the East that when somebody gets married he goes with his wife to a seer, to a sage, for his blessings. And such a strange blessing does not exist anywhere in any literature, in any tradition.
The sage, the man of enlightenment, blesses them with the words, "You should give birth to ten children, and after that

your husband will be your eleventh child." It looks absurd -- the husband is going to be the eleventh child? -- but it has such a profundity. You have loved enough, you have given birth to ten children; now it is time to rise above love itself. Even your husband is your eleventh child. Go beyond love, and merge and melt into friendship. Refine it to the point where it becomes friendliness; then neither are you a wife nor is the husband a husband, but you are two souls living together in friendliness.

ALL EXPECTATIONS ARE BORN AND SHARED, WITH JOY THAT IS UNACCLAIMED.

Love or friendliness have no expectations.
That is the beauty of friendliness -- you don't expect anything, because wherever there is expectation, just behind it, like a shadow, is frustration. And you cannot dictate to the future; you don't even know what the future is going to be.
When I was a postgraduate in the university, one very beautiful girl was also studying the same subjects as me. For two years we remained studying the same subjects -- philosophy, religion and psychology -- and then finally we had to depart. She was a rich girl, the daughter of the collector of the city. I had gone out. Her car was waiting -- and perhaps she was also waiting; there was no need for her to sit inside the car and wait. It took two years for her to say to me, "I have been very much frustrated. I wanted you to say to me, `I love you.'"
I said, "Love is not an expectation; and if it is an expectation, frustration is bound to happen." Why does the

whole world look so frustrated? For the simple reason that you have so many expectations. I told the girl, "What you are saying today you should have told me the first time you started feeling love towards me."

She said, "The gone is gone; we cannot go back to the past. But this is my last day in the city. I was staying with my father here, because he is the collector, but my whole family lives in New Delhi. By the evening I will be gone. So I gathered courage and asked you, `I love you. Can you not promise me that whenever you will love I should be given the priority?'"

I said, "I cannot promise about the future -- the future is absolutely unknown. I cannot even promise for tomorrow or the next moment." To me, promising shows the retardedness of the mind. Every promise is going to be a trouble because you are unaware of a simple fact: the future is absolutely unknown.

Where you will land tomorrow nobody knows. Any promise is irreligious, because it shows a stupid mind that cannot understand the future. A religious person can neither expect -- because that too is concerned with the future -- nor can he promise, because that too is concerned with the future. The religious person lives in the moment. But he says, "When expectations from your friend...."

WHEN YOU PART FROM YOUR FRIEND, YOU GRIEVE NOT;
FOR THAT WHICH YOU LOVE MOST IN HIM MAY BE CLEARER IN HIS ABSENCE.

There is some truth in it. Human mind is such that we start taking everything for granted, so only in absence do we become aware that that was our foolishness -- to take something for granted.

We live our whole lives without friendliness, without love, because we had taken it for granted: "It is always somebody else who dies; I'm always alive." So you can postpone living. And everybody is postponing living, not knowing what the future contains for you.

I again insist and emphasize:

Don't take anything for granted.

Live in the moment.

And living in the moment will give you the strength to live in any other moments -- if there is going to be a future. Your strength will go on growing. Otherwise... it is sad that there are many people who, when they are dying, realize for the first time, "My God, I was alive for seventy years but I went on postponing. And now there is no future to postpone to."

Never give any promises, because you may not be able to fulfill them. Make it clear, "I am not the owner of the future." But there are people who are promising about everything. To their lovers they are saying, "I will love you forever." These are the promises that become their imprisonments.

Say to your friends, to your lovers, "Only one moment is given to me at a time; not even two moments are given together. So this moment I can say absolutely that I love you, but for tomorrow it is impossible to say that I will love you. Yesterday I was not in love with you. Tomorrow perhaps the fragrance of love, just as it came without any

advance notice, may leave. Then I will be in bondage to my own promise, ashamed of my own words."
Promising, keeping your word... the whole humanity has imprisoned itself. Live, and live totally, but now -- because that is all that you have, for certain, in your hand. But I know the stupid minds of people. If you say to a woman, "I promise that I will love you this moment, but I cannot say about the next moment. Neither do I want any expectations from you, nor will I give any expectations to you; otherwise life is going to be a continual frustration...."

AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE IN FRIENDSHIP....

That is the strangeness of Kahlil Gibran, his split personality. He has to be sorted out -- when he starts speaking as a Zorba, and when he starts speaking as a Buddha. He was never able to come to a synthesis between the two -- the lowest and the highest.

AND LET THERE BE NO PURPOSE... SAVE THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRIT.

But that too is a purpose. Sometimes people who have such clear eyes about everything in the world are absolutely unconscious about what they are saying. First he says: and let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit... but that too is a purpose. In fact if there is no purpose, the deepening of the spirit will happen of its own accord. It need not be mentioned; otherwise the sentence becomes contradictory. The first part and the second part are contradictory.

First he says: your friend is your needs answered... and now he says, "There should be no purpose in friendship." But what are your needs except purposes? Every purpose destroys the beauty of friendliness.
Friendliness should have no purposes, no needs -- although this is a miracle of life, that if you have no purposes, no needs, your needs will be fulfilled, your purposes will be fulfilled. But that should not be in you mind; otherwise you don't have the friendliness, you don't have love.

FOR LOVE THAT SEEKS AUGHT BUT THE DISCLOSURE OF ITS OWN MYSTERY IS NOT LOVE BUT A NET CAST FORTH: AND ONLY THE UNPROFITABLE IS CAUGHT.

...love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love... because love is a mystery, and there is no way to make it open.
Love is like the roots of the trees, hidden deep in the earth. Share the fragrance, the flowers, the foliage, the greenery, but don't try to pull out the tree to see from where it is getting so many colors, so much fragrance, so much beauty, because that will be the death of the tree. The roots have to remain hidden, secret, a mystery -- not that you want... but you cannot go against the laws of nature.
Share your fragrance, share your flowers. Dance in the moon, in the wind, in the rain. Have you seen this morning? -- all the trees were so happy, dancing in the rain, throwing all the dust away, becoming fresh and young again. But the roots have to remain mysterious. Once you expose the roots, love is going to die. And it is unfortunate that every

lover, every friend, is very curious to know your mystery, to know your secret. Lovers are fighting continually, saying, "You are hiding something."

Thousands of years... and man has come to conclude that it is impossible to understand the mystery of a woman, because she has deeper roots in the earth. Men's eyes are fixed towards the sky. It is idiotic -- the effort to reach the moon. Now the effort is to reach Mars.

You are not able to live on this beautiful earth with peace and silence, with love, without boundaries of nations, without discriminations of color, without making half of the humanity -- the woman -- just a purchased prostitute, a life-long prostitute. You have not been able to figure out how to live on the earth, and your eyes are fixed on the moon.

Do you know that in English there is a word "lunatic"? It comes from the root "lunar." Lunar means "the moon." Man is a lunatic. In fact, to try to find out the mystery of your lover is being just as ugly as all Peeping Toms are. Nature does not want you to be demystified, because it is in mystery that love blossoms, friendliness dances.

It is good that neither men understand women, nor women understand men. There is no need for knowledgeability. What is needed is enough space for each other, so that your secrets and your mysteries remain hidden. It is because of that mystery that you have fallen in love. If you demystify the woman, the love may also disappear.

Knowledge is so meaningless, and mystery is so profound. Wonder about the mystery, but never question what it is; your friendliness, your love will know no bounds. The

closer you will be, the more the mystery will go on deepening.
But Kahlil Gibran seems to be continually confused -- and it is natural. Sometimes there are glimpses when he says tremendous truths, and sometimes there are moments when he falls back into darkness and starts talking like an idiot. In all the statements you can see it.
First he says: your friend is your needs answered... and second he says, "There should be no purpose." What are the needs if not purposes? And immediately he says, makes an exception, that the deepening of your soul should be your only purpose. In existence, in reality, there are no exceptions.
And look again...but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught. Purpose should not be there except the deepening of the soul -- which is a by-product. And again he forgets what he is saying. Unprofitable -- now it becomes almost the language of the businessman, not of a poet, because the unprofitable takes you to the higher realms of being. The profitable drags you down to the gravitation of the earth.

AND LET YOUR BEST BE FOR YOUR FRIEND.

He walks in a zigzag. I am not condemning him, I am simply making it clear that a man of his genius cannot see simple things in one statement. And let your best be for your friend... but tastes differ. What is best for you may be worthless for your friend. Who are you to decide what is best for him? I will not say that. I will say, "Open your heart and allow the friend; whatsoever he choses is his."

IF HE MUST KNOW THE EBB OF YOUR TIDE, LET HIM KNOW ITS FLOOD ALSO.

That is just a truism. You should open your heart totally. Ebbs or tides, all should be available for the friend.

FOR WHAT IS YOUR FRIEND THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK HIM WITH HOURS TO KILL?

All friends are doing that -- they are killing each others' hours, because they are both empty, and they don't know how to be alone, how to enjoy being alone.

SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.

Not to kill time but with hours to live. This is great, glorious. But he seems to be like a pendulum of a clock that goes on moving from one extreme to the other. Certainly he is not a man of awareness, although a man of immense capacity to express -- a man who can express with golden words.

SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.
FOR IT IS HIS TO FILL YOUR NEED, BUT NOT YOUR EMPTINESS.

Do you understand what I am saying... the pendulum? But Kahlil Gibran himself is not aware that one statement is contradicting the other statement immediately. For it is his to fill your need -- What happened about expectations?

What happened about profit? He has forgotten, it seems -- but not your emptiness. This is something to be understood -- that man's greatest need is not to be empty, not to be dark, not to be alone. His greatest need is to be needed. If nobody needs him he becomes more and more aware of his emptiness.

So even this single sentence is contradictory. For it is his will...for it is his to fill your need... but is not emptiness your greatest need? For what are you continually engaged? -- just so that you don't feel empty. You are empty.

The East has a far more profound answer: that the emptiness need not be negative. Don't fill it with all kinds of rubbish. Emptiness can becomes you temple filled with godliness. Still it will be empty, because godliness is on a quality. Fill it with light -- still it will be empty. Fill it with silence.... Transform the negative emptiness into a positive phenomenon, and you have done a miracle to yourself.

AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.

Kahlil Gibran, again and again, goes on saying things without giving you the key to how it is possible. Any idiot can come and say, "Fill your garden with greenery, with rose flowers, with ponds, with beautiful lotuses," but this is not enough. You are talking to a man who has never known greenness, who has never known roses, who has never known lotuses, and who is absolutely unaware of how he is going to do it. The key is missing.

This is not only with Kahlil Gibran; almost all the religions of the world are in the same boat. They say, "You should not be angry." But what is the way? Anger is there. "You should not be jealous." But what is the way to get rid of jealousy? "You should not be competitive." Bogus commandments!

It is beautiful to be silent, but where is the meditation that brings silence to you? "You should not be jealous" -- but where is the understanding that in jealousy you are burning your own heart? It does not harm anybody but yourself. How can you get rid of competitiveness -- because they all are teaching, "Don't be competitive," and on the other hand, "Be something." They are giving ideals to you: "Be a Jesus." But there are millions of Christians; you will have to compete. They are saying, "Don't be jealous," but they are forcing people to be jealous, tying one man to one woman. When the love disappears and the spring is gone then the man starts finding backdoor ways -- and the woman too.

I have heard... there was a case in the court. The husband and wife wanted a divorce. The story must be old -- divorce was almost impossible, immoral, unvirtuous. The magistrate said, "Love each other. Remain together until death separates you."

The woman asked, "You are giving good advice, but how to love a man whom I simply hate? And I also know he cannot love me; he also hates me. So please give us some method so that the hate disappears and is transformed into love."

The man said, "My God, I don't know anything about it. But you will have to take an oath that you will make every

effort to remain together. Don't create a precedent of immorality in the society."
The woman said, "I am ready to take the oath, putting my hand on my son's head."
It was a strange scene, because the judge became fidgety. He said, "No, not on your son. Just use your religious book."
The woman said, "I am a mother and to be motherly is my religion. But why are you looking so fidgety? Do you want me to expose you before the court? -- because the son is yours!"
What a hypocritical society we are living in. The magistrate is trying to rule that they should live together, and the magistrate is a secret lover of the woman. Not only that, even the child is his, not of the husband of the woman. That's why he is afraid.
She said, "Now do you understand? You are unfaithful to your wife. This son is your son, I am only his mother. My husband has his own relationships -- and you will be surprised: it is your wife! And the children that you think are yours are not yours."
It is such a hypocritical society. We go on and on living in misery, in untruth -- even in our courts.
Once I was in a court in Jabalpur.... There was a church, a very beautiful church. But when the British government left in 1947, all the worshipers of the church also left for their country. The church has remained locked for almost ten years. It has a beautiful garden, which was completely destroyed. The church belongs to the Church of England -- it is their property.

I had a few friends who were Christians and I said, "You are idiots. Your Christ has been in imprisonment, not in a church, for ten years, and perhaps he is going to be there for his whole life. You gather a few young Christians...."
They were very much afraid because the property belongs to the Church of England. I said, "Don't be bothered. I will inaugurate the church. You just clean it, renovate it, throw out all those locks, break them. The church belongs to those who worship there. It is not a property. You worship there so it is your church."
They said, "You are creating trouble. Soon there will be a case in the court."
I said, "Don't be worried. I will fight with you. You can tell the court the truth -- that it was I who have told you."
It was so reasonable, so they somehow -- but reluctantly, wishy-washy -- managed to break the locks, renovate the church and clean the garden. And on one Sunday I inaugurated it.
Immediately other Christians informed the Church of England, "This is trespass. Not only trespass, these people have taken the property." And it was a big property, almost twenty acres of land, and the church was very beautiful.
The church of England had its representative bishop in Nagpur. In those days Nagpur used to be the capital of Madhya Pradesh. So he informed them, "Drag all those people" -- particularly me, because I am not even a Christian -- "to the court."
Standing in the witness box I asked the magistrate, "Before I take the oath for truth, a few things have to be cleared that after taking the oath will be impossible to clear."

He said, "This is a strange thing. First the oath has to be taken."
I said, "The things that I am going to say to you are about the oath, so why should I not be allowed to say some things before?"
He said, "Okay, you can say it, but it is not the routine way."
I said, "The first thing is: I have seen you visiting prostitutes. And the whole city knows you are a homosexual; hence I don't have any respect for you. I can say to a donkey, `Honorable Sir,' but I cannot say to you truthfully, `Honorable Sir,' because that will be a lie. My heart will not be with it. So allow me, if you insist on the oath, to say what my heart says is true; otherwise drop the idea of the oath. Secondly, I want to know on what I should take the oath."
He said, "You can take oath on the BIBLE, the Hindu GITA or any religious book."
I said, "They are all full of lies. Have you ever looked into them? And this is such an absurdity -- that an oath for truth has to be taken holding a book which is full of lies.
And thirdly: the very idea of oath is repugnant to me, because by implication I am accepting that without oath I am going to lie, that only under oath will I be saying the truth. I cannot accept this condemnation of me. I speak the truth as I feel it in my own being, and these rotten books, thousands of years old... I have no respect for these books either. Only people like you can have faith in these obscene -- but called holy -- books. But I am ready to do any formality.

"Just remember: once I have taken an oath holding a holy book which is full of lies I will be lying continually. I have to follow the book. First you prove that these books consist of truth, first you prove that you are worthy of being called `Honorable Sir,' and first you convince me that the very concept of oath is not ugly.
"It means my whole life I have been lying -- only under oath can I speak the truth. And you are an intelligent man; you can see that if a man can lie his whole life, his oath can also be a lie. Who can prevent me?"
I said, "I don't belong to any religion, I don't belong to any superstition -- so it is up to you."
He immediately said, "Call the second witness."
I said, "Not yet, because I have one point still to make. A temple belongs to those who worship there. A temple is not just a piece of land, is not a house. It cannot be owned by anybody. The Church of England has no right to own the church. The church belongs to those who pray there, meditate there; they are the real owners."
He was trembling. He said, "I have heard you, but you have raised such fundamental questions that it is better... call the second witness!"
This world is so full of hypocrisy. Your leaders are lying continually. Nobody is allowed to live, but to lie....

AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP LET THERE BE LAUGHTER, AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.

But how? You have destroyed man's capacity even to smile. And if you want -- the idea is good -- then tell people

how they can resurrect their life, their laughter, their dancing, their sharing of pleasures. All the religions are against pleasures. No religion has talked about sharing but: "Give to the poor, because in return you will receive one-thousandfold more after death." This is pure business! In fact, even to call it business is wrong; it is gambling. No church, no synagogue, no temple would allow people to laugh, to dance, to sing. You have crushed man's spirit so completely that he is almost a corpse.
The trouble with Kahlil Gibran is that he is a great intellectual power; all these statements he is making through his reason, but not through his experience. If he was talking through his own experience he would have given the keys -- how to undo all that centuries have done to man.

FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

He writes beautiful words -- but of what use? The highest evolved being on the earth cannot laugh. All the religions have been teaching, "Renounce the world." You should have contradicted that if you want....

FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING AND IS REFRESHED.

No religion allows you pleasure; no religion allows you laughter; no religion allows you to enjoy the little things of life. On the contrary, they condemn every little thing -- small things. And life consists of small things.

Religions talk about God, but not about flowers; they talk about paradise, but not about nourishing food; they talk about all kinds of pleasures in heaven, but not on the earth. The earth is a punishment. You have been thrown to earth the way somebody is thrown into a jail.

Kahlil Gibran is great in his words, but something of the coward is present in his unconscious; otherwise he should have also added, "Those who are teaching otherwise are not your friends, they are your enemies. All religions are enemies of man, all priests are enemies of man, all governments are enemies of man." But you will not find a single sentence like that. That's why he is respected all over the world -- because he has not annoyed anybody. I am saying the same things, but filling the gaps that he has left out, changing the words that he is unaware of.

He is a beautiful man, but not courageous. He is still a sheep, not a shepherd; a sheep, not a lion. He should have roared like a lion -- because he had the capacity. But a great man has died without even getting his books listed by the Polack pope on his black list -- that no Catholic should read these books.

All my books are on the black list. To read them is a direct and short-cut way to go to hell. In fact, I am perfectly happy that you will all be with me in hell. We will transform it into heaven. And one day you will find God knocking on the door, saying, "Please let me in. I am bored and tired of all kinds of idiots."

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Into the very center of silence

23 January 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID, SPEAK OF TALKING.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS;
AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE IN YOUR LIPS, AND SOUND IS A DIVERSION AND A PASTIME.
AND IN MUCH OF YOUR TALKING, THINKING IS HALF MURDERED.
FOR THOUGHT IS A BIRD OF SPACE, THAT IN A CAGE OF WORDS MAY INDEED UNFOLD ITS WINGS BUT CANNOT FLY.
THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.
THE SILENCE OF ALONENESS REVEALS TO THEIR EYES THEIR NAKED SELVES AND THEY WOULD ESCAPE.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE TRUTH WITHIN THEM, BUT THEY TELL IT NOT IN WORDS.

IN THE BOSOM OF SUCH AS THESE THE SPIRIT DWELLS IN RHYTHMIC SILENCE.
WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.
LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR;
FOR HIS SOUL WILL KEEP THE TRUTH OF YOUR HEART AS THE TASTE OF THE WINE IS REMEMBERED.
WHEN THE COLOR IS FORGOTTEN AND THE VESSEL IS NO MORE.

Kahlil Gibran, even in his most profound statements, always misses a few things -- and those few things are so essential that their absence destroys the whole profundity. It also shows that he is not speaking from experience.
The first thing is: he always answers the question as if the question has been asked by an empty sky. A man who knows does not answer the question: he always answers the questioner. But Kahlil Gibran continuously forgets the questioner.
Secondly, he never goes deeper than the heart -- and the heart is not your real being. Just as you are surrounded by a thick wall of thoughts called mind, you are surrounded by a more delicate but still very strong wall -- sometimes even stronger than your thoughts -- the wall of your feelings, emotions, sentiments. Unless you go beyond both, howsoever beautiful the statement may be, it lacks life, it lacks the truth.

AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID....

Scholars are the most foolish people in the world because they know nothing, yet they behave as if they know all. They are the people who are living on borrowed knowledge -- rotten knowledge which has been out of date for centuries. Their heads are full, their hearts are empty -- and they know nothing of the being.

The only knowledge worth calling knowledge is an experience of your innermost center, the center of the cyclone. The feelings, the sentiments, the emotions, these are all cyclones. Thoughts, howsoever decorated, are nothing but the outer part of the cyclone.

Your being is utterly silent, still: there is no thought, there is no feeling, there is no emotion -- just a pure isness. Its very purity is so virgin.... What to say of others? -- even you have not entered in your virgin soul.

The scholar is a collector of all kinds of junk. I have met scholars of almost all religions, I have met philosophers teaching in the universities, but everything they say is only skin-deep; just scratch a little and you will be aware of their darkness, ignorance. Hence they are very, very touchy. That's why every day I go on receiving summons from people -- their feelings are hurt, their religions are hurt. Truth is never hurt -- only lies are hurt -- because truth can never be exposed. Lies can be exposed any moment....

But they had believed in a lie as a truth. They have not bothered even to look at the roots -- to see whether they are carrying a real rosebush, or just something plastic. And they are perfectly happy -- at least to the outside world -- because the world pays them respect and goes on fulfilling

their egos. And because their ego is fulfilled, they go on collecting more and more junk.

In Jabalpur there was a special market called the thieves' market, Chor Bazaar; you could get anything there -- everything that had been stolen in Jabalpur, or in surrounding towns, was sold there. I was a constant visitor, particularly to a small shop one old man used to run. He used to sell newspapers, old magazines, books, stolen books. He had no price for them; they were sold by their weight -- SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, one kilo.

The old man started, by and by, loving me because I was a constant visitor. I told the old man, "You must be the greatest scholar in the world."

He said, "What? I'm a poor man. I can read a little bit, but I'm not a scholar."

I said, "But you have so much junk...." From his shop you could have found all the religious scriptures, all great novels, Nobel Prize winner books. I am remembering him today because I had got

THE PROPHET from his bookshop, just for two annas -- that was the price, because the book is small and it has not much weight.

I said, "I am saying that you are a great scholar, because your shop is nothing but a magnified form of the mind of a scholar." He is loaded with knowledge -- and knows nothing. And if you question him, you hurt him, if you argue against his knowledge, he will take you to the court. What kind of a strange world have we created? To be a scholar you don't need any intelligence, just a mechanical memory; intelligence is a totally different phenomenon. The scholar can answer only that question which is stored

in his memory system, in his bio-computer. Sometimes even computers are more intelligent.

I have heard about a computer.... A man was very much amazed when he heard about the miracles that a computer can do. He said, "I would like to check it. I cannot believe that a machine can answer your questions."

So he went to the central system where the biggest and the most sophisticated computer was available, and he asked, "Can you tell me where my father is?"

For a moment the computer was silent and then he said, "Your father? He has been dead for almost five years."

The man laughed. He said, "I knew from the very beginning that it is all nonsense! My father has gone fishing. Just now I have left him on the riverbank and I have come here; and you are saying my father has been dead for five years."

He could not believe it when the computer laughed loudly. He said, "My God, you can laugh also!"

The computer said, "Why not? -- because the man you think you have left on the boat is not your father; he is only the husband of your mother."

He was very shocked -- and so many people heard it. The whole office knew, "This man is a bastard. The man he thinks is his father is only the husband of his mother; his real father has been dead for five years. Even this much intelligence you will not find in a scholar. Ask only what has been fed into his bio-computer. He can repeat the question, he can give the answer, but if something new arises, which has not been fed into his memory, he is absolutely impotent. Intelligence is a totally different

matter. It is your awareness encountering a new situation, and finding out ways and means to deal with it.
This country has known the greatest scholars of the world for ten thousand years, but what is their contribution? They cannot contribute anything. They can only repeat what has been repeated by others to them.
Situations go on changing, life brings new problems, new questions. But these scholars -- they somehow go on giving old answers which are absolutely irrelevant to the real situation through which they are passing; otherwise ten thousand years of intelligence... this country would have been a real paradise, not a dream but a reality. But on the contrary, this country has become a hell. And who is responsible? -- all your scholars. Memory is cheap -- even idiots have memory.
Intelligence needs arduous effort -- to go into your aloneness, inwards, in the darkness, and to find the center of your life. The moment you find that center, immediately something that was asleep is awakened. We have called that awakened man the real and authentic man. We have called him the jina, because he has conquered himself. We have called him the Buddha, because he is enlightened. We have called him the seer, because now -- only now, for the first time -- he has eyes: up to now he has been a blind fellow.
Almustafa would have done better if he first hammered the scholar a little, and he looked at the poverty of his question.

AND THEN A SCHOLAR SAID, SPEAK OF TALKING....

Only parrots can ask that question. Talking? -- was the scholar a baby who does not know how to talk? Almustafa did not indicate, "Your question is stupid and you are a very scholarly idiot." He started answering him. He is not taking any note of the questioner. And I say unto you again and again: unless the questioner is answered, just to answer the question is not of much use, because it is arising out of the questioner and his ignorance. You have to light a candle into his being first; perhaps then he may be able to understand what you are going to say. This is not a small matter: it is the most important matter.

That's why Kahlil Gibran's very profound statements have been read by millions just like poetry; nobody has thought that there is any truth in it. Yes, everybody has said that his way of saying has a beauty of its own -- his words are so poetic and so musical. But that is as if you are talking about the beauty of a woman and you talk about her clothes -- "You are a great beauty, your clothes are so beautiful, your ornaments are so valuable" -- and you don't mention her eyes and you don't mention her face and you don't mention the warmth of her body and you don't mention the love that surrounds her. She is going to freak out, "You seem to be a cloth merchant or a goldsmith! I am not my clothes, neither am I my ornaments. You have not mentioned anything that belongs to me."

YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS....

That is not necessarily true. You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts. Why should you talk -- and

about what are you going to talk -- when all your thoughts are at peace, fast asleep? I would like to say to you: you talk, or you are capable of talking, when your mind completely stops disturbing your consciousness -- but it is not necessary. If you want troubles, you talk. If you want to remain peaceful and silent and enjoy, you remain silent. In this insane world, to say anything true is challenging all the idiots -- because their lies are exposed. But it is not only that the thoughts are at peace.
Thoughts are never at peace.
Either they are, or they are not.
It is a contradictory statement. Perhaps he has a certain faraway insight into the truth, but he is not clear. His words...at peace with your thoughts... are a self-contradiction. Either you can have thoughts, or you can have peace -- because thoughts are the only disturbances in your consciousness.

YOU TALK WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE AT PEACE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS;
AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE....

Why do people want to talk? Everybody all over the world is talking. I have heard that only once, far back, for one minute, all talking on the earth had stopped, because a prophet had declared, "If you want to hear God... for one minute, when the sun is exactly in the middle of the sky, has crossed half way, as your clocks start chiming that it is twelve o'clock, for one minute... stop! -- if you want to hear God."

It is an ancient story, told by Chuang Tzu -- in whose name this auditorium is dedicated. I love many, many people, but Chuang Tzu stands separate as a class, a category in himself. He was really a great rascal saint. I love him, not because he was a saint -- because saints are one rupee a dozen -- but because he was a rascal saint, which is rare -- a very rare combination.

Because Chuang Tzu was respected all over China, people believed him, and for one moment there was silence all over the earth. Nobody heard God -- because there is no God. But nobody complained. The story has such a beautiful meaning. Nobody complained "You have deceived us, unnecessarily wasted our time -- one minute. We could have smoked a cigarette or gone on chewing our gum or talking about beautiful things; you stopped us for one minute."

But nobody came to complain to him. He himself asked people, "Are you disappointed in me?"

They said, "No. The moment we became silent, we heard a very still, small voice within our own heart, within our own being. We have come to show our gratitude to you and touch your feet, because we would never have stopped -- even for one minute -- and would never have been able to discover that God is not in the sky, but within our own being."

But He does not shout, He whispers -- just the way lovers whisper to each other, just as secrets are whispered from one mouth to another ear.

It is said that if you want your wife to listen to what you are saying, don't say it loudly; just whisper to somebody, and she will hear it, certainly. The very whispering makes it

clear that something is being hidden from her, something is being kept as a secret, and she is not included in it. But if you are talking loudly, no wife listens. This is an everyday ritual....

I was staying in Calcutta, and I had to reach a meeting -- and I hate to be late. The husband who was driving me was honking the horn for his wife to come. Everybody heard the honking of his horn -- "Has he gone mad or what? The car is standing... nobody is ahead -- why is he honking?" And then his wife opened the window and said, "I have said to you at least one thousand times that I am coming in one minute, but you go on honking your horn. Go on -- but I will take my time. I will come in one minute!"

I said, "My God, she cannot even say `in one minute' one thousand times!"

The husband said, "You will not be able to understand; you are not a husband."

I said, "I am not a husband because of people like you. Seeing all around me the situation of husbands, I decided that it is better not to be a husband than to remain in a constant hell."

Almustafa is saying: You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts. It has a different meaning also. I have given you the meaning that I would like, but you must be made aware of the different meaning. He is saying, "When you are not involved with your thoughts you cannot remain silent." You have become so accustomed to continually talking inside your mind. What else is your mind? -- a talking machine, most of the time, like a gramophone whose needle has stuck at a certain point, so you go on again and again -- every day the same ritual, the

same thought, the same fear -- and it stops at the same point.

He is saying that you talk only when your thoughts are not available to you. When your thoughts are not playing football in your mind, then you start playing football with somebody else. What is your conversation? -- just a football match, throwing words at each other. Nobody is listening. Have you ever listened to anybody? You simply pick up a certain word from which you can start talking -- you don't listen to what he is saying. He waits just out of courtesy, looking for the right word from which he can start again. This is called conversation: it is simply a football match.

Almustafa is right, that a man of silence will enjoy his silence. But you cannot remain silent even for a few minutes; you have to do something.

I used to live with a friend who could not stay at rest either in mind or body for a single moment; he was fidgeting in the body, tossing and turning. I said, "What kind of yoga have you learned? I have gone through Patanjali and all other yoga scriptures; I have never come across this exercise that you do."

And he was always in search of somebody to start conversation. People who used to come to me started asking me, "Is your house owner in the house? Then we are not coming, because he catches hold of us just at the gate. He holds our hands so we cannot even escape -- it looks very odd -- and he starts talking about all of kinds of things. We go on saying `We have come to meet your guest.' He says, `First meet the host. This is the price you have to pay.' So just tell us when he is not at home, then we will come;

otherwise meet us in a nearby garden and let him wait at the gate."
I asked him many times, "Were you an American in your last birth?"
He said, "Why do you say that?" -- because smoking cigarettes is a substitute for conversation when you don't have anybody else; chewing gum is a substitute for talking when you have nobody else. At least the chewing gum gives you an excuse to open your mouth and close your mouth, and open your mouth and close your mouth. Without chewing gum you can also do it, but then it will look very absurd....

AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER DWELL IN THE SOLITUDE OF YOUR HEART YOU LIVE IN YOUR LIPS, AND SOUND IS A DIVERSION AND A PASTIME.

When you are unable to live in silence, your whole life becomes concentrated in your lips. This is nothing but a diversion and a pastime. You are destroying your time, and you are destroying the time of others; and it is such a self-deception that you are not even aware of it.

AND IN MUCH OF YOUR TALKING, THINKING IS HALF MURDERED.

Thinking needs solitude, aloneness, so that you can figure out things in a sane way. But you continually murder your thinking, because all your energy is wasted in talking. And people are talking without thinking -- what can they talk

about? They repeat the newspaper they have been reading, they repeat the film they have seen, they repeat the fight that went on in their house. It is all rubbish.
Almustafa is saying that thinking should come out of contemplation; but contemplation needs that you try to be silent. Contemplation is not the greatest thing in your life. Higher than contemplation is meditation.
So these are the three layers in you: talking, which murders half of your thinking; contemplation, which can give you new insights, but they will also be converted sooner or later into thoughts; meditation, which takes you beyond, into the very center of silence and solitude. Thinking is not born out of it.
A man of meditation can talk because for him his mind has become a servant; he can use it like any machine. Ordinarily it is just the opposite. Mind has become your master, and it has filled your whole inner space with thoughts. Even contemplation is difficult, and meditation is not even heard of.

FOR THOUGHT IS A BIRD OF SPACE, THAT IN A CAGE OF WORDS MAY INDEED UNFOLD ITS WINGS BUT CANNOT FLY.

For thought is a bird of space.... It is such a great insight that only now has science become aware that thoughts are only certain vibrations moving in space. If you have the right instrument to catch them, you can catch them. But words become cages... that in a cage of words may indeed unfold its wings but cannot fly.... You must have seen cages in words.

I used to visit one of the great freedom fighters. He had traveled all over the world many times; he was a very well respected man, very rich. He was next only to Winston Churchill in being continually a member of Parliament for sixty years, nonstop. From every country he used to bring birds -- he loved them -- and he was rich, so the cages were very beautiful. But I said to him, "You are deceiving yourself that you love these birds. If you love them, open the doors, let them fly, because love always gives freedom. Any love that becomes an imprisonment is not love, it is hate." He was shocked.

Next morning he came to me and said, "Perhaps you are right. I don't love the birds, I simply love decorating my garden and my palace." His house was called a palace, because his father served the British government, and the British government had given him a title of raja, a king. Hence his house -- it was palatial -- had been called since then "the Palace of Raja Gokuldas," because that was his father's name.

I said, "You simply love your ego."

He said, "Come with me... help me to free all those birds." And it was such a joy to see those birds again opening their wings into the sky and disappearing into space.

I said, "This will give you some sense of what love is: it never encages anybody, it gives only freedom."

THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.

You go to talkative friends for a simple reason: you are afraid of being alone. I have seen people even talking to

themselves. In my village, just by the side of my house there was a dark street, and I managed to create a rumor in the whole city that it was full of ghosts -- just to keep my house in complete silence, so that at least in the night nobody would go by. Almost ninety-nine percent of people stopped.

A few priests used to live there, and they did not believe the rumor. But it was half-hearted -- who knows? Perhaps there are ghosts. But they had lived there for a long time, and this small boy has filled the whole city with the rumor.... They were not going to be dominated by my rumor. So they used to start chanting mantras -- "Hare Krishna! Hare Rama!" -- and running fast. I was amazed: "This is strange. Why do they shout their mantras? In the day they don't shout them."

Speaking creates the feeling that there is somebody else with you, because you always speak to somebody else -- it is a deep association.

I had stopped one person too, with just a small bamboo stick. The street was very narrow, and there were only two or three persons left, but they were making more noise than all the people who lived beyond the street had ever made. So I I used a simple strategy. I would just take a bamboo, tie it to a tree on this side, and to one on the other side, and the priest would come "Hare Krishna! Hare Rama!" and... flop. Then he would run saying, "My God, that boy is right!" And they had not even the courage to see that it was just a bamboo that had prevented them. Once those priests also stopped passing... it was a little tedious for them, because they had to go almost half a mile to go to their

house if they wanted to avoid that street -- it was a short cut.

The street became so silent, and so peaceful, that I used to meditate there. The night became, in that street, so sacred -- no temple is so silent. And since I used to sit there for hours, late in the night, those priests spread another rumor that not only should you be afraid of the ghosts, this boy is also in conspiracy with the ghosts; we have seen him sitting there for hours. We cannot pass the street, but he sits there and no ghost tortures him.

And people started asking me.... Even the principal of my school asked me, "I have heard many rumors: first I heard that the whole street is filled with ghosts, and now I hear that nobody goes there after the sun sets, but you have been found sitting there in the middle of the night. So what is the secret of it?"

I said, "Are you capable of keeping a secret to yourself? -- because it is a dangerous secret. If you open your mouth about it to anybody, then it is beyond me, I cannot help you. Those ghosts...."

He said, "You keep it to yourself, because it is one of the most difficult things in life to keep a secret. One is tempted to tell it to somebody, to share it."

I said, "That is your choice. I am willing to tell you, but then I'm out of the game; then the ghosts and you are in direct contact."

He said, "I don't want that! And today I had asked myself... I'm sad, and I ask to be forgiven. Never on your account tell me the secret. Don't tell anybody; just keep it to yourself. This is your business -- why should I get into it? I

don't have to pass that street, I live on another road. Just out of curiosity I had asked."

I said, "I am willing to fulfill your curiosity. But once the secret is open.... The contract between me and the ghosts is that if I tell anybody, then they will take care of that person. I cannot do anything, I cannot prevent it -- I'm helpless."
He said, "You simply go, and even if you do some mischief, which you are continuously doing in the school -- a day rarely passes when your teachers are not sending you to my office -- I am circulating a notice that this boy should not be sent to my office, because someday if he opens his mouth.... It is very difficult to keep the secret -- I can understand -- and you are so young you may open the secret -- then I'm finished. I have children, I have a wife, I have an old father, I have an old mother. Be compassionate!"
I said, "That's good... that is another contract between me and you -- no teacher can send me to the principal."
He said, "Agreed."
I said, "This is how I make contracts."
And whenever any teacher said, "If you do this kind of mischief...." And they were not mischiefs, just simple things, but people who are in power are always worried -- if just a brick is taken out of their power, then the whole house can collapse.
One day I had just brought a donkey in the class. Now it is not a mischief, because I told the teacher, "This poor fellow wants to be enrolled. I am going to give his fee."
The teacher said, "I have never seen a boy like you -- a donkey...."

I said, "You are teaching so many donkeys; you yourself have been taught. Who are you? -- just a donkey."
He said, "This is too much. I will send you to the principal."
I said, "I am ready, my donkey is ready. I will ride on the donkey and go to the principal. But remember that he has sent a notice to every teacher that I should not be sent to him. And you are sending me not only alone, but with my donkey. You will be in trouble!"
He said, "Wait! Just don't torture me -- let the donkey go, because I am only temporarily appointed. If the principal gets angry at me -- and he is bound to get angry, seeing you coming on the donkey to his office -- my service will be finished. I am not yet confirmed."
So I said, "Okay, when you get confirmed please inform me. This is a contract."
He said, "You are a strange person. You go on making contracts with everybody -- one-sided contracts."
I said, "It is not one-sided. I am saving your children, your wife, your mother, your old father. What are you giving in return? It is just out of compassion. If you find or think that I am doing something which is a mischief, ignore it; otherwise the donkey will be back.
"And this donkey is no ordinary donkey. He used to live very close -- he was a donkey of a washerman who used to wash our clothes, so he used to come every day. The washerman used to collect the clothes while I used to talk to the donkey. Slowly, slowly we became very close friends. If I simply give him the sign `Come in,' he will come in; and if I say `Go out,' he will go out. So," I said,

"this is no ordinary donkey. It is very intelligent. Do you want to see?"
He said, "An intelligent donkey?"
I said, "What do you think about yourself? Just because he cannot speak, innocent dumb fellow, you think he has no intelligence?" I said, "Come in!" And he immediately came in. I said, "He even understands English." And I said, "That's okay, you can go." He went out.
That teacher said, "Okay, the contract is made. How many contracts do you have, and how do you remember?"
I said, "I have a notebook with me. Every contract is written in it, and the person with whom I make the contract has to sign it, because I don't believe in verbal things. So this is your contract -- you sign it."
He said, "This is strange. If you show it to anybody he will think I am also a donkey."
I said, "There is no question of anybody thinking -- you are! So simply sign it; otherwise I am going to the principal. Should I call my donkey?"
He said, "No, wait!" and he immediately signed.
And I said, "Write in your own handwriting that `This contract will remain valid as long as I am alive.'"
He said, "Do you mean even when I have left this school, and am working somewhere else?"
I said, "It does not matter where you are. Once a contract is signed with me, it is signed until death parts us."
He said, "Okay."
Somewhere, somebody is preserving that diary, in which all the contracts that I used to make are still written. It is a historical monument against the whole humanity, asking, "What kind of people do you have?"

THERE ARE THOSE AMONG YOU WHO SEEK THE TALKATIVE THROUGH FEAR OF BEING ALONE.

You don't talk because you have to convey something, you don't talk because your talk is going to enhance the richness of the person, you don't talk because you want some intimacy, some friendship; you are destroying that person's time simply out of your own fear because you don't want to be alone.

Every woman knows it; whenever the husband gets angry she throws her keys and says, "I am going!" and immediately all anger disappears. "I am going to my father's and mother's!" -- and the man knows perfectly well he cannot live alone. This woman is a constant pain in the neck, but what to do? -- this is the fate of man and there is no medicine for it. Have you ever heard of any medicine which can help a pain in the neck? For a pain in the head there are medicines. A pain in the neck is a psychological phenomenon; no medicine can help it.

So the wife comes back, and you come with ice cream and flowers -- perhaps. I say "perhaps," because it depends on different people. Some women will rejoice that you take care of them; some women will suspect that there is something cooking -- why have you brought ice cream? Just to hide some guilt? Are you after some other woman? -- because that's what happens; whenever a man starts being interested in some other woman, his conscience pricks. Just to erase it he comes with sweets, ice cream, flowers, new clothes, for the wife, chocolates for the children.

But any intelligent woman can say, "You never come with these things. Suddenly today -- and it is not Christmas time, it is not the Hindu festival of Diwali -- what special reason is there that you wasted your money? It is not even the date when you get your salary; you must have brought all these things by borrowing money from someone, because it is the end of the month, so don't try to deceive me!" So it depends on each woman, each man, what the outcome will be. But one thing is certain; nobody wants to be alone.
And to be alone is the greatest gift of existence.
This is the poverty of man and his consciousness, that he is destroying the greatest gift -- because it is only in your aloneness that you can blossom, that you can find the source of your life, which is also light and which is also laughter.

THE SILENCE OF ALONENESS REVEALS TO THEIR EYES THEIR NAKED SELVES AND THEY WOULD ESCAPE.

Talking, seeing a movie or sitting before a television set helps you only in one thing. These are all alcoholic drugs, whether you understand it or not, because their function is the same. People drink alcohol to forget their ugliness, their jealousy, their anxiety, their competitiveness, their meanness, their greed -- and the line is long. To forget it all, they drink; to forget it all, they talk, they become engaged in talk. Naturally, their mind cannot do both things simultaneously.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

They say something borrowed, something upon which they have stumbled accidentally; they don't even understand that it is truth. You may stumble upon a diamond on the road, but unless a jeweler cuts it, shapes it, gives it as many aspects as possible, you will not be able to recognize that it is a true diamond. You may think it is a good stone -- at the most. Or you may throw it off the road, because it may hurt somebody else.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TALK, AND WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR FORETHOUGHT REVEAL A TRUTH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

It is not that you are the first one in the world who is going to find the truth; it has been found again and again by thousands of people, it has been given expression in different ways by different people. You may stumble upon it, you may start talking about it, but you don't know what you are talking about; neither can you explain it to the person who is listening to you.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE TRUTH WITHIN THEM, BUT THEY TELL IT NOT IN WORDS.

They are the mystics. They have realized it, and also realized that it is next to impossible to express it in words; hence, they remain silent.

IN THE BOSOM OF SUCH AS THESE THE SPIRIT DWELLS IN RHYTHMIC SILENCE.

These are the people who are the very salt of the earth, but because they remain silent, they don't help much in rising -- awakening -- those who are asleep. They are awake, but they are not at all interested that the whole world is asleep. They will not nudge you, they will not shake you, they will not throw cold water in your eyes. They have found the truth, but they are not the people who are ready to sacrifice themselves for the truth they have found. Hence there is one category, even above the mystics, which Kahlil Gibran completely forgets -- perhaps he is not aware of: the category of the masters, who are mystics.

As far as their own growth is concerned, mystics have reached to the highest peak; but they seem to be dry souls, unconcerned about others who are struggling in darkness, searching and seeking, and whose lives are nothing but misery.

The master is a mystic who knows that it is very difficult to express.... but makes every effort -- even to the point of being crucified, even to the point of being stoned, even to the point of being poisoned.

I would have remained silent -- there was no police commissioner's order: "You have to speak within thirty minutes!" -- but I could not see the point. If I am not going to speak, to live on the earth, which is unnecessarily

crowded, already overcrowded.... If I have found it, it means everybody else is capable of finding it.
It is natural that if you disturb somebody in his sleep, he is going to be angry. Hence, whatever has happened to me -- all kinds of harassments from religions, from governments, from police officers, from ordinary idiots of all religions -- I don't blame them. It is my own responsibility.
What they are doing is simply showing their irritation -- "We were sleeping so silently, perhaps we were seeing a beautiful dream, a naked girl from the Playboy magazine, and this man comes and starts waking us."
In the day people don't allow.... Even Playboy magazines or Playgirl magazines and that type of pornography is sold under the table, because even the seller is ashamed, the buyer is ashamed, and anybody else standing may spread the news that this professor, this doctor, this engineer was buying a pornographic magazine. And they hide all these magazines in their BIBLES, in their BHAGAVAD-GITAS, in their RAMAYANAS, so nobody in the home is aware -- because nobody touches these books. BIBLES, GITAS, KORANS... nobody touches these books.
It happened.... A man who used to sell encyclopedias knocked on a door. The woman of the house opened the door, and she said immediately, "We have a very good encyclopedia. You can see it there on the table, so please don't bother us again."
The man looked at the table and he said, "That is not an encyclopedia, that is the HOLY BIBLE."
The woman said, "You seem to be a magician. From that far, how can you assume that it is the HOLY BIBLE?"

He said, "The dust on it is enough proof that nobody ever touches it." These are untouchable books; all your holy books are untouchable. They simply gather dust.
So if you disturb somebody's sleep, naturally he's going to be angry; hence, I have no complaint against anybody. Just once in a while I think, would it not have been better not to get involved with this insane humanity? But now it is too late. Now I'm going to speak harder and harder, and hurt as many people as possible.
I have asked my legal advisor, Tathagat, who is here, "Ask permission for me to enter directly into the courts, and to fight the cases." Why harass advocates and waste money unnecessarily? I can fight far better myself.
I am going to fight to the very last breath of my life, because I still believe in this vast oceanic crowd of humanity; there must be a few people who will be benefited -- and I have nothing to lose. Particularly for the people who have gathered around me... for them I have to speak. And I have to speak for the new man who is going to be born, a new humanity, and a new earth. Any sacrifice is small, compared to the future generations.
I would like to become a demarcation line between the past and the future.

WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.

But not without the movement of your spirit.... If this simple statement is followed, the whole world will fall into

a deep silence. What have you to say? -- it is not the movement of your spirit, but only rubbish thoughts gathered in the head.

LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR.

He's saying: Let the voice within your voice... because there is a voice that will be heard outside. But before it is heard outside, there is a voice you hear inside. That which you hear inside, in the deepest parts of your being, only that is worth speaking, and only that is worth listening to. But the moment you listen only with the ears which are outside, it is not of any use. Unless you listen with the ear which is hidden inside the ear, which is directly connected to your being.... All your senses have two sides -- one, the roots that go inwards; and the other, the branches and the trunk and the foliage that go outside. If you don't have roots, please, don't speak -- the tree is dead or perhaps is made of plastic.
Speak from within, use the voice that can take it on it's wings to the outside. And the same has to be as far as listening is concerned: Don't just hear, listen -- let it reach to the very roots of your being. Then only is there a communion.

WHEN YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND ON THE ROADSIDE OR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LET THE SPIRIT IN YOU MOVE YOUR LIPS AND DIRECT YOUR TONGUE.

LET THE VOICE WITHIN YOUR VOICE SPEAK TO THE EAR OF HIS EAR;
FOR HIS SOUL WILL KEEP THE TRUTH OF YOUR HEART AS THE TASTE OF THE WINE IS REMEMBERED.

You must have heard of people who, with blindfolded eyes, taste the wine and can tell what make it is, in what year it was made, from what country it is coming -- just by tasting it; they still remember the taste. I have heard... one man entered a pub and said, "I challenge all the drinkers here: These are one thousand dollars. Blindfold my eyes and give me any kind of wine, and I will give you the wine's name, the manufacturer's name, the country, and the year. If I fail, these one thousand dollars are yours. But if I succeed, then whoever takes the challenge and brings the wine to me, puts one thousand dollars on top of it, so the challenge goes on becoming bigger -- then it is two thousand at stake, then it is three thousand dollars at stake, then it is five thousand dollars at stake."
Everybody was excited; it was worth accepting the challenge. The man seemed to be insane, because to tell the year, the country, the name of the wine, the name of the makers -- such a difficult job -- just by tasting it.... But the man went on winning, and winning. Ten people lost, and there was a pile of eleven thousand dollars.
Then a man brought a cup, and he tasted it, wondered for a moment, tasted it again, and then opened his blindfold. He said, "Who is this man? This is man's urine, this is not wine." And somebody in the crowd said, "But tell us whose; otherwise you are lost. It is fresh, there is no need to

be bothered about the date, but tell whose it is." But there are experts: if Morarji Desai were there, he would have told if it was not fresh, or fresh; he would have told whether it belonged to a Hindu or a Mohammedan, whether it belonged to some royal family or some sudra, whether it belonged to a Ghandian or to a controversial man -- Osho. Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #9
Chapter title: This moment... the only reality
2 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND AN ASTRONOMER SAID, MASTER, WHAT OF TIME?
AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU WOULD MEASURE TIME THE MEASURELESS AND THE IMMEASURABLE.
YOU WOULD ADJUST YOUR CONDUCT AND EVEN DIRECT THE COURSE OF YOUR SPIRIT ACCORDING TO HOURS AND SEASONS.
OF TIME YOU WOULD MAKE A STREAM UPON WHOSE BANK YOU WOULD SIT AND WATCH ITS FLOWING.
YET THE TIMELESS IN YOU IS AWARE OF LIFE'S TIMELESSNESS,

AND KNOWS THAT YESTERDAY IS BUT TODAY'S MEMORY AND TOMORROW IS TODAY'S DREAM.
AND THAT THAT WHICH SINGS AND CONTEMPLATES IN YOU IS STILL DWELLING WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THAT FIRST MOMENT WHICH SCATTERED THE STARS INTO SPACE.
WHO AMONG YOU DOES NOT FEEL THAT HIS POWER TO LOVE IS BOUNDLESS?
AND YET WHO DOES NOT FEEL THAT VERY LOVE, THOUGH BOUNDLESS, ENCOMPASSED WITHIN THE CENTER OF HIS BEING, AND MOVING NOT FROM LOVE THOUGHT TO LOVE THOUGHT, NOR FROM LOVE DEEDS TO OTHER LOVE DEEDS?
AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?
BUT IF IN YOUR THOUGHT YOU MUST MEASURE TIME INTO SEASONS, LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.
AND LET TO-DAY EMBRACE THE PAST WITH REMEMBRANCE AND THE FUTURE WITH LONGING.

Kahlil Gibran is a category in himself. That is what is most surprising in him, and the most mysterious. There are moments when he seems to be a mystic of the highest order -- a Gautam Buddha, a Jesus, a Socrates. And at other times the mystic simply disappears, leaving behind only a poet who sings beautiful but contentless songs, who speaks in words of gold. But there is no authentic experience in those words, no existential taste.

It is very difficult for an ordinary man to distinguish between when Kahlil Gibran is a mystic and when he is just a poet. Sometimes, when he is just a poet, he appears more beautiful. He is a born poet; he is like a river that sometimes becomes very shallow -- but when the river is very shallow it sings songs. And sometimes the river becomes very deep -- but then there is only silence.

Today's statements would have been perfectly right on the lips of a Heraclitus, or Chuang Tzu, or Nagarjuna. There would have been no surprise if Buddha were speaking these words.

The surprise is that Kahlil Gibran is not yet an awakened man, yet in some miraculous way, he speaks of those depths and those heights which are available only to the enlightened. That's why I say he is a category in himself -- a strange mixture of the mystic and the poet.

As a poet, the greatest mystic will look poor in comparison to Kahlil Gibran; but as a mystic, Kahlil Gibran only once in a while spreads his wings in the open sky and reaches to the boundless, to the unlimited -- without any fear, without even looking back.

In his soul, the poet and the mystic are both present -- he is a very rich man. The poet is more often awake, the mystic once in a while, but the mixture of these two has created a new category to which only one other man, Rabindranath Tagore, can belong. I know only of these two persons who belong to this strange category.

The statements that we are going to discuss are of tremendous profoundness, and about the most mysterious subject: time. We all think as if we know time; we have taken it for granted. There are people who are playing

cards, going to the movies, and if you ask them, "What are you doing?" they don't hesitate in saying that they are "killing time." They don't know what time is.

Down the centuries thousands of philosophers have pondered and contemplated the subject, but nothing very tangible has come into the hands of humanity. But these statements are not from a philosopher, these statements are from a poet who knows the beauty of language.

Once in a while, when his mystic is a little awake, a window opens into the unknown. He catches a glimpse and he is articulate enough to bring that glimpse into words, to translate it into such words that perhaps he himself may not be able to explain what he means.

It happened once... a professor of English in the University of London was stuck at a certain point while he was teaching the poems of Coleridge, one of the great poets of England. The professor must have been very honest. Ordinarily professors are never honest; even if they don't understand, they go on pretending that they understand. Even if they don't know, they never say, "I don't know." It is rare to find a professor who can say, "Forgive me, I can understand the words but I cannot catch the meaning behind them. So just give me one day's time, because Coleridge lives in my neighborhood so it is not a difficult problem.

"I will go to him and ask him directly, `What do you mean? I understand the beauty of your words, the linguistic meaning of your words, but that is not all. I feel continually that something is missing, that I am missing the real meaning and the significance. I am able to catch hold of the

rose, but the fragrance simply eludes me -- and the fragrance is the significance of the rose.'"

The next day he approached Coleridge. He was watering his plants in the garden -- an old man. The professor said, "Forgive me for disturbing you, but it has become absolutely necessary for me.... I cannot be dishonest to my students. If I know something, I say I know; if I do not know, I cannot pretend. Although they will not be able to figure out, they will not be able to see, that they have been deceived, I can see that I am deceiving them.

"This is your poem and this is the part where I am stuck. The whole night I tried to figure it out -- I have found layers upon layers in it -- but still the meaning is missing. So I have come to ask you: What is the meaning of these words?"

Coleridge said, "You are asking a very difficult question. At the time when I wrote this poem, two persons knew the meaning."

The professor was very happy. He said, "Then there is no problem. I don't care about the other person -- you just tell me what the meaning is."

He said, "You misunderstand me. When I was writing it, two persons knew the meaning: I knew the meaning and God knew the meaning -- and now only God knows. I have tried hard myself... beautiful words, but nothing substantial. You have to forgive me. If you meet God somewhere you can ask your question to Him; and you can also ask on my behalf, because I am very much disturbed.

"This is not the first time you have come to me; this has happened three or four times before. Other people who have a deep insight into poetry have approached me and

this is the point where they get stuck. Those closed words are clear, but empty, words."

Kahlil Gibran is one of the greatest poets -- with a unique quality: once in a while his poet transforms into a mystic. And when that mystic speaks it is not Kahlil Gibran who is speaking.
In the words of Coleridge, "It is God who is speaking." He has become just a vehicle, allowing that existence to express itself. If you go to him, he himself may perhaps not be able to explain to you many things that he has said -- and said so beautifully that they have never been said so beautifully ever before.

AND AN ASTRONOMER SAID, MASTER, WHAT OF TIME?

The astronomer is continually concerned with the reality of time. That is his whole profession, his whole search.

AND HE ANSWERED:
YOU WOULD MEASURE TIME THE MEASURELESS AND THE IMMEASURABLE.

He is saying that your very effort is absurd. you would measure... the measureless and the immeasurable? Just the very idea shows your ignorance. Life has many dimensions which are measureless and immeasurable; time is only one of the aspects.
By the way, it will be significant for you to understand that the English word "measure" comes from the same Sanskrit

root as "matter." The Sanskrit root is matra -- that which can be measured.
Matter is that which can be measured.
Spirit is that which cannot be measured.
The only difference between matter and the spiritual is that of measurement, because one measure is a quantity -- matter -- and the other measure is a quality -- spirit, love, time. These are qualities; there is no way to measure them. You can experience them, but you cannot describe your experience in words which indicate any kind of measurement. Can you tell someone how much you love them? -- one kilo, two kilos, or one mile, two miles? How much do you love? Even the whole sky will seem to be too small. All measurements are dropped.
So whenever somebody says, "I love you very much," he does not understand what he is saying -- because "very much" indicates quantity. Love is simply love. It is never more, never less. It is enough to say, "I love you." Or perhaps it is better even not to say that. Let your eyes show it, let your hands speak it, let your songs give hints, let your dance indicate it. Don't say, "I love you," because the moment you say, "I love you," you have confined something vast to a small word, "love." You have killed something.
The vastness of love, if confined to a small word, is imprisoned. Its wings are cut; it is a dead word.
My own experience of thousands of my people has given me strange insights, which perhaps Gautam Buddha missed -- because he never talked about love. The moment you say to someone, "I love you" -- watch! Perhaps it is the beginning of the end.

When there was love there was no need to say it.
Without saying it, it was heard.
Without uttering a single word, every vibe around you showed that you are in the spring, blossoming, dancing in the wind, in the sun, in the rain. The man in love does not walk, he dances. Only people who do not know love, walk.
The moment love blossoms in your being, the phenomenon is so great and so overwhelming that it changes everything in you. Your eyes are no longer the same as they used to be -- dull, dead; suddenly they become aflame. Suddenly the darkness in your eyes disappears and there is light; the shallowness of your face disappears and there is a depth beyond depth. You touch somebody, and your hand is no longer just a physical thing; through it is flowing something non-physical, non-material -- the warmth.
You must have seen, shaking hands with people.... With a few people, when you shake hands, it seems as if you are shaking hands with a dead branch of a tree. And with a few others -- rarely -- when you shake hands you know it is not simply shaking hands, but a meeting of two energies. You feel the passing of energy from your side and the passing of energy from the other side. There has been a communication, a communion.
Almustafa says: You would measure time the measureless and the immeasurable. Please don't be so stupid. But astronomers, for centuries, have been doing that.
Almustafa says:

YOU WOULD ADJUST YOUR CONDUCT AND EVEN DIRECT THE COURSE OF YOUR SPIRIT ACCORDING TO HOURS AND SEASONS.

That reminds me.... One of my friends -- although he was very old, of the age of my grandfather -- loved me immensely, so the distance between the ages, the generation gap, disappeared. He remained a member of the parliament for sixty years continuously. It is now a fact of history that only two men have remained for so long, non-stop, as members of parliament. One was Winston Churchill and the other is Dr. Govindas.

He was very traditional, and everybody wondered that he was so traditional, so orthodox.... Even orthodox people used to ask, "How do you both manage to sit for hours and discuss?" I used to stay with him whenever I used to pass through New Delhi. Even his wife told me one day, "This is so strange... everything that you say is against him. Listening to you both I get so confused. He goes on listening to you and he goes on doing his thing."

His superstitions were such that if he were going somewhere by train or by plane, first he would call his astronomer to ask, "What is the right time to move towards the north or towards the south -- exact minute, seconds?" And the astronomer would figure out the situation of the stars.

I told him, "This is going too far." The stars are not concerned where Govindas is going. I don't see any reason why the stars should be worried that Govindas is going north, when he should go to the south, that he is going one hour too early....

I said, "This is just the ego of the man -- as if the whole existence moves around his ego!"

He would listen to me and he would say, "You may be right, but I don't want to take any risk."
I said, "This is strange; you never argue the point."
He said, "It is not a question of argument, it is a question of risk. You may be right, but who knows?" -- for centuries people have consulted astronomers all over the world, birth charts have been made....
It was so difficult to stay with him, and it was very difficult not to stay with him, because if I was in Delhi not staying with him, and he came to know the next day, by reading in the newspapers, he would come rushing to me, angry, saying, "I have told you that whenever you are in Delhi you have to stay with me."
He wouldn't listen at all, he would simply drag me to his house -- and I was very comfortable in his house. He had a very beautiful house -- the best house, like emperors have: all comforts, servants, cars, everything; and only he and his wife, both old, were there.
He used to call people there -- parliamentarians, ministers, cabinet ministers -- to meet me. I said, "Everything is okay except your astronomer. If you would stop calling that astronomer.... Because of him I feel so tortured. The train is going to leave in the night at twelve and the astronomer says I should leave just when the sun is setting. It is not in my hands: The train will leave in the middle of the night; it cannot leave at six o'clock in the evening." So the astronomers have found a via media. They say, "You leave the house at six o'clock and wait at the station." So for hours I was waiting at the station.
I said, "This is the only trouble with you; otherwise, everything is okay."

I would reach Delhi, and if I was going to stay with him he would come to pick me up. But he would not move from the station until the time the astronomer had said he should reach the house. Even if we reached the house earlier, just by chance, if there was not much traffic, then we would go round and round.

I said, "This is strange. You harass me and you harass yourself."

He said, "We will reach the house at exactly the time the stars intend us to enter into the house."

I said, "No stars have told you anything."

But the astronomers, for thousands of years, have been obsessed. Their obsession is that they discipline their conduct according to their astronomical calculations. When to get married....

You will be surprised to know that in the ancient Indian astronomical treatises even the time when you should make love to your wife has to be asked by the astronomer, because she may get pregnant at a wrong time. Then you will get an Adolf Hitler bomb into your house, or a Ronald Reagan. So wait a little....

The treatises even say such absurd things like when the mother is going to give birth to the child she should hold and control until the right moment; she should suffer the pain. It is a struggle, because the child wants to be born, but the stars are not allowing it.

Such discipline... even your birth, your impregnation, have to be decided according to the stars and their movements. And everything else -- when you should eat, when you should not eat. For at least ten thousand years Jainas have not eaten in the night -- only between sunrise and sunset.

As a small child I used to suffer, because I had no idea.... What nonsense is this? Why should the stars be worried about me eating in the night? But a strange method is followed. Whatever is left after the supper, at sunset, is given to the beggars. So in the kitchen there is nothing left. So you may believe in the stars or not, but you have to remain hungry. And, particularly, there are ten days of holidays in Jainism when you cannot even drink water in the night; otherwise you will go to hell. Just drinking pure water -- not even polluted water. You are drinking the same water the whole day; there is no problem. The problem is the stars.

Almustafa is saying: you would adjust your conduct and even direct the course of your spirit according to hours and seasons. Not only your conduct but even your spiritual growth depends on your calculations of time and stars.

Just a few days ago, a young Jaina nun, a twenty-one year old, beautiful girl, escaped from the temple where she was staying. It was thought that somebody had abducted her, but the truth was something else. After two days a letter was received from the girl to her parents, saying, "Now I am adult. I have completed twenty-one years of age, and now I am absolutely free to make decisions about my life. "You forced me to become a nun, renouncing life, because the astronomer said that if I became a nun at the age of nine, in a certain month, on a certain day, I will become enlightened."

Now no parents can afford to loose such an opportunity. In the first place a girl in India is a burden. Soon they will have to arrange a marriage. And marriage is so ugly in this country -- the father of the boy who is going to be married

to this girl will ask for money. If the boy is a doctor he will ask for all the money that he has spent on his education. And every parent of any girl wants their girl to be in a well-to-do family. People sell their houses, their lands, just for their daughters to be married into a well-to-do family.
So this was a good opportunity -- a double opportunity. Now the problem of marriage is finished. The nun is going to be a celibate her whole life and there is also a great opportunity that she will become enlightened, because the astronomer said so.
The scriptures say that if your son or your daughter becomes enlightened, you are blessed. The father, the mother, they are blessed to have a son or a daughter who becomes enlightened. It raises even their consciousnesses. It is their blood, their bones; it is their extension. Something of the glory of the enlightened person is going to be reflected in the lives of the parents.
So they forced the girl -- and she was not even able to understand what was happening. At the age of twenty-one she saw the whole thing -- that this is sheer stupidity -- and she escaped. And she threatened her parents: "If you try to find me and force me back again, I am going to expose all the tortures that I have gone through, and all the ill treatment, perverted treatment, that has been given to me. "So if you want to save your monks and your nuns and their so-called purity and celibacy, you simply forget me completely. Don't try to find me."
Stars cannot decide anything.

OF TIME YOU WOULD MAKE A STREAM UPON WHOSE BANK YOU WOULD SIT AND WATCH ITS FLOWING.

This is the way of the philosopher, the speculator. For him, time is just like a stream; and he is sitting on the bank speculating about the stream: where it comes from, where it goes... but the reality is something totally different.

It is not time that goes anywhere; we come and we go. Time remains where it is, where it has always been. It is not a stream; we are streams. Time cannot be a stream because it is not matter.

Modern physics will support Kahlil Gibran in his statement. Albert Einstein will support him because he has reduced time to a dimension of space -- the fourth dimension of space.

Just think of space... you never think of space as a stream. Space is always there: you come and go, you go into the room, you go out of the room, but the space in the room remains where it is. Albert Einstein's whole life effort was somehow to figure out what time is. And his discovery was that time is only a fourth dimension of space; hence certainly it cannot be in a flow.

It is not possible that one of your hands is a flow and your whole body remains static -- then your hand will have gone to the ocean and you will be left far behind; and then there is no possibility of meeting your hand again.

If time is a fourth dimension of space, that means neither space goes anywhere, nor time goes anywhere. Seasons come and go, people come and go; spring comes and there are flowers, and the fall comes and all the trees are standing

naked. So there is much going and coming -- but remember that neither space goes anywhere nor time goes anywhere. It is strange that nobody before Albert Einstein indicated the fact that time should not be thought of as a stream. It has always been thought, in all cultures, in all civilizations, in all ages, as a stream. There must be something psychological in it. Why has the whole humanity always thought of it in the same way -- as a stream?

As I see it.... I see a very significant psychological fact in it. The psychological fact is that we don't want to be a stream, we want to be here and now, forever. Seasons change, morning comes, evening comes, day changes into night, night changes into day. Everything around us goes on changing; we just remain the same. Our fear of change, our fear of the unknown... because the change may take you into the unknown; it is bound to take you into the unknown. We also see childhood changes, youth changes, middle age changes, old age changes, but we do not pay much attention to this kind of change, because this is our identity. So we know perfectly well we are changing -- we are in a flux -- but we are afraid to become conscious of it.

A true meditator is one who becomes conscious of the change that is happening in his body, in the world. He has to become aware of everything that changes. Your mind goes on changing, your feelings go on changing -- is there something which does not change? We have called that innermost core of your being the center of your cyclone, your soul, which does not change.

Again it will be important to be reminded that only one person in the whole history of man has called the soul "time," and that man was Mahavira. He has called the soul

samaya -- time. That is the only thing that remains; everything goes on flowing.
So there is within you at the very deepest point, a witness -- a sakshi -- a watcher which does not change. And this watcher is really nothing but time. But only one man in the whole of history has actually called it time.
So if you become a witness of all the changes that are happening around you -- outside you, inside you -- sooner or later you will become aware of the one who is watching it all. That witness is eternal. That witness is your immortality. That witness knows no death, because it knows no change.

YET THE TIMELESS IN YOU IS AWARE OF LIFE'S TIMELESSNESS.

That is what I say is the most mysterious thing about Kahlil Gibran. He is not, in any way, of the same category as Mahavira, but what he is saying is exactly the same. He is saying: Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness. Because you conceive of time as a stream, a change within you, there is something which is changeless. You can call it timeless because you are accustomed to time being synonymous with change.
That timeless within you, that unchanging within you is aware of the innermost core of existence too, is aware that all change is superficial.
In death nothing ever changes.
It is always the same.
Just the very idea and you will feel a great serenity and silence descending upon you....

AND KNOWS THAT YESTERDAY IS BUT TO-DAY'S MEMORY AND TO-MORROW IS TO-DAY'S DREAM.

Poets are not expected to say such things; it is not in their dimension. Yesterday is but today's memory.... There is no yesterday left behind. It is not like a railway train -- that you have come to this station and you have left the other station behind. Yesterday has come with you. It has not been left behind, it has come with you as memory. It is today's memory, and the same is true about tomorrow.
It is not that it is going to come from somewhere to meet you; you already have it in your dream, in your imagination.
Yesterday is your memory.
Tomorrow is your dream.
But the only real thing is today.

AND THAT THAT WHICH SINGS AND CONTEMPLATES IN YOU IS STILL DWELLING WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THAT FIRST MOMENT WHICH SCATTERED THE STARS INTO THE SPACE.

This is a tremendously potential statement. He is saying, "This very moment what is dwelling within you is not something different; you have not left the beginning, the first moment when stars were scattered into the sky. That first moment is still within you; it is your memory."
He is not saying anything about the last moment, but just a logical corollary.... If the first moment is dwelling within you, when the stars were scattered into the sky, the last

moment, when all the scattered stars will be again pulled back into a net and disappear, is also dwelling in you, in your dreams.
You contain the whole eternity in this very moment.
The whole past and the whole future is contained in this small moment. It is not small; you are just not aware of its immensity.

Who among you does not feel that his power to love is boundless?

He is just giving you an example: Everybody feels that the power within him to love is boundless. But you have boundaries. How can the boundless be within you, who have boundaries? You must have read Leo Tolstoy's famous story, How Much Land Does a Man Require? -- how big is your grave going to be?
In this small body you are aware there are things which are boundless. He is giving you the example of love, because that is more common and understandable. In the same way, time also dwells in you in its boundlessness. In the same way, space also dwells in you in its infinity.
It will be far better -- perhaps not linguistically right... but I don't care about language, I care about what is real. To say, "Love dwells within me," is not right. It is better to say, "I dwell in love." Then your boundaries cannot be the boundaries of love. Perhaps you have loved -- but loved without any awareness. If you had loved with awareness you would not have said, "Love is in my heart." No -- your heart is in love.

Love surrounds you -- infinite love. And perhaps that is the reason no lover is satisfied -- because his love is boundless and needs a response which is boundless. Every lover is in search of someone who can love boundlessly -- there will not be any limitation on it -- but your very idea that love dwells in you makes it a small thing.

Think that you dwell in love just as the fish dwells in the ocean, then you can share your love without any fear, then you know it is inexhaustible, then you need not be so miserly about it.

If love is understood as an oceanic feeling around you, there will be no jealousy.

Jealousy is the poison that kills all love and all its joy. But jealousy arises because of your basic misunderstanding. We go on thinking of love also as a quantity, so we are afraid: if the person you love also loves somebody else, you are immediately afraid. He was loving you two kilos -- now only one kilo. And tomorrow, if he finds somebody else -- only half a kilo! And in this way your love will go on disappearing; soon you will be sitting with your scales, with no kilos.

The whole of jealousy is based on the fear that love can be divided, that it is a quantity.

It is a quality.

You can give as much as you want, to as many people as you want -- to the whole world -- still your sources are inexhaustible. There is no question of jealousy at all.

In my dreams of the future humanity, I always see that the day must come, one day, when there will be no jealousy, when there will be no anger, when there will be no

quarreling over small things -- because you have such a treasure of love, who cares about small things?
Love itself is such a fulfillment that you don't need any other fulfillment. It is the nourishment of your very soul. And the day when there is a possibility of love without jealousy, we will have brought the kingdom of God on the earth.
That is where I differ from Jesus. Jesus wants you to enter God's kingdom: I want you to bring God's kingdom here on the earth -- because this is an unnecessarily arduous thing, to convince so many people, "Come on, follow me, and I will take you to the kingdom of God." Why not bring the kingdom of God here?
All the religions are angry with me, for the simple reason that they have all been exploiting humanity -- that they will make arrangements for you in the kingdom of God. Naturally, they look at me as their most dangerous enemy, because I am telling you, "There is no need to go anywhere. We can pull the whole tent of God's kingdom here, with God and all in it!"
There is no need to go anywhere.
All that is needed is a deep understanding and awareness of love's infinity.

AND YET WHO DOES NOT FEEL THAT VERY LOVE, THOUGH BOUNDLESS, ENCOMPASSED WITHIN THE CENTER OF HIS BEING....

Almustafa is saying: On the one hand love is infinite...and yet who does not feel that very love, though boundless, encompassed within the center of his being.... It is both.

The circumference is bigger than the sky, and the center is at the very interiority of your being.

... AND MOVING NOT FROM LOVE THOUGHT TO LOVE THOUGHT, NOR FROM LOVE DEEDS TO OTHER LOVE DEEDS?

Love is not a flux, a movement. It is not that from one love thought it moves to another love thought, from one love deed it moves to another love deed. No, deeds and thoughts and feelings all move in the ocean of love. But the love itself remains as it is -- eternal, immortal, ultimate.

AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?

He has brought his conclusion to a beautiful end: and is not time even as love is.... I don't think that the astronomer would have understood him, because astronomers are one of the categories of idiots. There are many categories, but astronomers are a very prominent category. They don't know what love is.
The whole argument of Kahlil Gibran is based on a synchronicity between love and time. It is difficult to discuss time, because it is nobody's experience.
In England there was one great atheist, Edmund Burke. His friends told him, "You are a great atheist. One of our great preachers has come -- even the archbishop is going to hear his sermon today. We invite you to come; and you will be convinced."

Burke went to the church with his friends. He listened to the sermon, and at the end, when it was a question-answer hour, he stood up and he asked, "Have not you told us that God is omnipotent, all-powerful?"

The bishop said, "Of course, God is all-powerful. He can do whatever he wants to do. He created the world, he created everything."

Edmund Burke just raised his hand, showed his watch, and told the priest, "I give you and your God five minutes -- let Him stop my watch. A simple thing.... I am not asking Him to create a world, just to stop my watch. And I am giving enough time -- five minutes. In six days he created the whole universe. I can stop my watch within a second."

The congregation was shocked, the archbishop was shocked. The watch continued to move.... Edmund Burke's friends were very much depressed. The whole congregation fell into silence: Edmund Burke laughed and walked out of the church. His friends came out, running, with him.

He said, "Do you understand? I have proved that there is no God. And even if there is any God, He is not even potent enough to stop my watch."

This incident has been quoted again and again in many books written about Edmund Burke -- he was a great thinker. Whenever I have come across this incident, I have to laugh myself. And I have felt that it is unfortunate that Edmund Burke is dead; otherwise I would have entered England, even if the parliament does not allow me, just to say to Edmund Burke, "God did not bother about your watch because time is always at a stop. It is not moving. What to do? Your question was wrong. It is your watch that is moving.

"It is our arbitrary method to measure time, which is immeasurable. But God does not know our arbitrary things; He is not a watchmaker. He is aware of the time; and He must have laughed, 'Time has always been at a stop. What is this English fool asking?' And how can you stop a thing which is already stopped? -- since the very beginning it has been at a stop. It has never moved."

Our superficial understanding is of movement -- one thought to another, one deed to another. But existence knows, in its roots, everything is at a full stop. Nothing moves.

If you can experience this point where nothing moves, you have come home.

That very experience will explain to you all the mysteries of existence.

AND IS NOT TIME EVEN AS LOVE IS, UNDIVIDED AND PACELESS?

BUT IF IN YOUR THOUGHT YOU MUST MEASURE TIME INTO SEASONS, LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.

He is saying, "I can understand your difficulties. Perhaps you cannot rise to such heights, or such depths, and you have to measure time. Then remember one thing...if you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons. He is saying, "Let your birth and your death be the same; don't divide them. Then let the fall and the spring be the same; don't divide them."

The moment you are born you have started dying. It is not that, after seventy years you will one day suddenly die.

Nobody has suddenly died, up to now. Death is a process, just as life is a process.
And life and death are almost like your two wings, together.
The moment you are born, you have started dying too. As life grows, so is death growing -- simultaneously, hand in hand. The moment life is complete, death is also complete. They come into the world together, they disappear from the world together. They are not two different things.

LET EACH SEASON ENCIRCLE ALL THE OTHER SEASONS.
AND LET TO-DAY EMBRACE THE PAST WITH REMEMBRANCE AND THE FUTURE WITH LONGING.

If you must divide -- the best is not to divide, but if your mind cannot understand the indivisibility of existence, and you must divide -- then at least remember that your...to-day embraces the past with remembrance and the future with longing.
Let, in your present moment, there be a meeting of the whole past and of the whole future.
This moment, which contains the whole past and the whole future, is the only reality there is.
This present moment is time. And it is always present.
I have loved one small incident.... There was an atheist, a great law expert, and he always loved to discuss about God. The easiest thing to demolish in the world is God -- God is the most defenseless hypothesis. He always wanted to bring

in somehow, in discussions with friends or strangers, the question of God.

But it is not always easy. Somebody is talking about the weather, somebody is talking about the vegetables... how to bring God in? So he made a device: just behind himself on the wall he wrote in big letters, bold letters: "GOD IS NOWHERE," so anybody who came would look at it. And it was such a thing that just out of curiosity one would ask, "This is strange. Why have you written this sentence here -- don't you believe in God?" So every person who entered in his sitting room had to discuss God with him. And he was ready with arguments.

One day his small child, who was just learning language and was able to pronounce small words, but was not able to pronounce big and long words, was sitting there on the floor when two, three people came -- strangers. They looked at the wall, so the boy also looked at the wall -- for the first time; otherwise he had not cared, he had been living in the house. And because he was trying to learn language... and whenever children are trying to learn something they try it again and again, to grasp it. So he tried himself. He read slowly, "God" -- everybody listened to what he was saying -- "is".... But nowhere was too big a word, so he cut it in two: "God is now here."

Even his father was shocked. Thousands of people had come into the room but nobody had made "nowhere" into "now, here".

A Persian sufi saying is: "When you cannot understand, sometimes God speaks to you through children." You cannot argue with children. Now you cannot argue with

him, "It is not `now here,' it is `nowhere.'" The child started repeating it again and again: "God is now here."
That night the father could not sleep. Again and again he heard his child's voice. It is difficult to argue with him: "God does not exist." He tried, but he said, "If He does not exist, then how can He be now here?"
He had to look into his own philosophy of atheism for the first time: "Perhaps the child is right. I have never searched... where God is. All my arguments are only intellectual; I have no existential experience. I have never meditated. I have never experienced what it means to be `now here.'"
If you can experience the phenomenon of "now here," you have experienced something that a few people have called God, a few people have called truth, a few people have called love, a few people have called beauty. It does not matter what you call it.
But the transformation from "nowhere" to "now here" is so vast and unbridgeable... from a negative statement it becomes an absolutely positive statement.
What Albert Einstein discovered -- that time is the fourth dimension of space -- that child uttered without knowing it: because "now" is time and "here" is space.
Where "now" and "here" are together, the whole existence is available to you.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Evil is nothing but an absence of good

3 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID,
SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL.
AND HE ANSWERED:
OF THE GOOD IN YOU I CAN SPEAK, BUT NOT OF THE EVIL.
FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?
VERILY WHEN GOOD IS HUNGRY IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES, AND WHEN IT THIRSTS IT DRINKS EVEN OF DEAD WATERS.
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF.
YET WHEN YOU ARE NOT ONE WITH YOURSELF YOU ARE NOT EVIL.
FOR A DIVIDED HOUSE IS NOT A DEN OF THIEVES; IT IS ONLY A DIVIDED HOUSE.
AND A SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER MAY WANDER AIMLESSLY AMONG PERILOUS ISLES YET SINK NOT TO THE BOTTOM.
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU STRIVE TO GIVE OF YOURSELF.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SEEK GAIN FOR YOURSELF.
FOR WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR GAIN YOU ARE BUT A ROOT THAT CLINGS TO THE EARTH AND SUCKS AT HER BREAST.

SURELY THE FRUIT CANNOT SAY TO THE ROOT, "BE LIKE ME, RIPE AND FULL AND EVER GIVING OF YOUR ABUNDANCE."
FOR TO THE FRUIT GIVING IS A NEED, AS RECEIVING IS A NEED TO THE ROOT.
AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID, SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL....

Each single word uttered by Kahlil Gibran has to be understood in all its implications. Why did the elders of the city ask? Why not a young man? Why not a child?
The child is so innocent, he does not know the distinction between good and evil; hence the question does not arise. To the child there is nothing good and nothing evil. It is out of ignorance, but it has a similarity with the ultimate state of a man who is awakened... for him, too, there is no good, no evil. The awakened one has come back to his childhood again -- with a difference, with a great difference. The child was ignorant; the awakened one is really innocent. And the demarcation between ignorance and innocence is very fine. Jesus said to Nicodemus, a professor of Judaism in the university of Jerusalem, "Unless you are born again you will not understand what I am saying." He is not saying that first you have to die and be born through another womb. He is saying, "Unless you are so transformed that your ignorance becomes innocence... that is true rebirth. And only then will you understand what I am saying."
The child cannot ask the question because he cannot make distinctions, and the awakened one will not ask because he knows that good and evil are two sides of the same coin. If you choose good you have also chosen the evil. And this is

one of the great miseries of all the religions and their saints -- they have chosen the good and repressed the evil. Because of this division they themselves have become divided and split. And not only have they become divided and split, they have made the whole humanity schizophrenic.

So it is significant that a child does not ask the question. It is also significant that a young man does not ask the question... because for the young, life is so absorbing and the song of life is so fulfilling and his heart is beating with love. He has no time to think about good and evil. Only the elders... and the elders are those who have spent all their energies, who are empty. They have nothing to do.

The child was full of wonder, the youth was full of love, but the old man has lost all. Neither have his eyes any wonder; because he is so knowledgeable, nothing surprises him, and he has seen that every love slowly, slowly, turns into hate. He is living -- but an empty life. And these empty people become very much concerned about judgment. They cannot do anything themselves, but at least, sitting in their rocking chairs, they can judge everybody -- who is good, who is bad, who is a sinner and who is a saint.

This is their way of somehow feeling more important than the young, than the children. The children are ignorant; the young are blind. Only the old think they have got eyes, because they have lived life, they have experienced everything. But just experiencing everything does not make one wise, because one of the most important criteria for a wise man is that he drops judgment. He can see in the good that the evil is lying. He can see in the evil that the good is present. The saint and the sinner are not different

categories. Their choices are different, but they have chosen from the same well. From where good comes, evil comes -- and whatever you choose, you will suffer. Choice brings suffering. If you choose good, then that which is evil in you will continually create a conflict, a repentance, a doubt, "Perhaps those who have chosen the evil are enjoying life. I have chosen good, and all that it has given to me is just a seriousness, a dryness."

The saint cannot smile, the saint cannot dance; he is afraid. The song may lead him towards the evil, the dance may lead him towards that which he has renounced. But just by renouncing you cannot get rid of things. They remain in your unconscious, waiting for their opportunity. Hence it has happened many times in history that a sinner has become a saint just in a single moment of understanding, and a so-called saint has fallen and become a sinner just in a single moment of unawareness.

A beautiful story is told about a disciple of Gautam Buddha. He was a young monk, very healthy, very beautiful, very cultured. He had come -- just like Gautam Buddha -- from a royal family, renouncing the kingdom. In the West, just as Cleopatra is thought to be the most beautiful woman in the whole past of humanity, in the East a parallel woman to Cleopatra is Amrapali. She was a contemporary of Gautam Buddha. She was so beautiful that there were always golden chariots standing at the gate of her palace. Even great kings had to wait to meet her -- and she was only a prostitute, but she could purchase kingdoms, she had become so rich. But deep down, she suffered. In that beautiful body there was also a beautiful soul which hankered for love.

When a man comes to buy the body of a woman, she may pretend great love for him because he has paid for it, but deep down she hates him because he is using her as a thing, as an object -- purchasable; he is not respecting her as a human being. And the greatest hurt and wound that can happen to anybody is when you are treated as a dead thing and your integrity, your individuality, is humiliated.

This young monk went into the city to beg. Not knowing, he passed by so many chariots of gold and beautiful horses. He was amazed, "Who lives in this palace?" As he looked upwards, Amrapali was looking from the window, and for the first time love arose in her heart -- for the simple reason that the moment the young monk saw Amrapali, he bowed down to her with deep respect. Such beauty has to be respected, not to be used. It is a great gift of existence to be appreciated -- but not to be humiliated.

At the moment this young, beautiful monk bowed down, suddenly a great upsurge of energy happened in Amrapali. For the first time somebody had looked at her with eyes of respect, somebody had given her the dignity of being a human being. She ran down, touched the feet of the monk and said, "Don't go anywhere else; today be my guest."

He said, "I am a bhikku, a beggar. In your great palace, where so many kings are waiting in a queue to meet you, it won't look good."

She said, "Forget all about those kings -- I hate them! But don't say no to my invitation, because for the first time I have given an invitation. I have been invited thousands of times by kings and emperors, but I have never invited anybody. Don't hurt me, this is my very first invitation. Have your food with me."

The monk agreed. Other monks were coming behind him, because Buddha used to move with ten thousand monks wherever he went; they could not believe their eyes, that the young monk is going into the house of the prostitute. With great jealousy, anger, they returned to Gautam Buddha. With one voice they said, "This man has to be expelled from the commune! He has broken all your discipline. Not only did he bow down to a prostitute, he has even accepted her invitation to go into her palace and have his food there."

Buddha said, "Let him come back."

For the first time Amrapali herself served food into the bowl of the monk. With tears of joy she said, "Can I ask a favor?"

The young monk said, "I don't have anything, except myself. If it is in my capacity, I will do anything you want me to do."

She said, "Nothing has to be done. The season of rains is going to start within two, three days...." And this was the rule of Buddhist monks, that in the rainy season they stopped in one place for four months; eight months in the year they were continually moving from one place to another, but for the four months of the rains it was absolutely necessary for them to stay somewhere where they could get a shelter.

Amrapali said, "The coming four months, this palace should be your shelter. I don't ask anything. I will not disturb you in any way, I will make everything as comfortable as possible for you, but don't go for these four months."

The monk said, "I have to ask my master. If he allows me, I will stay. If he does not allow me, you will have to forgive me. It is not in my hands. It is my master who decides where one has to stay."
He came back. Everybody was angry, jealous, and they were all waiting to see if Gautam Buddha was going to punish him. Buddha asked, "Tell me the whole thing. What happened?"
He told Buddha everything. He also said that Amrapali... he did not use the word "prostitute" -- that is a judgment. You have already condemned a woman by the very word, condemned her that she sells her body, that she sells her love, that her love is a commodity -- if you have money you can purchase it.
He said, "Amrapali has invited me for the coming rainy season, and I have told her that if my master allows me, I will stay in her palace. It does not matter...."
There was great silence among the ten thousand monks. Nobody had thought that Gautam Buddha would say, "You are allowed to stay with Amrapali." They could not believe their own ears; what were they hearing? A monk who has renounced the world is going to stay for four months in the house of a prostitute?
One old monk stood up and said, "This is not right! This man is hiding a fact. He says one woman, Amrapali, has invited him. She is not a woman, she is a prostitute!"
Gautam Buddha said, "I know, and because he has not used the word `prostitute' I am allowing him to stay there. He has respect -- no judgment, no condemnation. He himself does not want to stay, that is why he has come here to ask

the master. If you asked me to stay there, I would not allow you."
Another monk said, "It is a strange decision. We will lose our monk! That woman is not an ordinary woman but an enchantress. This man, in four months, will be completely lost to the virtuous life, the good life, the life of a saint. After four months he will come as a sinner."
Gautam Buddha said, "After four months you will be here, I will be here; let us see what happens, because I trust in his meditations and I trust in his insight. Preventing him will be distrusting him. He trusts me; otherwise there was no need to come. He could have thrown away the begging bowl and remained there. I understand him, and I know his consciousness. This is a good opportunity, a fire test, to see what happens. Just wait for four months."
Those four months, for the monks, were very long. Each day was going so slowly, and they were imagining what must be happening, they were dreaming in the night about what must be happening. And after four months, the monk came back with a beautiful woman following him. He said to Buddha, "She is Amrapali. She wants to be initiated into the commune. I recommend her -- she is a unique woman. Not only is she beautiful, she has a soul as pure as you can conceive."
She fell at Gautam Buddha's feet. This was even a bigger shock to those ten thousand people! And Buddha said to them, "I know these four months have been very long, and you have suffered much. Day in and day out your mind was thinking only about what was happening between the monk and Amrapali, that he must have fallen in love with the

woman and gone down the drain; four months will pass, the rains will stop, but he will not return... with what face?
"But you see, when a man of consciousness enters in the house of a prostitute, it is the prostitute that changes -- not the man of consciousness. It is always the lower that goes through transformation when it comes in contact with the higher. The higher cannot be dragged down."
Her name, Amrapali, means.... She had the biggest mango grove, perhaps one hundred square miles, and she presented that to Gautam Buddha -- it was the most beautiful place. And she presented her palace, all her immense resources, for the spread of the message of Buddha.
Buddha said to his sangha, to his commune, "If you are afraid to be in the company of a prostitute, that fear has nothing to do with the prostitute; that fear is coming from your own unconscious, because you have repressed your sexuality. If you are clean, then all judgment disappears."
So the awakened has no judgments of what is good and what is bad, and the child has no judgment because he cannot make the distinction -- he has no experience. In this sense it is true that every awakened person becomes a child again -- not ignorant, but innocent. But every old person is not an awakened being. It should be so; if life has been lived rightly -- with alertness, with joy, with silence, with understanding -- you not only grow old, you also grow up. And these are two different processes. Everybody grows old, but everybody does not grow up.
Growing up is a spiritual phenomenon; growing old is a physical thing -- your body grows old, but your being remains retarded. If your being also grows UP... and remember the difference. We cannot say that the being

grows old -- it never grows old; it only grows up, higher and higher. But it always remains remains young, fresh -- as fresh as the dewdrops in the early morning sun on the lotus leaf.

AND ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CITY SAID, SPEAK TO US OF GOOD AND EVIL.

The old people, if they have not grown up also, are a torture to their whole family -- to the children, to the youth -- because about everything that you are doing you can see condemnation in their eyes. To live with old people who have not grown up is a tremendous strain. Whatever you do is going to be judged, as if you are always standing in a court. You cannot argue with them, because that is an insult to old age; even to speak before your elders has been condemned by all societies.

In the parables of Aesop there is a beautiful small parable.... The very young lamb of a sheep is drinking water in a mountainous stream -- crystal clear water. A lion sees the lamb, and naturally feels happy that this is a good chance for a beautiful breakfast. So he also comes close, and he says to the lamb, "You seem to be very arrogant and stubborn."

The lamb said, "I have not even said a single word -- I have not done anything."

The lion said, "You have not done anything? You are destroying the water, polluting it, disturbing the mud -- and I am going to drink the water. You don't have any respect for the king of all the animals."

The lamb said, "Uncle, you have forgotten one thing. The stream is not flowing towards you; it is going downwards, so if anything is disturbed, it is not coming to you. Whatever you do, that will come to me."

The lion was very angry because the lamb seemed to be too logical... and nobody wants their breakfast to be so logical! He said, "You are not only stubborn, but you are trying to be very intellectual."

The lamb said, "I am a poor sheep, how can I be intellectual? You are the king."

The lion said, "Forget all about the king and see... what about your father who insulted me yesterday?"

The lamb said, "It must have been somebody else, because my father died almost three weeks ago. To tell the truth, you killed my father three weeks ago, so how could he have insulted you yesterday?"

Now this was too much! The lion said, "You don't understand tradition, courtesy, that elders should be respected. You should not open your mouth!" And he got hold of the lamb.

The lamb said, "You wasted so much time unnecessarily. I knew from the very beginning that it is your breakfast time. There was no need to rationalize it -- just have your breakfast. My mother you have eaten, my father you have eaten. I am an orphan in trouble; it is better that you eat me too. At least inside you I will meet my father and mother -- a family reunion."

The whole of humanity, for centuries, has been repressing the children, the youth. Yet even if an old man is an idiot, his old age has to be respected.

This kind of question can come only from an old man who has not grown up. He is asking for clarity about what is good and what is evil -- so that he can judge people more easily. In their eyes, everything you do is wrong, because they are spent forces, they cannot do anything. Everything that you are doing they have done, and they still want to do, but they are spent forces. They cannot do anything, but at least they can have the joy of condemning you.

All the saints who have condemned people, saying that they will go to hell, are not saints but only sinners who have covered their sins or their desires and longings for sins with a thin layer of saintliness -- and what kind of saintliness?

I was traveling with a Hindu monk, a very famous Hindu monk. We were going to participate in a conference. You could see in his eyes that everything was wrong.... When we sat in the car to go to the airport I was amazed; on a beautiful car seat the cloth on which he used to sit was put. Until that cloth was put on the car seat, he remained standing, then he got in and sat on his cloth.

I said, "This is strange; the seat was far better! Your cloth is dirty -- you go on sitting on it everywhere." He used to carry it in a bundle. The seat was clean....

But he said, "I cannot sit on a car seat. I am against all luxury."

I said, "This is great! You are sitting in a car, in a luxurious car, and just because you have put a small piece of cloth between you and the seat, I am going to hell and you are going to heaven... just because of the dirty seat that you are sitting on."

He was such a nuisance -- all saints are nuisances. Wherever we were staying, he created so much trouble. He needed only cow's milk -- he did not eat anything else. That was not a big trouble, but the cow had to be completely white! When I heard this, I said, "What do you mean? Are you going to eat the cow or are you going to drink the milk? Milk is always white; whether the cow is black or white, it does not make any difference."

He said, "You don't understand. Black symbolizes evil, white symbolizes good." So for him people have to search for a white cow, completely white, not even a dot, a patch; otherwise he will remain without food. The whole family is disturbed that a great saint is sitting without food, and everybody is running around the town to find a pure white cow -- which is very rare!

I said, "You are creating so much nuisance, and you are making all these people so tortured; because you have not eaten, they have not eaten. How can the host eat when a great saint is the guest and is hungry?"

These are the thin layers -- stupid, arbitrary, meaningless -- with which one goes on covering over one's real desires, longings, which one condemns. And I have found this: the more a person condemns something, the more he is obsessed with it. Look into your religious scriptures. They have been written by saints, great sages, but whatever they condemn, they condemn in such detail. Just looking into their condemnation you can feel that they are enjoying the condemnation. They have not been able to enjoy; hence, at least they can enjoy condemning it, and condemning all those who are enjoying, and enjoy the idea that all these people will suffer in hell....

Every family in the world is tortured by the old people. My own suggestion is that the moment a man becomes retired, he should be retired from the family too. Every town, city, must have beautiful houses with lawns, with trees, with waterfalls, where old men and old women live together. And you will be surprised that those old fools who were condemning the young people will start falling in love -- because love never dies, never becomes old. It is always there, young in you.

These old people are torturing the young, because before their own children, children's children, they cannot start meddling with some old woman -- that will look very awkward! Leave them alone, and soon they will forget that they are old. They will live longer, and they will not be so irritable; they will become happy people.

Just as we send children to the hostels to study and come home when they have passed their university examinations... that is one third of life, twenty-five years at least. Then for twenty-five years allow them to live in the world, work in the world. And when they get retired, they again go back to the hostel -- not a hostel where men and women are separate, but a mixed hostel. And you will be surprised that your old pop is looking so happy; he never used to be so smiling.

Now, when once in a while he comes home, he is always bringing a fresh breeze into the house. Something strange is happening? -- nothing strange is happening! He has fallen in love again with an old woman. And there is nothing wrong in it.

Love should be your life to the very last breath.

But, up to now, we have been keeping generations together -- three generations, four generations, together, under one roof -- hence the generation gap. They are not even on talking terms. They talk only when it is business, when it is absolutely necessary; otherwise they avoid each other. This is an ugly arrangement. The right arrangement will be that children should be in school -- girls and boys together -- so they become acquainted with each other. The more they know each other, the better is the possibility for finding the partner in their life.

Do you see the stupid idea...? If you want to purchase a car, you look into all the catalogs of all the cars, you go to a show-room to see which car will be suitable for you. You just don't fall in love with any car that comes by, saying "I have fallen in love with a Ford," and the next day you see a Rolls Royce -- now there will be trouble. The Ford will not allow you to look at the Rolls Royce. The Ford will say, "Close the windows and look ahead!"

It would have been better if you had seen all the cars and then chosen one... and that's what we do with everything, except the most important thing -- a partner, your wife, your husband. You just blindly fall into love, without bothering that there are millions of women, millions of men around; and soon you are going to come to somebody who is far more beautiful, far more intelligent, far more loving. Then you will suffer.

Children should live in mixed hostels; then young people should live in mixed hostels; then finally, the last stage of our schooling, the old people should live in the best possible places where they can play golf, go horse-riding, go to swimming pools, forests, mountains, and they will

become young again -- at least ten years will be added to their life. And they will be more understanding, because they will see even more love arises in their heart. So if their young son has fallen in love with someone, nothing is wrong in it. It is just the way of life, it is how existence wants it to be.
But the old people have always been concerned about what is good and what is evil. Almustafa answered:

OF THE GOOD IN YOU I CAN SPEAK, BUT NOT OF THE EVIL.

This is such a pregnant statement, with so much meaning and significance, that if you understand it, your whole approach about people -- judgment -- will change. Almustafa says: of the good in you i can speak, but not of the evil... Why? -- because evil is nothing but an absence of good. And what can you say about absence? It is like darkness; you can speak about light, but you cannot speak about darkness. In the first place darkness does not exist -- it is only an absence. Just bring a candle in, and it is no longer there. And very beautiful statements Almustafa makes on it.

FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?

Darkness is hunger for light; it is thirsty for light because it is empty. And so is the situation about good and evil -- they are not two things.

Good has a positive existence. The sinner is only in search of being a saint. Don't condemn him. He is groping in dark -- help him. Don't go on giving judgments and punishments to him and say, "You will be thrown into hell." The poor man is trying in every way to find out where the light is.

If you go to a religious teacher he will tell you, "Fight evil, and when you have crushed evil you will be good." This is the completely wrong approach, which has destroyed the whole humanity and all its joy.

If you come to a master he will say,"Don't fight with evil -- because that is wasting your energy. Fighting with darkness, you cannot create light. Search for the light, create light, and darkness will disappear."

This is the difference... the so-called religious teachers of all the religions, without exception, are telling you, "Destroy evil." But you cannot destroy it; anything which is just an absence cannot be destroyed.

If I say to you, "Go into your room and destroy the darkness, fight with it, wrestle with it, take a sword and cut off its head," most probably you will cut off your own head. In the darkness, you are fighting with nobody.

An old definition of a philosopher is: A man in the darkest night, in a dark house, blind, is looking for a black cat -- which is not there. Now if everyone is frustrated that they cannot find the black cat....

You have never bothered that you are blind; you have never bothered that the house is dark, that the night is dark. But the search goes on and on. Evil is that black cat that does not exist.

That's why Almustafa says, "From the very beginning I will speak of the good in you, but not of the evil."

Such great insights Kahlil Gibran brings to life....

FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST?

The implications of this statement are great. Every child is born good. No child is born as Ronald Reagan, or Adolf Hitler, or Joseph Stalin -- but what happens? These people have tried... Adolf Hitler first wanted to be a painter. No school of painting accepted him, because he was not a great painter. But my understanding is, if he wanted to be a painter... he may have been amateurish in the beginning. If the chance was given he may not have become a genius, a Picasso, but he would have become at least a good painter -- and the second world war would have been avoided, six million people would not have been killed. When rejected from the schools of painting he started thinking of becoming an architect, and was again refused.
It seems we accept only flowers, not seeds.
Our insight is so shallow that we cannot see the flower in the seed -- and every educational system is criminal in this sense. They want you to come as a flower, fully grown, fragrant; then you will be accepted. But why should a flower come to you? It is the seed who is tortured inside, wants to grow, have green foliage, wants to dance in the sun, wants to grow flowers -- just give him the opportunity. And don't ask that every flower has to be a roseflower. What about the marigold? There is no way for the marigold to be a rose, it can only be a marigold.
A right educational system -- an educational system which is wise -- will not impose standards on people but rather

find ways how a certain person can grow into his own potentiality.

If Adolf Hitler wanted to be an architect, what was wrong in it? At the most he may not have created great Taj Mahals, but I don't think that he would have not have been able to make your apartments, high-rise buildings... they don't need much intelligence. Absolutely idiotic constructors are making all kinds of things -- they have made humanity live in boxes. What harm could Adolf Hitler have done? But rejected from there, this continuous rejection....

And all Adolf Hitler's efforts were for creativity. He wanted to be a painter or an architect; both are creative dimensions. He may not have gone very far, but what was wrong? Everybody does not want to create a Taj Mahal, and everybody cannot afford a Taj Mahal. There are people who need mediocre architects, because they can only afford mediocre architects and their mediocre designs. But continuous rejection from everywhere was like a wound -- and it was these wounds that turned him into a politician. The profession of the politician is the only profession where no qualification is needed. It is strange: they have all the power, power over millions of peoples' life and death -- but no qualification is needed. But if you want to be a painter, qualifications are needed; if you want to be an architect, talents are needed. But if you want to become an Adolf Hitler, no qualification is needed.

And he took.... In my view, the second world war was nothing but a revenge against the humanity that had rejected the man, humiliated the man, his creativity, his

longing to make something beautiful. The second world war was a revenge with vengeance.
If you don't allow creativity, it is bound to become destructiveness. If you don't love, you are bound to hate. If you don't allow your good to grow, you are bound to fall into the darkness of evil.

VERILY WHEN GOOD IS HUNGRY IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES.

Such insight is very rare. Such compassionate understanding is unique.
Verily when good is hungry.... When your innermost being wants to be good, but finds no food, no support from anywhere, what are you going to do?

... IT SEEKS FOOD EVEN IN DARK CAVES, AND WHEN IT THIRSTS IT DRINKS EVEN OF DEAD WATERS.

And then you condemn the person -- that he is evil, that he is a murderer, that he is a thief. You throw the whole responsibility on the person, who is a small human being. And your whole society is so powerful that if it decides to crush the individual and his good, it is capable, in every possible way. And it is not unnatural -- when you are hungry you can eat anything. I have known people to eat roots of the trees. Fruits of the trees you eat, but if fruits are not available then people start eating roots.
I have heard that in days of famine, people have even eaten their own children, but I cannot call them evil. Mothers

have even sold their children; because they could not gather the courage to eat their own child, they sold the child, knowing perfectly well it was going to be eaten by somebody else who was purchasing it. But with the money they have got they could purchase somebody else's child... food was not available. Do you call these people evil? Or is it simply that their good has not been given enough opportunity? If you are thirsty in a desert you can drink anything -- water from gutters... you will not think twice that it is a water from gutters. Life is so valuable....

When Alexander the Great came to India, one sannyasin asked him, "Why are you torturing yourself, running all over the world, wasting your life? What is the purpose?"

Alexander said, "My purpose? My purpose is to conquer the whole world."

The sannyasin said, "Can you just be patient enough to answer my one question? If in a desert you are lost, thirsty and hungry for many days, and I come with a glass of water, how much of your empire will you be ready to give in exchange for a glass of water?"

Nobody had ever asked such a question to Alexander. He said, "How much? If I am dying I can give you half of my empire."

The sannyasin said, "But I am not willing to sell for half an empire; then you can die. I need your full empire, the whole empire, as I am giving you the whole glass of water."

Alexander said, "Perhaps in such a situation I may be ready to give you the whole empire and take one glass of water."

The sannyasin started laughing. He said, "Then it is better you go home. Don't bother about this empire; its value is not more than one glass of water."

But these people -- Alexander the Great, or others of his category -- are perhaps searching for something else, and are not aware of it. They are searching for greatness -- but greatness does not come from acquiring an empire. Greatness comes from becoming your real self, bringing your potentiality to actualization. It may be a grass flower, it may not be a lotus -- but nature makes no difference. When the sun rises it does not dance longer on the lotus. It does not ignore a grass flower and say, "Be out of the way, you untouchable, you sudra! I'm here for the lotus flowers, the roses." When the rain comes it does not make any distinction, any discrimination; when the wind comes it makes no distinction, no discrimination.

The real question is not whether you are a rose, or a lotus flower, or just an unnamed grass flower. The real thing is that the grass flower has come to actualize its potentiality, just as the rose flower has actualized its potentiality, just as the lotus flower has actualized its potentiality. The real thing is actualization of the seed that you are carrying within you; that makes you great, and it is a greatness with a tremendous humbleness, with no ego in it.

If your greatness has something of the ego, that means your greatness is not real actualization. You have fallen into a wrong path. You wanted to be a musician, but you have become an engineer. You may become a very great engineer, but something in you will remain tortured, your self will remain continuously in a misery. Out of that misery is all evil -- you are irritated, you are angry, you are

jealous of others; because you are crippled you cannot dance -- hence your jealousy.
But nature has given to you all some unique potentiality. That is your good -- to bring it to flowering, to its ultimate growth. You will be contented, you will be grateful, and you will be humble -- humble before this vast existence, grateful because it has not sent you empty, it has sent you with some potential to work upon.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF.

None of your religions allows you to be good, because none of your religions allows you to be one with yourself. They divide you. They say,"This is good, and this is bad. The bad part should be neglected, ignored, destroyed, and the good part only should be saved." All the religions have been destructive of human joy, human blissfulness. And it is strange that they have created all kinds of madness, suicides, murders -- for the simple reason that people are not allowed to be one with themselves. They have cut you into two parts. It is just like cutting a bird in two parts -- it cannot fly, it needs both the wings.
When your good and your so-called evil -- because it is only an absence -- function in harmony, in togetherness, when you are not a split personality, but one organic whole, your life radiates beauty, your life radiates godliness.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE ONE WITH YOURSELF. YET WHEN YOU ARE NOT ONE WITH YOURSELF YOU ARE NOT EVIL.

Kahlil Gibran tries to go to the very roots. You are good when you are one with yourself... but don't start thinking that if you are not one with yourself you are evil -- no. When you are not one with yourself, you are simply the absence of good. Don't call it evil -- that very word unnecessarily condemns you. When the house is dark, it only means light is needed. Don't condemn darkness.
A man of understanding will even enjoy darkness too, because darkness has its own beauty, its own silence, its own depth, which no light can have -- light is superficial. In darkness this small place becomes enormous, because the darkness has no end. In light everything becomes limited, separate; in darkness everything becomes one.
The wise man is one who tries to make even his so-called evil a symphony with his good. A man is an orchestra. If you don't know the art of music the orchestra may be maddening, but if you know the art, different instruments of music all combine into one music. They are different, but they create something which is one -- and that oneness is what Almustafa calls good.

FOR A DIVIDED HOUSE IS NOT A DEN OF THIEVES....

Even if you are not one, don't condemn yourself, because even...a divided house is not a den of thieves... it is only a divided house.

AND A SHIP WITHOUT RUDDER MAY WANDER AIMLESSLY AMONG PERILOUS ISLES YET SINK NOT TO THE BOTTOM.

The evil person has just lost his way. Be kind to him, not judgmental. And one who has lost his way can find his way.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU STRIVE TO GIVE OF YOURSELF.

He has defined good as being one with yourself; now he expands the definition: You are good when you strive to give of yourself.... Share yourself, whatever you have. It may be a song, it may be just silence -- share whatever you have. The more you share, the more your consciousness becomes bigger, grows, expands. And the expansion of consciousness is the most blissful experience in the world.

YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SEEK GAIN FOR YOURSELF.

He continually insists that you drop the idea of evil completely, because your minds have been conditioned for centuries only to think in dualities. If to be one with oneself is good, then of course not to be one is evil. If to share is good, then not to share -- your mind says immediately -- is evil. Kahlil Gibran's effort is of tremendous value. He is saying: Yet you are not evil when you seek gain for yourself... because unless you seek gain for yourself, how can you share? What can you share? A Gautam Buddha can

share, but before sharing he has to become a Gautam Buddha.

Christian theologians have been very critical about Indian mystics -- that they are selfish. In their eyes, just to meditate is selfishness: "Go and serve the poor, open a hospital, open a school, teach the poor. Become a Mother Teresa." That's why, you see, Mother Teresa can get a Nobel Prize; but a meditator has no chances ever, because a meditator is a selfish person -- he is just going into himself and enjoying blissfulness and benediction and ecstasy.

"Serve the poor, serve the orphans" -- that seems to be real religion. It is not, because if you do not have the benediction that meditation brings to you, all your service is very superficial. And there must be motivations in it which may not be apparent to ordinary people, but one who looks deep can see them immediately. Mother Teresa is serving orphans on the one hand; on the other hand she is against birth control, because if birth control is there, orphans will not be there.

Orphans are absolutely needed; otherwise how will Mother Teresa get a Nobel prize? Orphans are absolutely needed; otherwise how will Catholics go on increasing their number? Already they are seven hundred million; from where will they go on increasing their number? -- because in the West the richer countries are no longer increasing their numbers as they are doing in the East. In fact in a few Western countries the population is decreasing. A few countries are even trying to give incentives to create more children; otherwise they will disappear. If this decrease continues, they will disappear.

In the East the problem is just the opposite. So all these seven hundred million Catholics come from the poor and the orphans of the East. The East is almost like a factory for Catholics: you produce children and you cannot support them -- give them to Mother Teresa.

The pope comes to India, but he does not go to meet any great meditator in the Himalayas. No pope has ever tried to meet J. Krishnamurti, who was in the West. On the contrary, popes have been trying in the past the same strategy that they are trying with me now... so many times J. Krishnamurti's plane was rejected from the airport because Catholics wouldn't let him land. No pope has come to see Ramakrishna, no pope has come to see Raman Maharshi. In their eyes these people are selfish people. But every pope who comes must go to Mother Teresa, because she goes on gathering more and more Catholics. Inner motives are very ugly. It is not service, it is politics. It is politics of numbers.

Kahlil Gibran is right...yet you are not evil when you seek gain for yourself. In fact, first you must seek gain for yourself in all dimensions -- material and spiritual; only when you are richer in all dimensions can you share. So I can not say with Jesus, "Blessed are the poor." That is nothing but consolation. And I agree more with Karl Marx who says, "Your religions are nothing but opium for the people."

"Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Strange... if they are blessed, why don't they get the kingdom of God here and now? No, their kingdom of God is after death. This is sheer cunningness, because nobody comes back after death and tells people that the poor really

are blessed. I say to you: Blessed are those who are rich in all dimensions -- material and spiritual -- for they shall be able to share their riches.

Why bring God into everything unnecessarily? The poor fellow escaped six days after He made this world; since then He has not been seen, has not been heard of. Why bring Him in unnecessarily? I say: Blessed are those who are rich in all dimensions, for they shall be able to share their riches. They may be of the soul, they may be of the body, they may be of the mind, they may be of the heart -- it doesn't matter; but sharing is one of the most beautiful experiences of life.

It is sharing that makes you religious.

It does not make you a Christian, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan; it simply makes you religious. And to be religious is beautiful. To be Christian, to be Hindu, to be Mohammedan, to be Jew -- these are ugly names which should be discarded completely and forgotten. They divide humanity, and they give ideas to people that they are superior to others.

Jews think they are the chosen people of God. So why are you angry with Adolf Hitler? -- because he thinks Nordic Germans are the chosen people of God. Because of this conflict about who are really the chosen people of God, he killed one million Jews in Germany to prove who the chosen people of God are: "Now let us decide it." And if we look at the facts, it seems Nordic Germans are the chosen people of God.

I have heard about one old Jew who was dying. The Rabbi came and asked him, "Have you prayed to God before your death? Death is very close."

The old Jew said, "I'm praying."
The Rabbi said, "What are you praying about?"
The old Jew said, "I'm praying, `It is enough! -- now you should choose somebody else. We have been tortured for four thousand years just because of your stupid idea that we are the chosen people of God. And you have not given a single indication that we are the chosen people, but this idea of superiority has created antagonism in everybody.'"
Hindus think the same way... everybody has a monopoly over God! It is better not to bring in unnecessary hypotheses when it is a question of the transformation of your real life.

FOR WHEN YOU STRIVE FOR GAIN YOU ARE BUT A ROOT THAT CLINGS TO THE EARTH AND SUCKS AT HER BREAST.

The beauty of his words is impeccable. He is saying, "When you are selfish, meditative -- just trying to unfold your own being -- you are like the roots of a tree which sucks at the breast of the mother earth." But for what? All that juice will rise in the tree, will become green foliage, shadow for the tired and the weary, will become flowers for those who can appreciate beauty, color, fragrance... will become fruits for those who are hungry. The root is sucking at the breast of the mother earth, but not for itself -- the ultimate outcome is going to be shared.
So when you are meditating, you are going to your own roots. And unless you find your roots, you will never be able to find your flowers and your fruits. Roots cannot be shared, but without roots there are no fruits and no flowers.

In fact, flowers and fruits are just extensions of roots. Don't call roots evil because they don't share. Directly, they don't share, but indirectly their whole life is nothing but bringing juice to the fruits, to the flowers to be shared by all.

SURELY THE FRUIT CANNOT SAY TO THE ROOT, "BE LIKE ME, RIPE AND FULL AND EVER GIVING OF YOUR ABUNDANCE."

Why can't the fruit say so? It cannot say so:

FOR TO THE FRUIT GIVING IS A NEED, AS RECEIVING IS A NEED TO THE ROOT.

Life is an organic unity. If there is only giving and no receiving, to whom are you going to give? If there are only receivers, and no givers, from whom are they going to receive? Life is a balance between giving and receiving. Roots receive from the earth, and fruits and flowers go on giving back to the earth. It is a circle.

Man, in his ignorance, has broken that circle in many places. That's why there is a great ecological crisis. We go on taking from the earth, but we don't return anything. The earth slowly, slowly becomes barren, dead. And if the earth is dying, something of us is dying also, because we are part of it.

You think that the trees depend on the earth because they have roots, and they suck the juice of the earth. You also depend on the earth, because those fruits, those flowers, ultimately come to you. And you must share -- you are trees who can walk. There are trees in Africa which walk.

For walking, solid earth is difficult -- the roots are not in a position to move. But there are places in Africa where the earth is not so solid, and there, trees move. If the water is more towards the north, the trees start moving towards the north; and when the water is finished, then the trees start dispersing to other directions.

We are also trees, we are also connected with existence in many ways. Every second you are breathing in and out. Just try not breathing out -- because that is sharing -- and you will be dead. Sharing is life. These trees are also breathing. And life is such a beautiful unity that you breathe oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide and the trees breathe carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen: there is a kind of brotherhood. Without trees you cannot live; without you, trees cannot live.

There is a constant giving, receiving -- the sun goes on giving you life, vitamins; the moon goes on giving you something that is very mysterious. Except Mahavira, all the mystics have become enlightened on the full-moon night. On the full-moon night more people go mad -- the number is double -- than any other day. More people commit suicide -- again the number is double -- than on any other day. More people commit murders -- the number is double -- than any other day. The full-moon night has something to do with it.

From enlightenment to murder... the full-moon night somehow stirs you. If you are going deeper into meditation, it takes you deeper into meditation. If you are hankering to kill somebody, and you are not able to gather courage, it gives you courage. So what was not possible before becomes possible on the full-moon night.

For centuries, more people have gone mad on full-moon nights -- so much so that in every language, for madness or mad people, a word exists which connects madness with moon. In English it is "lunatic." It comes from "luna." "Luna" means "the moon." In Hindi it is chandmara, "killed by the moon."

George Gurdjieff had the great insight that it cannot be one-sided: just as with the trees we receive and give, we must be giving to the sun and receiving, giving to the moon and receiving. It has to be balanced. We have not yet been able to decipher exactly what we give to the sun, what we give to the moon -- but we must be giving, because what we receive we know; sooner or later it will be discovered that just as we cannot live without the sun.... If one day the sun does not arise, you will not wake up, not even for your morning tea in bed; you are finished. Your life is coming from that far-away star, the sun.

But I always think -- and I agree with Gurdjieff, although there is no evidence and no proof -- that if every man on the earth, every animal, every tree dies... for which people like Ronald Reagan are making every effort... if everything alive on the earth dies, the sun will not rise the next day. It is impossible that we are just receivers, and not givers. If we are receiving life in some way from the sun, we must be giving life in some way to the sun.

We are all a connected whole, interrelated, one organism. Hence it can be said, as a conclusion: Become richer in every dimension. Be creative, be loving, be meditative, and share. And the more you share, the more existence will shower on you flowers of blissfulness and ecstasy.

The only good is to be in a position of oneness, so that you are not in a constant conflict within yourself -- because that conflict destroys you, leaves no energy to be shared. When you are one, the energy becomes so much that you become almost like a rain cloud, so full of rain that it wants to shower somewhere or other.
Sharing is the most precious religious experience.
Sharing is good.
And Almustafa says, "I will not speak about evil, because evil is only an absence." To be miserly is evil. You have, and you grab it -- whether you need it or not. You have missed the greatest joy of life -- that of giving.
Receive with gratitude.
Give with humbleness.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #11
Chapter title: Only a question of awareness
3 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE FULLY AWAKE IN YOUR SPEECH.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SLEEP WHILE YOUR TONGUE STAGGERS WITHOUT PURPOSE.
AND EVEN STUMBLING SPEECH MAY STRENGTHEN A WEAK TONGUE.

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU WALK TO YOUR GOAL FIRMLY AND WITH BOLD STEPS.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU GO THITHER LIMPING.
EVEN THOSE WHO LIMP GO NOT BACKWARD.
BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME, DEEMING IT KINDNESS.
YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS, AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD,
YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD.
PITY THAT THE STAGS CANNOT TEACH SWIFTNESS TO THE TURTLES.
IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.
BUT IN SOME OF YOU THAT LONGING IS A TORRENT RUSHING WITH MIGHT TO THE SEA, CARRYING THE SECRETS OF THE HILLSIDES AND THE SONGS OF THE FOREST.
AND IN OTHERS IT IS A FLAT STREAM THAT LOSES ITSELF IN ANGLES AND BENDS AND LINGERS BEFORE IT REACHES THE SHORE.
BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"
FOR THE TRULY GOOD ASK NOT THE NAKED, "WHERE IS YOUR GARMENT?" NOR THE HOUSELESS, "WHAT HAS BE-FALLEN YOUR HOUSE?"

The very fundamental effort of Kahlil Gibran is to demolish the very idea of evil. And he is absolutely right about it.

The idea of evil is the invention of the priesthood of all the religions. It is a great device to exploit humanity -- because once your mind becomes contaminated with the idea of evil you can never live in peace, you can never live in a togetherness, you cannot stand erect in human dignity. On the contrary, the idea of evil creates wounds in you -- which you have known as guilt.

Anything that is natural is bound to assert itself; whether you call it good or evil does not matter. The sun will rise from the East; it does not depend on your opinion.

Deep inside your being you are not a simple phenomenon -- you are a complexity. Something can be condemned, and the condemnation can be justified by all kinds of rationality and logic if taken out of context; and the same thing can be praised -- if you are not divided into good and bad, into higher and lower. If you are one organic unity, that which looked like evil out of context becomes immensely valuable to the whole, in its right place. The whole question is, how to arrange your inner being?

All the religions are criminals in the sense that they have not allowed man to be arranged as an orchestra. They have divided man: a part they have called good, and another part they have condemned as evil. But they both exist together, and can exist only together.

Now man finds himself helpless. On both sides there is danger. If he follows nature, all the religions are going to call him a sinner; if he does not follow nature but follows the principles and the doctrines preached by the priests, he

is in a constant conflict. He becomes a hypocrite. He pretends to be good -- because that is what is respectable, honorable -- and from the back door he goes on allowing his nature.

This dualism, this dichotomy, this schizophrenia has destroyed all dignity of man, all his pride. Even wild animals move with a pride, with a natural dignity and grace, but man is so burdened.... Everything that is natural in you has been poisoned by the religions.

Just a few examples will help you. All the religions are agreed on one point. They differ in their philosophies, but they don't differ as far as destroying the dignity of man is concerned: whatsoever is pleasant has to be condemned -- this is a simple criterion followed by all -- and whatsoever is painful, arduous, has to be praised as virtue, as piousness, as saintlihood.

I have been wandering in this country for almost two decades, meeting all kinds of saints and sinners, and my conclusions are that the sinner is more innocent, because he has chosen the path of nature -- although he is not respectable. He laughs more heartily, he sings more joyously, he dances like a Zorba... but the whole world condemns him. He is just like a child.

And I have seen your saints; they are all cunning, all hypocrites without exception, because whatever they preach and whatever they show to the world is fake, it is only a mask. Deep down, nature is gathering energy to explode; and if you don't allow the natural way, then it is going to explode in some perversion.

The whole credit of all perversions on the earth goes to the religions. No animal in the wild is perverted. Have you

come across a deer you can call perverted? -- or a lion, or a bird, free in the vast sky, under the sun? Have you come across some bird who needs psychoanalysis, some deer who needs psychiatry, some tree who needs any kind of psychological treatment? They are not perverted -- because, fortunately, they don't understand the language that the priests have been speaking, because, fortunately, they are not Christians and they are not Hindus and they are not Mohammedans and they are not Buddhists. A rosebush is just a rosebush, without any adjective to it. You cannot call a rosebush Christian -- unless you are mad.

But man has been under the influence of the priests, and they have condemned each single thing in you that can make you smile, that can make you sing, that can make you dance, that can allow your love to blossom. They have crippled you in every way, they have cut your wings -- you cannot fly in the sky. They have taken away your freedom, your dignity. And their strategy is to create the idea of evil. Once you are influenced by the idea of evil, you will live your whole life out of fear. Whatever you do, you will be always afraid -- who knows whether this is good or evil? Kahlil Gibran's whole effort here is to destroy the very foundation of the exploitation of the priests.

There is no such thing as evil.

Existence is simply good.

Existence is pure innocence.

Yes, it is a very complex phenomenon. You can put things upside down, you can make your life disturbed, retarded, but it is not evil. It is only human to err. And to understand every mistake with deep alertness, so that it is never committed again.... To commit mistakes is good -- that is

the only way one grows, learns, matures. But to commit the same mistake again and again is stupid. That too is not evil; it is unintelligent.
Kahlil Gibran says:

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU ARE FULLY AWAKE IN YOUR SPEECH.

Something about speech has to be understood. There is a certain harmony between your thought, between your speech, and between your action. Speech is just in the middle. Before speech is thought -- thought is words unspoken, still in the womb.
When thoughts are born into the world they become speech, and if your thought and speech are harmonious they will still go one step more, and that will be action. And when all these three are together, not against each other.... Only in your awareness is it possible that whatever you think, you say, and whatever you say, you act. Your action is your innermost thought brought into the full daylight, before the world. It is exposing your heart.
Speech is the medium between thought and action. That's why he has chosen speech -- that if you are fully awake in your speech you are good -- because if you are awake in your speech you will need to be awake in your thought, because thought is potentially speech... just on the verge, the word is just on your lips. You cannot be aware about your speech if you are not aware of your thoughts. And if you are aware of your speech, you will be aware of your action too.

Action and thought are almost like two wings. Speech is exactly the middle part. And one who is standing in the middle, fully awake, can see on both sides -- he can see inside where thought arises and he can see outside where action is born.

You are good when you are fully awake in your speech... in your thought, in your action. This is the greatest criterion ever given to man by all the mystics of the world: awareness of all that goes on inside the mind, of all that goes on in your words, and of all that becomes action -- it is good. Ordinarily people think they have been forced to think that good or bad are qualities of things -- that there are good things and there are bad things. That's not right; good and bad have nothing to do with things.

Awareness is good; absence of awareness is not evil, it is simply not-good. Don't make them synonymous. "Not-good" is only a negative statement; the moment you say, "Evil, bad," you are making a positive statement. The same action -- with awareness -- may be good, and with unawareness may not be good.

Goodness is not a quality of things or actions.

It has something to do with your meditation.

It has something to do with your awakening, with how alert you are.

One morning, Gautam Buddha is passing through a village with one of his most intimate disciples, Ananda. A fly comes and sits on his forehead. He is answering some question of Ananda, and he is so absorbed in answering that without any awareness, mechanically, he waves his hand. The fly is gone, but then he becomes suddenly aware that the waving of the hand was not done in awareness -- it

was mechanical. You can do such an act even in your sleep. If you feel something in your sleep creeping on your feet you simply throw it, and your sleep is not disturbed. It is a mechanical process; your body does it without bothering you.

Buddha stopped in the street, and again raised his hand, and with great grace and awareness brought it to his forehead. Ananda said, "What are you doing? The fly has gone away."

Buddha said, "I am not concerned with the fly, I am concerned with myself. I acted in unawareness. I was too much concerned with your question, and with answering it, and my hand moved mechanically; I am trying to see how it should have moved. It has nothing to do with the fly. My hand should have moved with awareness."

Action with awareness is good, but action without awareness is not evil, it is simply not-good. This distinction has to be remembered, because the not-good can be immediately transformed into good: it is only a question of awareness. The first act of Gautam Buddha when he waved his hand was not good. The second time he waved his hand, although now there was no fly, the action was good, the movement had grace and beauty and goodness, because behind it there was awareness. Not-good can be changed into good with a little awareness. But if you make it evil, then it becomes a tremendous problem. Then how to get rid of evil?

Religions have been telling people to fast, but what has fasting to do with evil? You can die by starving. Fasting continuously you can survive, you are healthy for at least ninety days; you will become just a skeleton, but you will

be still alive. But there is no relationship at all with good, or with evil. Religions have been telling people, "Fast and that will purify you." If that is true, then the starving millions of the world will be the most pure people... then don't help them, don't make them impure; let them starve and die, they are the most virtuous people in the world. But it has no relationship.

To destroy evil, all kinds of idiotic things have been suggested. They have to be idiotic, because there is no evil in the first place, so whatever you suggest is going to be meaningless, irrelevant.

This is a great insight into true religiousness: Don't divide into good and evil. Only divide into good and not-good. Not-good is only absence of awareness, and good is presence of awareness. Life becomes very simple, transformation becomes easy.

You need not torture yourself, because by torturing you cannot transform yourself. You need not stand on your head and do yoga postures, distorting your body this way and that way. If you are preparing for a circus, that is another thing, but if all these yoga practitioners reach heaven, then God must be surrounded by a continuous circus -- all over paradise people are doing strange and distorting things.

Yoga cannot purify you... it may give you better health. I am in absolute support of yoga as being part of gymnasiums, but not as part of temples. In the gymnasium it has a contribution to make. It can give you better health, longer life, it can prevent many possible diseases, it can cure many diseases that are already with you. But it cannot

transform that which is not-good into good, because it cannot give you awareness.

YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU SLEEP WHILE YOUR TONGUE STAGGERS WITHOUT PURPOSE.

A Gautam Buddha speaking is God Himself speaking, existence using Gautam Buddha as a vehicle to give you the message, to wake you up -- for what have you come here? It is good because it is coming out of total awareness, absolute silence. It is not Gautam Buddha speaking to you, it is Gautam Buddha only making himself available to existence to speak through him.

Existence cannot speak directly to you; it needs some vehicle, it needs some hollow bamboo to become a flute. Then the lips of existence can create a beautiful song and music. But the hollow bamboo means you are so aware that there is no ego in you.

Ego exists only in the dark corners of your being.

When awareness is total, ego disappears.

The ego has never been found by anyone who has been searching for it inside, with the light of awareness; it does not exist. Again, it is an absence, it is not an evil; ego is not-good, but it is not evil.

Ego means you have never turned towards your being, you have never seen your own inside, you have never brought your awareness to your interiority, to your subjectivity.

Once you turn in, ego disappears.

It will not disappear by fasting, remember; it will not disappear by yoga postures, remember -- it may even become more strengthened, it may become even more

subtle, more dangerous. It is not a question of discipline; it is simply a question of being alert.
Kahlil Gibran is right, that even in the night when you sometimes stutter, purposelessly, some words, relevant, irrelevant... it is not evil. It is simply not-good, your sleep is disturbed -- don't condemn it.

AND EVEN STUMBLING SPEECH MAY STRENGTHEN A WEAK TONGUE.

And remember always that the wise man can use his not-good for some purposes to strengthen his goodness, his virtue. A beautiful example he is giving: And even stumbling speech may strengthen a weak tongue... so when you are awake, your stronger tongue is a contribution of your sleep, of your stuttering in sleep.
It happened... I used to be a roommate in my university with another student. We had lived together for six months, and he had never stuttered. I had never even thought.... And then one day his father came to visit, and he immediately started stuttering. I was amazed. When his father had gone I asked, "What has happened to you?"

He said, "This is my problem. From my very childhood he has been such a hard disciplinarian, such a perfectionist, that he created only fear, never love. And because we used to live in a very small village where there was no school, he was my first teacher too; and that is my undoing -- my whole life he spoiled, because of his fear. Under his fear I started learning language, speaking language, and everything was wrong, because everything was imperfect."

A small child is not to be expected to be perfect. He needs all kinds of support. Instead of getting support, he was beaten. The stuttering became a fixed phenomenon in him -- not only about the father, but about any father-figure. In the temple -- because God is called "Father" -- he could not pray without stuttering. He was a Christian, and he could not speak to the bishop without stuttering, because first he had to address the bishop as "Father." The moment the word "father" came into his mind, all the associations of fear, of being beaten....

I said, "You do one thing. You start calling me `Father.'"

He said, "What?"

I said, "I am trying to help you. I am certainly not your father, neither am I a bishop, nor am I God the father who created the world -- I am just your roommate. You start calling me father, and let us see how long the old association continues."

He said, "It looks absurd to call you father -- you are younger than me."

I said, "It doesn't matter."

"But," he said, "the idea is appealing."

I said, "You try." And he started trying. In the beginning he stuttered, but slowly, slowly -- because he knew that I am not his father, and it became just a game that he would call me father -- after three to four months his stuttering disappeared. Now, I was not his father; it was just a device, very arbitrary, it was not in any way true -- but it helped. When next time his father came he looked at me. I gave him the indication, "You start."

His father was amazed, and he said, "What happened to you? You are not stuttering."
He said, "I don't stutter even in the church, I don't stutter even praying to God the Father. Why should I stutter before you? But my real father is sitting here. The whole credit goes to him. He has suffered my stuttering for four months continuously, but he went on encouraging me, `Don't be worried. It is ninety-nine percent now, it is ninety-eight percent now.' And slowly, slowly it disappeared. And one day he said, `Now there is no need; you can speak to anybody without stuttering. Your fear has disappeared -- by a false device."
Kahlil Gibran is right: Even stumbling speech may strengthen a weak tongue.... Use that which has been called by the religions as "evil." First change that word, just call it not-good, and you have already made the first step of transformation. And remember, even the not-good can be used in such a way that, rather than becoming a stumbling block, it becomes a stepping stone.
The wise man is one who uses everything that nature has given to him for creating something more beautiful. But the religions have not allowed humanity.... Rather than trying to make man one whole, they have made man scattered into pieces: that is your misery, that is your hell.
Just small changes can bring effects of tremendous importance. Drop the idea of evil completely from your minds; replace it by not-good -- then the good is not very far away. Just the "not" has to be dropped. Between evil and good there is no bridge; between not-good and good all that you have to do is to drop that "not." The difference between an enlightened being and you is only the

difference of that simple "not." He is awake, you are asleep. To be awake is good, to be asleep is not!

YOU ARE GOOD WHEN YOU WALK TO YOUR GOAL FIRMLY AND WITH BOLD STEPS.
YET YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU GO THITHER LIMPING.

In different ways he is giving you the same message: You are good when you are going with firm steps, bold, but you are not evil when you are limping. I say to you: your religions have not been compassionate enough. They have called the limping "evil," the sinner, one who is going to suffer in hell. Rather than helping him so that limping can be transformed into strong steps... perhaps those priests are responsible for his limping, because he is afraid of where he is going. Priests have condemned, and his nature is dragging him towards those same things which priests have condemned -- that's why he is limping.
Limping simply means he is not whole-heartedly in it. Half of his being is saying, "Don't go," half of his being is saying, "Go." Divided between these two, his boldness disappears, he becomes a limping person. He needs all the help, not condemnation.
And a beautiful statement from Kahlil Gibran: even those who limp go not backward.... That much is certain! They may reach a little late, you may reach a little earlier, so what? One thing is certain, that they are not going backwards.

BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME, DEEMING IT KINDNESS.

This is a very penetrating insight into human psychology. Somebody is limping; out of compassion -- that's what you think, that's what you have been taught to think -- you also limp, so that you are not in any way offending the limping one. But this is not help. Instead of one man limping, now there are two men limping, and soon there will be seven hundred million Catholics limping! It is not kindness, it is sheer stupidity. It is not compassion, it is simply foolishness.

Have compassion on the person who is limping, teach him how not to limp, help him, hold his hand, give him encouragement. Tell him, "Don't be worried, you are not going backward. Even if you are slow, there is no harm. You will reach a little late. In this vast eternity, what does it matter whether you reach in the morning, or in the afternoon, or in the evening? The question is that you reach."

Even the limping ones are going to reach. And sometimes perhaps they may reach earlier than those who are going with strong feet, with bold steps, because the people who are going with strong feet and bold steps are too much in a hurry, too much in a rush. They will be tired before the limping ones. The limping ones will not be tired at all -- they are going with ease. Soon they will find that the the people with bold steps, the speedy ones, are resting, are snoring under a tree. Life has its mysteries!

Sometimes saints are left behind and sinners reach ahead, because they go so slowly that there is no possibility of being tired. The people who are going with a strong step and fast speed think that they can afford to rest a little -- the limping ones are left far behind. But their rest may turn into sleep, and while they are asleep the limping ones may pass them.

Never commit this idiotic idea that with the limping one you have to limp; otherwise he will feel offended, he will feel inferior. Why touch his inferiority complex?

Transmitted into actuality... I will give you the example of Mahatma Gandhi. In India railway trains have four classes -- the air-conditioned, the first class, the second class and the third class. And the country is so poor that even to afford a third class ticket is difficult for almost half of the people of the land. Gandhi started traveling in third class. I used to have discussions with his son, Ramdas, and I told him, "This is simply crowding the third class, it is already too crowded. This is not helping the poor." And you will be surprised; because Gandhi was traveling in the third class, the whole compartment was booked for him. In a sixty-foot compartment -- where at least eighty to ninety persons would have traveled -- he alone is traveling. And his biographers will write, "He was so kind to the poor."

He used to drink goat's milk because that is the cheapest, and the poorest of people can afford it. Naturally, everybody who is conditioned with the idea immediately appreciates what a great man he is. But you don't know about his goat! I am a little crazy, because I don't care about Mahatma Gandhi much, but I care certainly about the goat.

I inquired everything about the goat, and I found that his goat was being bathed every day with Lux toilet soap. The food of the goat cost in those days, ten rupees -- ten rupees was the salary of a school teacher for one month. But nobody will look into these matters. Only one woman, a very intelligent woman in Mahatma Gandhi's circle, Sarojini Naidu -- later on she became the governor of North India -- joked once that to keep Mahatma Gandhi poor, we have to destroy treasures. His poverty is very costly.

But it worked. As a politician he became the greatest politician, because the poor people thought "This is the man who is our real representative, because he lives like a poor man in a cottage, he drinks goats' milk, he travels in third class." But they don't know the background -- that to maintain his poverty was very costly.

The idea he got was from the Christians. He was born a Hindu, but he was born in Gujarat, which, although it is a majority Hindu state, is mostly influenced by Jainism; the people are not all Jainas, but Jainism has been a subtle spiritual influence all over Gujarat. Then he went to the West to study, and there he came in contact with Christian missionaries, and many times he was on the verge of being converted into Christianity. If you divide his life, he is ninety percent Christian, nine percent Jaina, one percent Hindu.

But this country has a majority of Hindus. To influence these Hindus, he used a totally new kind of strategy, and that was to live like a poor man. His clothes, his house, his food -- everything will give you an appearance of a very poor man. But if you look into everything minutely, with an impartial eye, you will be surprised that everything is more

costly than even the richest man living in a palace -- that will be cheaper. But he succeeded in deceiving people. This is one of the curses that Christianity has brought to humanity. Other religions have helped, but Christianity is at the top. Kahlil Gibran, himself a Christian, is not befooled by that idea.

BUT YOU WHO ARE STRONG AND SWIFT, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT LIMP BEFORE THE LAME, DEEMING IT KINDNESS.

What are all your saints doing, living like poor people? It does not help the poor people in any way, it simply burdens them.
In India there are millions of monks -- Hindus, Buddhists, Jainas. They all live the life of the poor. The poor cannot manage their own lives, and all these millions of monks, who are not doing anything productive, anything creative, are sitting on the chest of the poor people of India, sucking their blood -- and with great authority, because they are living like poor men; you have to worship them, you have to feed them, you have to clothe them.
I once said to Ramdas, Mahatma Gandhi's son, that if it is sympathy and kindness and compassion to live like a poor man amongst the poor, then what about other things? If there are a few blind people, should I live with a blindfold? Or if there are unintelligent people -- and there are, the whole world is full of the unintelligent -- should I also live like the retarded, the stupid, just out of sympathy?
No, this cannot be the criterion of being good, of being virtuous, of being religious. If somebody is sick, that does

not mean that the doctor should come and lie down on another bed, so as to help the sick. Everybody can see the nonsense in it. The doctor has to remain healthy so that he can help those who are sick. If he himself becomes sick out of sympathy, then who is going to help? The same is true in the inner growth of man.

YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS, AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD, YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD.

Everybody is good, more or less; there is nobody who is evil -- it is just an invention of the priests to make you feel guilty, and then confess your guilt, so that even your dignity as a man, your pride as a man, is destroyed and you become vulnerable to be enslaved spiritually.

There are good people; there are a few others who are just a little farther away from the good, but coming close.... It is a vast humanity and we are almost standing in a queue.

In one of the ancient scriptures of Tibet the statement is made that the gates of heaven are very narrow -- only one can pass at one time. Naturally, if the gates of heaven are so narrow that only one can pass, you cannot even smuggle your wife with you, or somebody else's wife -- that is not the point. You have to go alone, and those who are behind you are also approaching closer and closer and closer.

There are only degrees of goodness -- a few are more good, a few are less good, but everybody is good. Let this be one of the fundamental declarations: everybody is basically good, and evil is only an invention of crafty priests to exploit man.

YOU ARE GOOD IN COUNTLESS WAYS AND YOU ARE NOT EVIL WHEN YOU ARE NOT GOOD. YOU ARE ONLY LOITERING AND SLUGGARD...

but nothing is evil in being lazy, nothing is evil in going slowly at your own pace, nothing is evil if you will be reaching later while your friends will be reaching earlier. You should listen to your nature... there are strong people -- everybody need not be Mohammed Ali and everybody need not be a great boxer. You should listen to your own nature, and keep pace with your own nature, and not be competitive with anyone else.

PITY THAT THE STAGS CANNOT TEACH SWIFTNESS TO THE TURTLES.

What to do? Even if stags want to teach speed to the turtles, they cannot. And as far as I am concerned, the world would be less beautiful if there were no turtles at all -- they make variety. If there were only stags and stags and stags, it wouldn't be a rich world. The world is rich because there is variety. All are not saints -- a few are still courageous enough not to be saints, a few are still courageous enough not to be bothered by respectability. The world would miss all its color if everybody were just the same.
Pity that the stags cannot teach swiftness to the turtles.... Kahlil Gibran has not looked into his statement deeply enough; otherwise he would not say it is a pity. On the surface the statement seems to be perfectly right, but I say unto you: it is good that stags cannot teach swiftness to the

turtles, nor can the turtles teach a lazy way of life to the stags.

The existence accepts everybody and gives opportunity to everybody; from the smallest grass leaf to the biggest star, existence makes no discrimination. They are all needed, they all make existence colorful, with variety; otherwise it would be so monotonous -- just imagine everybody turning into Mahatma Gandhis; all rainbows would disappear.

Do you know that in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram he did not allow roses to be grown? Nobody thinks about these small things, which show so much more than great acts, such as the freedom of India, which the whole world will think about, history will write about. But nobody will write about such a small thing: that he did not allow roses to be grown in his garden, only wheat -- because the country is poor, and what can you do with roses?

The man had no aesthetic sense at all. He had read Jesus Christ many times, but he seems not to have understood the statement that Jesus made, that man cannot live by bread alone, roses are also needed. That is not Jesus Christ's statement -- half is his and half is mine.

IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.

He reduces to the most essential the definition of goodness: In your longing for your giant self, in your longing for the universal self, in your longing to disappear like a dewdrop in the ocean of existence -- without any conditions, without any expectations -- in this longing is your goodness.

And there is not a single man in the whole world who is not longing -- knowingly or unknowingly -- to be bigger, to be greater, to be vaster, who is not trying to reach to the moon and to the stars. Perhaps he is not fully aware, is half asleep, but still his arrow is searching for the target -- although he is going to miss because he is half asleep. But you cannot call it evil, you can only say that he is unaware.
There is a beautiful story about Mulla Nasruddin. In the city there was a carnival. Nasruddin used to take his disciples to various places to teach them something; he went with his crowd of disciples to the carnival. The whole city laughed, saying, "This man is crazy, but what to do? -- a few other crazy people think that he is a great mystic: now he is taking his disciples to the carnival to teach mysticism."
He went to the place where there was a bull's-eye stall, and the owner was offering one-hundred rupee notes to anyone who could shoot the bull's-eye with an arrow. If he failed, he would have to give one hundred rupees; if he succeeded, he would get one hundred rupees.
A great crowd gathered when they saw Nasruddin reaching the stall, taking the bow and arrow. Even his students thought, "What is he going to do? -- we have never seen him practicing archery. He will unnecessarily waste one hundred rupees, and he has nothing in his pocket -- we will have to give the money! This is a strange teaching; on our account he is playing the game...." And a great crowd gathered, because they wondered what Nasruddin was up to.
He said, "Silence! My beloved disciples, watch what happens. Be careful!" And he shot the arrow. It passed the

bull's-eye and landed far away. Everybody laughed, but not Nasruddin, and before the shopkeeper was going to ask, "One hundred rupees," he turned to the disciples and said, "Listen: this is the arrow of the egoist, who always thinks in exaggerated terms. He always misses the target; his arrow passes beyond it." Even the shopkeeper became interested in the explanation.

He pulled another arrow, shot again... the arrow fell just in front of him; the bull's-eye was still far away. But now nobody laughed. He turned to his disciples and said, "Listen, this is the arrow of the person who has imposed upon himself humility. He is always hesitant, half-hearted. Even if he wants to do something, even if he does it, he is never totally in it."

Now more and more of a crowd gathered, and the disciples said, "Certainly what he is saying is true." He pulled the third arrow and shot the bull's-eye, and without turning towards the students, took the one hundred rupee note. The owner said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "This is my arrow. The first was that of an egoistic person, the second was that of a humble person. This is my arrow."

His disciples said, "He is a great master anyway. Wherever he takes you, never doubt him; there is always going to be some surprise." And the whole crowd agreed with him, "That's true. His explanations were very philosophical; he deserves those one hundred rupees. And as far as he says... he is a very religious man, he cannot deceive you; this third arrow was his arrow."

And all his disciples knew -- and he knew -- that if he had failed he would have found an explanation! Until he

succeeded, he was not going to declare, "This is MY arrow."

IN YOUR LONGING FOR YOUR GIANT SELF LIES YOUR GOODNESS: AND THAT LONGING IS IN ALL OF YOU.

In some it may be a seed, in some a small sprout, in some a thick bush, in some it may have come to flowering, in some it may have come to give ripe fruits; but the difference is only of degrees. Between the fruit and the seed there is no basic difference. They belong to the same category -- different stages of one longing.
Looking at humanity with these eyes, with this vision, you will never judge anybody as evil, as bad; you will never create the feeling of guilt in anybody, and you will drop all feelings of guilt that have been conditioned in you. Free from all guilt, a man has a beauty with which no tree, no animal, no star can compete. Without guilt, full of awareness, you are the greatest flower in existence, what Gautam Buddha used to call "the lotus paradise." The lotus is the biggest flower in the world.

The moment your being opens up, and you are full of longing for the universal self, you have become a lotus -- and you have become a paradise too.

BUT IN SOME OF YOU, THAT LONGING IS A TORRENT RUSHING WITH MIGHT TO THE SEA, CARRYING THE SECRETS OF THE HILLSIDES AND THE SONGS OF THE FOREST.

AND IN OTHERS IT IS A FLAT STREAM THAT LOSES ITSELF IN ANGLES AND BENDS AND LINGERS BEFORE IT REACHES THE SHORE.

Whether you are a river coming from the Himalayas -- with all the beauty of those high peaks and the deep valleys and the songs of the silent forests and the joy of moving in virgin lands -- or a river who has never known the mountains, who has never known the forest, but knows only the plains... both are reaching towards the ocean. They will meet the ocean with the same dance, with the same ecstasy, with the same contentment.
Don't say one is good and another is evil. Their paths have just been different, their territories have been different, but they have arrived to the universal, to the oceanic: that's the only thing that counts, ultimately.

BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"

That is ugly. And that's what all your saints have been doing, and all your priests have been doing -- condemning you: "Wherefore are you slow and halting?" But who are you to ask anybody? If he enjoys being slow, if he enjoys halting here and there, who are you to condemn? It is everybody's birthright to move according to his own freedom.

BUT LET NOT HIM WHO LONGS MUCH SAY TO HIM WHO LONGS LITTLE, "WHEREFORE ARE YOU SLOW AND HALTING?"

The more I have become acquainted with religious scriptures, the more I see that they are all insulting and humiliating to humanity. They have been written by very egoistic people condemning everybody -- "Why are you not moving faster? Why are you enjoying the cool breeze and the shadow under the tree?"

Who are you? No saint, no priest possesses you; you are nobody's monopoly. You are an individual, total in yourself, and if you don't want to reach right now, why should you be condemned? It is your will, it is your longing. But it is the most sad story that man has not been given this basic freedom. You cannot be yourself. Everybody is pushing, everybody is forcing, everybody is trying to give you a mould, an ideal. This is where I differ from all religions and all philosophers.

My only function to be with you is to take away all your chains, and you have so many chains... to take away all your burdens -- you have so many burdens of centuries that you cannot move -- and to give you total freedom to be yourself.

And it is up to you: you can turn back even from the ocean -- that is your freedom. If you want a little more to sing in the forest, a little more to move in the valleys, to remain a little more just a dewdrop, shining in the early morning sun on a lotus leaf, this is your freedom.

Even the ocean cannot say, "You cannot go back." You can come back even from the house of God when He is standing there to welcome you. You can say, "You will have to wait a little; although I have lived much, much is still left unlived. I am going back. I have to live life in its totality and then I will come. You can wait, there is no hurry." This much freedom I believe to be everybody's birthright.

FOR THE TRULY GOOD ASK NOT THE NAKED, "WHERE IS YOUR GARMENT?" NOR THE HOUSELESS, "WHAT HAS BEFALLEN YOUR HOUSE?"

The truly good, even seeing you naked, will not ask, "Where are your garments?" That is none of his business. If you enjoy being naked under the sun, in the rain, in the wind, it is nobody's business to ask, "Where are your garments?" But we have created a world of prisoners. Don't do it -- at least in Poona! Remember the police commissioner. He is bound to ask you, "Where are your garments?" He is not even a gentleman. A really, truly good man, a religious man, never asks anything that may embarrass you, never asks any question for which you may not have the answer.

I dream for a world where each human being will be so courteous, so religious, that he will not trespass anybody's boundaries, anybody's territories. Then there is no need of searching for any paradise in the clouds. We would have created it just in our being so respectful, so loving, giving so much dignity to people. It is possible.

At least, I hope my people will understand that we are not wasting our time on beautiful words: We are going through a transformation while listening to these significant statements of a man of tremendous genius.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #12
Chapter title: The silent gratitude
4 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A PRIESTESS SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PRAYER.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED; WOULD THAT YOU MIGHT PRAY ALSO IN THE FULLNESS OF YOUR JOY AND IN YOUR DAYS OF ABUNDANCE.
FOR WHAT IS PRAYER BUT THE EXPANSION OF YOURSELF INTO THE LIVING ETHER?
AND IF IT IS FOR YOUR COMFORT TO POUR YOUR DARKNESS INTO SPACE, IT IS ALSO FOR YOUR DELIGHT TO POUR FORTH THE DAWNING OF YOUR HEART.
AND IF YOU CANNOT BUT WEEP WHEN YOUR SOUL SUMMONS YOU TO PRAYER, SHE SHOULD

SPUR YOU AGAIN AND YET AGAIN, THOUGH WEEPING, UNTIL YOU SHALL COME LAUGHING.
WHEN YOU PRAY YOU RISE TO MEET IN THE AIR THOSE WHO ARE PRAYING AT THAT VERY HOUR, AND WHOM SAVE IN PRAYER YOU MAY NOT MEET.
THEREFORE LET YOUR VISIT TO THAT TEMPLE INVISIBLE BE FOR NAUGHT BUT ECSTASY AND SWEET COMMUNION.
FOR IF YOU SHOULD ENTER THE TEMPLE FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN ASKING YOU SHALL NOT RECEIVE:
AND IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO HUMBLE YOURSELF YOU SHALL NOT BE LIFTED:
OR EVEN IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO BEG FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS YOU SHALL NOT BE HEARD.
IT IS ENOUGH THAT YOU ENTER THE TEMPLE INVISIBLE.
I CANNOT TEACH YOU HOW TO PRAY IN WORDS.
GOD LISTENS NOT TO YOUR WORDS SAVE WHEN HE HIMSELF UTTERS THEM THROUGH YOUR LIPS.
AND I CANNOT TEACH YOU THE PRAYER OF THE SEAS AND THE FORESTS AND THE MOUNTAINS.
BUT YOU WHO ARE BORN OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE FORESTS AND THE SEAS CAN FIND THEIR PRAYER IN YOUR HEART,
AND IF YOU BUT LISTEN IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR THEM SAYING IN SILENCE:

"OUR GOD, WHO ART OUR WINGED SELF, IT IS THY WILL IN US THAT WILLETH.
"IT IS THY DESIRE IN US THAT DESIRETH.
"IT IS THY URGE IN US THAT WOULD TURN OUR NIGHTS, WHICH ARE THINE, INTO DAYS WHICH ARE THINE ALSO.
"WE CANNOT ASK THEE FOR AUGHT, FOR THOU KNOWEST OUR NEEDS BEFORE THEY ARE BORN IN US:
"THOU ART OUR NEED; AND IN GIVING US MORE OF THYSELF THOU GIVEST US ALL."
THEN A PRIESTESS SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PRAYER.

It is strange that a priestess should ask about prayer. What is a priestess, if she does not know what prayer is? But this is true not only about one priest or one priestess. I have come across many priests, and it was, in the beginning, a great shock to me that they are people who know nothing about religion; they are the people who know nothing of prayer; they are the people who have never meditated. They worship, but their worship is superficial -- it is not of the heart -- and they worship on behalf of someone else. They are servants, not really priests.
In India, every rich man has a small temple in his house. But the rich man has no time for God. Why waste time for God? In that much time, he can earn much. A priest can be purchased -- and he will pray on behalf of you.
Man is so deceptive that he can deceive even himself. The god is dead; he has purchased it from the market. It is nothing but stone, carved into the shape of some unknown

god who has never been seen by anyone. The god is just a thing. Of course, the richer the man, the costlier will be the god. But whether costly or not, it is a commodity. And on top of that, even the priest is a salaried servant. He has nothing to do with God -- he has something to do with money. I have seen priests running from one temple to another. If a priest can manage to pray in twenty temples, then he is a rich priest.

The whole idea is so absurd and unbelievable. It is just as if you have a paid servant to love your beloved on your behalf. Perhaps one day it is going to happen -- because the time you waste in loving your beloved can produce much money, much power. This game of love can be done by an ordinary servant. Why waste your time? And if the woman is also intelligent, there is no need for her to be there; she can also afford a woman servant. They both can love each other. Why waste time unnecessarily?

I have heard that one superrich man was psychoanalyzed by a famous psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst was very happy because the man used to pay him more than expected. But he was such a bore that to listen to him for two hours, three hours, four hours a day, was too much. It was getting on the nerves of the psychiatrist. He started feeling, "If this goes on and on, soon this man may perhaps be cured, but I will never get out of this sickness that he is transferring to me."

He had read an ancient parable about a king who was a great chess player. The game of chess is very complicated; it is mathematical -- the king went mad. All kinds of remedies were tried, but nothing succeeded. Then his prime minister said to him, "We should declare that if there is

anyone who can defeat our king in chess, immense will be his reward."

One of the greatest chess players came to the palace, but to play chess with a madman.... In the first place, chess itself is a very mad game. The best players of chess have to think at least five steps ahead: "I will do this; the opponent most probably will react in this way, then I will do this." The longer one can visualize the process, the better a chess player he is.

One has never seen a chess player smiling -- he is a serious man. And to play chess with a madman, and not an ordinary madman -- a king who was playing chess according to his own laws.... But the chess player was paid enough to suffer it, and after one year the king was back to his sanity; but the chess player became mad.

The psychoanalyst remembered the parable and thought, "This is going to happen to me too. This man has so much money it does not matter to him; he can continue his psychoanalysis for years. But listening to him every day was starting to enter into the mind of the psychoanalyst; even in his dreams he was listening to him. Then he became really freaked out, saying, "Some way has to be found. The patient cannot be lost, because he is giving so much money -- but he cannot be heard, because my own sanity is in danger."

So he devised a simple thing. He came with a tape recorder and put it by the side of the couch where the rich man was lying down, ready to start. The psychoanalyst said, "I have so many patients and because you take three, four hours -- and you can pay for it, so there is no question of preventing you, you are my most important client -- I have found a

device. You talk to my tape recorder, and in the night, in the silence when the whole world has gone to sleep, I will listen to it."
The rich man said, "There is no problem."
The next day, when the psychoanalyst was entering the office, he saw the rich man going out. He said, "What is the matter? The office has just been opened. Are you not going to talk to my tape recorder today?"
The rich man said, "I have also found a way. In the silence of the night, I talk to my tape recorder. Now my tape recorder is lying on the couch, talking to your tape recorder. So you are free, I am free -- nobody is at a loss. You will get your money, I will get my psychoanalysis."
The priests have been doing this from the very beginning: They invented the god, they invented prayers, they found their customers who were eager to have some bank balance in the other world. This is how millions of priests and priestesses have lived like parasites on humanity.
It is strange, but significant, that a priestess asks Almustafa: speak to us of prayer. Can you conceive of a lover asking somebody, "Speak to us of love"? He knows love. His very being is dancing with love, his whole life is a song of love. Why should he ask anybody, "Speak of love"? A lover knows that nothing can be spoken of love.
But only a lover knows that nothing can be spoken of love. Those who have never loved can ask, "Say something about love." You can love, you can experience it, but nobody can speak about it. It is beyond words, beyond language, beyond your mind.
Love is a flower that blossoms in the innermost being of your consciousness, where words are left miles behind --

only silence prevails. In that silence, love dances, love sings; but to bring that dance to words is impossible. There is no way to translate that dance into the words of any language.

Prayer is the most profound form of love -- love for the whole existence, unaddressed to anybody, just radiating from your being because you are so full of it. Out of your abundance, it flows in all directions. Those who will come close to you will be touched by it. Nothing will be said, but everything will be understood; nothing will be said, but everything will be heard. It is not a question of words, it is a question of opening your doors for love to enter in. You may be dissolved into it, because it is not a problem to be solved; it is an experience in which the only way is to dissolve yourself.

Prayer is the highest form of love. There is no beloved, but love goes on radiating from your being towards all that exists.

Love is like a rose which has blossomed in the wilderness, where perhaps nobody will ever pass to know the beauty of it, to feel the fragrance of it. But that does not deter the flower from blossoming. It does not ask for whom. It blossoms because it is so full it cannot remain closed any more. It has to open its petals, it has to release its fragrance to the winds, to whomsoever it may concern -- that is not the concern of the flower. Its concern is to pour all that is throbbing in its heart -- in color, in beauty, in fragrance.

Prayer does not need a god. If prayer needs a god, you have not understood prayer at all. But all your prayers are addressed to some god -- a Hindu god, a Christian god, a Jewish god; and all those gods are created by you. What

kind of game are you playing with yourself? First you create the god, then you start creating, or asking, or inquiring, "What is prayer?" -- the god is pseudo, the prayer is borrowed.

AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING: YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED....

Why did people need God in the first place? It is now an established psychological fact that man feels so helpless. There is disease, there is starvation and old age, and finally, there is death -- and man cannot do anything to avoid it. Out of this helplessness, fear, need, is born the concept of God.

God is your fear, God is your consolation, God is a promise given to yourself on behalf of God: "Don't be afraid, I am here to protect you" -- although he has not protected anybody. Millions of people have prayed. Old age comes, disease comes, death comes -- God never comes to interfere in all these processes; but still, there is a lingering consolation that perhaps, beyond death, He will be waiting for you.

The priests have used your fear to exploit you. They have been giving you continual consolation. It is nothing but psychological opium. And you can see the fact in your own life. When you are happy, young, in love, in joy, you don't bother about God, you don't bother about prayer. Just go to any church, and see who the people are who are in the congregation -- mostly old women. Rarely will you find a young man. And if you find one, you will also find that he is retarded.

The archbishop of Greece threatened that he would burn me alive if I didn't leave Greece within twenty-four hours. I had not even gone out of the house -- for fifteen days I was there. I inquired about his congregation in which he had threatened me. And Amrito, one of my sannyasins, laughed, and she said, "You ask strange questions. He's threatening to burn You and the house and the people who are staying with You -- almost twenty-five people -- and You are asking about his congregation?"

I said, "You will understand the relevance of my question. Just answer first."

She said, "Nobody goes there, only six old women."

He had announced that he was going to take a protest march, but it never happened -- because, with six old women, what kind of protest march are you going to take? You will simply become a laughingstock. But why are these poor old women listening to this idiot? I call him an idiot, because he does not understand what he is saying. The archbishop is the representative of one of the most significant human beings, Jesus Christ. And the Greek Orthodox church is one of the oldest churches -- older than the Vatican. Jesus was first translated in Greece; hence, his name has changed -- his name was Joshua, not Jesus. He never knew the word "Christ" or "Christian." They are Greek translations of the Hebrew words "Messiah, the Messenger."

Such an old tradition in the world this archbishop represents. Every day he reads the words of Jesus, and Jesus says, "Love your enemies," -- and I am not even an enemy. He is ready to burn a friend alive. Perhaps as these people go on reading, it becomes a mechanical habit.

In the university where I was a student, one of the professors, a Mohammedan, was well-known as a very religious and spiritual person. In that area, there were very few students who ever came to his department because it was a Hindi-speaking area and he taught in Urdu, the language of the Mohammedans, so he had almost no work. The whole day in the university, sitting in his office, he would go on reading the holy KORAN. He was an old man, and once in a while he would fall asleep.

His department was just by the side of the department of philosophy where I was studying. Passing by his department, I used to look from the window to see whether the old man was asleep or reading -- most of the time he was asleep.

Whenever I found that he was asleep, I would go in and turn the KORAN upside down.

The first time, I had thought that when he woke up he was surely going to be very angry: "Who has done it?" But I was amazed. I was in for a great surprise -- because I was watching from my department. When he woke up, he started reading again. I could not believe it! But the reality was: He had read the KORAN so many times -- his whole life -- that it had become a mechanical memory. It mattered not whether the KORAN was there or not -- he could read the KORAN even if the KORAN was not there.

I could not contain my curiosity. I went into his room and I said, "Your KORAN is upside down; and you are still reading it."

He cleaned his eyes, and he looked at the KORAN. He said, "My God! Who has done this?"

"I think it must have been the devil. Who would disturb your religiousness? But even the devil cannot disturb it. You can read... whatever the position of the KORAN is does not matter."

And I managed it many times. I would go in.... I made a book. The cover was of the KORAN, and the book was made of cuttings from newspapers. Whenever he was asleep I would put my book there, and his KORAN back onto the shelf. Whenever he would wake up, he would start reading his KORAN. He had a beautiful voice -- even in his old age his voice was pure gold -- and the KORAN can be sung, even if you don't understand it. There is nothing much to understand in it, but the very pronunciation of those words is so poetic that you can enjoy it without understanding it -- just like music. You don't have to understand music, but it is soothing, pleasant.

One day he caught me red-handed. When I was changing the books, he caught hold of me. He said, "This is too much. So many times I was wondering... this is strange. The KORAN is on the shelf, and this rubbish... and I have been reading it. And I am an old man; my eyesight is not right, so I cannot figure out what it is. But it doesn't matter; I know it, and I can repeat it even in my sleep -- my wife does not sleep in my room."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "She is tired and bored because, she says, `Any time in the night, you start reciting the KORAN... fast asleep.'"

This is bound to happen if a person is reciting one thing the whole day. It does not matter whether he is awake or

asleep. I said, "You don't be worried. Even in your grave you will recite the KORAN."
He said, "Don't tell this to my wife; otherwise, she will not come even to my grave, even to put two flowers there."
But he was considered by the Mohammedans and by others, a very spiritual man. He was very sick. This is not spirituality: this is stupidity.
You remember God and prayer and the KORAN and THE BIBLE and the GITA only when you are in need. When you are not in any need, and life is going smoothly, you completely forget about God and prayer. Looking at the fact simply shows that the concept of God, and a communication with him in prayer, is nothing but a beggar's bowl. Whenever you are in need, and you feel helpless but you cannot do anything about it... perhaps God can do something. So your prayers are really prayers of a beggar, and the real prayer you never even become aware of.
The real prayer is never that of the beggar, never out of any need. The real prayer is just a thankfulness -- not to any god, but to this whole existence. This whole existence is alive. Everything is throbbing, full of life, full of joy. Look at the trees, look at their greenery, look at their flowers. Look at the mountains, look at the stars, look at the ocean. They are all in prayer -- although they know nothing of God, although they never utter a single word of prayer; but the tree dancing in the wind and the rain and in the sun is in prayer. It is not a need; it is a thankfulness. It is gratitude towards life.
If there is any god which is not man-made, then it is life itself. All gods are man-made; they may be good and

beautiful statues, but they are dead, utterly dead. Even an ordinary tree has more of godliness in it than the gods in your temples. Its life, its greenness, is not its own creation -- it is a gift from existence itself.
Real prayer is nothing but a deep gratitude.
You cannot say it, you can only be it.
Linguistically it looks strange because we have always thought of prayer that we have to say it, we have to do it. I am saying to you: neither can you say it, nor can you do it. You can only be it... a prayerfulness, a simple gratitude, unuttered, unsaid. Existence understands the language of silence. In fact, it understands only the language of silence.

YOU PRAY IN YOUR DISTRESS AND IN YOUR NEED; WOULD THAT YOU MIGHT PRAY ALSO IN THE FULLNESS OF YOUR JOY AND IN YOUR DAYS OF ABUNDANCE.

Kahlil Gibran is saying that your prayers are empty -- because a beggar's bowl is always empty. You should be an emperor! Out of your abundance, out of your joy, out of your love, out of your very life a silent communication arises; you are in tune with existence, with the mountains and with the stars and with the earth. Suddenly you have found a harmony -- that harmony is prayer. All your temples are false, all your masks are empty, all your churches are dead.
Leo Tolstoy, a very significant and creative person, has written a small parable: The archbishop of Russia was hearing everyday -- and was getting more and more irritated and annoyed -- that beyond the lake, outside the

city, there had suddenly sprung out of nowhere, three saints. In India nobody would be surprised, because saints don't need anybody's certificate, or anybody's permission -- "I want to be a saint, sir. Am I allowed?" -- but in Christianity the very word "saint" comes from "sanction." Unless the archpriest sanctions you, you will not be a saint; so this was strange, because he had not sanctioned anybody. From where had these three saints arisen? And so many people were going to touch their feet, his huge cathedral was becoming almost empty.

One day he decided he had to go and see who these people are. He took a motorboat and went to a small island on the lake. Those three saints were sitting under a tree. Just looking at them, he could not believe that these could be the saints. They looked uneducated, uncultured, just farmers, fishermen, gardeners maybe, woodcutters -- that kind of people, simple people -- so he gathered courage.... Up till now he had been feeling nervous. Where were thousands of people going? Every day news was coming... he was feeling nervous to go there; but now he gathered courage, speeded up the motorboat, landed just by the side of the tree, and asked, "Are you the three saints people are talking about?"

They said, "Saints! We are simple people; somebody must have created a rumor."

He said, "But people come here in thousands every Sunday to touch your feet."

They said, "That is true, but just forgive us -- we are poor people."

He said, "What is your prayer? Do you know the prayer of the Orthodox church of Russia?"

They looked at each other and said, "Prayer? We are uneducated; we don't know the prayer of the Orthodox church."
"Then what is your prayer?"
They started nudging each other, "You tell him." They all felt very embarrassed.
He said, "Why are you feeling embarrassed? Tell me what your prayer is -- I'm the archbishop."
They all touched his feet. "If you are the archbishop, then we have to tell you the truth, but it is very embarrassing. Don't tell anybody, keep it a secret; we never do our prayer before others. When there is nobody, when only we three are left -- we are old friends -- then we do our prayer. We have made our prayer, it is very simple...."
In Christianity God is a trinity: God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost. They said, "Finding that God is three, and we are also three, we have made a prayer: `You are three, we are three, have mercy on us.'"
Although angry still, the archbishop had to laugh. He said, "You are idiots. This you call prayer?"
They said, "Up to now we have been doing it because nobody ever taught us... if you tell us the authorized prayer, we will do it. But it should be simple, it should not be long."
But the prayer of the church was long and complicated. They listened and they said, "Please repeat it again."
Two times, three times, four times.... He said, "Are you absolute idiots? Can't you get this small prayer?"
They said, "We want to be completely sure that nothing can go wrong. Big words... but we will try; we will divide it into three parts. That way it will become simple -- one part

I can recite, one part the other fellow can, the third part the third fellow can."
He said, "No, this is not the way -- you have to do the whole prayer!"
They said, "My God... but we will try our best, and we are very grateful that you came. You should not have come, you should have simply sent a message; we would have come ourselves."
Very satisfied that he had put those idiots right -- and now he would see the crowds: "What kinds of fools are you? They don't know even the basic prayer, and you are hailing them as great saints." He was happy that a great trouble was finished.
But in the middle of the lake, suddenly he heard noise. He looked back: all those three were coming running on the water, shouting, "Wait! We have forgotten the prayer!"
The archbishop could not believe it. They were standing on the water by the side of his boat, and they said, "Just one time more."
The archbishop said, "Forget the prayer that I told you -- your prayer is perfectly good. `You are three, we are three, have mercy on us.' And when you pray, please pray for me too."
Prayer is the fragrance of a silent heart. Even if it comes into words, it never comes as a need, but only a thankfulness, a gratitude.
Prayer is innocence.

FOR WHAT IS PRAYER BUT THE EXPANSION OF YOURSELF INTO THE LIVING ETHER?

Melting and merging into the sky, into the vastness that surrounds you, that is prayer. Sitting by the side of the ocean, melting and merging with the waves and the sound of the waves hitting the rocks on the beach -- become one with it, and it is prayer. When the birds are singing, be silent; let their song reach to your being too, and it is prayer.
Prayer has no authorized version -- Hindu or Mohammedan, Christian or Buddhist. Prayer is simply a deep love for all that is, an expansion of your consciousness to the whole that surrounds you, in which you are rooted, from which you get all your life, all your juice, all your dance. Just feeling one with this infinity, this eternity, disappearing into it, is prayer.

AND IF IT IS FOR YOUR COMFORT TO POUR YOUR DARKNESS INTO SPACE....

Just listen to people's prayers -- they are only pouring their darkness into the space. Their prayers are complaints, their prayers are grumpy, their prayers are telling God, "What you are doing is not right." Their prayers are trying to improve upon the intelligence of God. This is pouring darkness, ugliness.
But even if you do it, at least remember:

IT IS ALSO FOR YOUR DELIGHT TO POUR FORTH THE DAWNING OF YOUR HEART.

Sometimes pour your love, too; sometimes pour your light, too. But as far as I understand, you can do only one --

either you can pour darkness or you can pour light. Once you have poured your joy, your song, your dance, you will come to know so much, you will feel so blessed that it will become impossible to complain or to pour your darkness into existence.

AND IF YOU CANNOT BUT WEEP WHEN YOUR SOUL SUMMONS YOU TO PRAYER, SHE SHOULD SPUR YOU AGAIN AND YET AGAIN, THOUGH WEEPING, UNTIL YOU SHALL COME LAUGHING.

People's prayers are nothing but their tears -- tears of sadness, frustration, depression, despair, anguish. Are these the presents you give to existence? Kahlil Gibran says, "Don't be worried -- if you can only weep, then go on weeping. There is a moment when all your tears will be dried out. Don't stop unless your weeping becomes a laughter."

Laughter is authentic prayer. Whenever you are crying and weeping, you are asking for consolation, you are asking for somebody to help you in your despair. But when you are having a belly laughter, you are not asking for anything, you are giving something to existence, just like the cuckoos which are pouring their sweet songs into existence.

Your laughter is a giving away, and a gift worth giving. And if you have experienced, even once, the joy of laughter as prayer, even your tears will not be tears of despair. They will go through a transformation; they will be tears of your joy, of your abundance.

Tears are not necessarily of misery. If you see a friend after many years, your eyes may be filled with tears of sweet

memories, of peaceful yesterdays, of all that has transpired between you and the friend. Those tears are simply a remembrance; they have a beauty of their own. And it happens... there are people here to whom it has happened, and thousands more of my people who have reported to me, "It is strange. People think we are mad because we are laughing and weeping together." Then the prayer is complete.

When tears and laughter have the same quality and the same rhythm, then prayer has come to a completion.

Yes, people will think you mad, because they live a divided life -- either of tears or of laughter. They live a life of "either/or."

One of the most famous Danish philosophers, Soren Kierkegaard, has written a book, EITHER-OR. The book became so famous -- and he was a man.... Not only has he written the book, he lived the life of "either/or." The book is very representative of his duality, his split personality.

One woman told him that she loved him and she wanted to marry him. He remained silent, and the woman said, "Say something -- even a no will be better than this silence."

He said, "I cannot say so quickly. I have to weigh -- either, or. It will take time." And he could never decide his whole life whether to get married or not because the pros and cons were all equal. He would come out of his house, lock the door, go a few yards, come back again to check the lock -- perhaps he has forgotten.... He used to come out of his house only one time every month.

Seeing his situation, his father deposited money in the post office -- "Every month a certain amount has to be given to him, because I don't see that he can work, or he can do

anything or earn anything." So every month, on the first day, he would go to the post office with urchins following him shouting, "Either/or! Either/or!"

The whole of Copenhagen was aware of the man, that he was a very strange type. In the post office he would get his monthly installment, he would count it, and after five minutes on the way he would again count it. After ten minutes, reaching near the house, he would again count it. The question was always... perhaps he had forgotten, perhaps he had counted wrongly. And he was one of the great thinkers of Denmark! He is the father of a certain school of philosophy, which is the most prominent today in Europe, particularly on the Continent: Existentialism.

The day he got his last installment, the postmaster said, "Now you need not bother to come again; the money your father has deposited is finished with this installment." Hearing this -- you will be surprised -- the man fell down and died, because that money was the only thing that he had in the world. He lived in a dark house, dismal, dirty, alone... he would not even open his windows because those urchins were continuously torturing him. They would come to the windows and knock on them, and call in, "Either/or!" -- that had become his name.

Man has been living with the same kind of approach to life, "Either/or" -- either tears or laughter. So when you see somebody laughing and with tears flowing, you will think he is mad. But, in fact, he has become whole -- he is no more split. His laughter and tears have joined hands together in a dance.

So if it happens to you -- and it is going to happen to every meditator some time or other -- don't be worried; you are

not going insane, you are going sane for the first time. You have lived an insane life because of the division of everything -- body and soul, matter and spirit, this world and that world, mundane existence and sacred God. You have always lived with this continuous division, and nobody can live as a divided house. That destroys your energy, because you are constantly in conflict with yourself.

In India, in the villages particularly, I have heard... and I could not figure out in my childhood what these uneducated women meant when they said to their children, "Don't laugh too much; otherwise you will start weeping." I was puzzled, because I thought weeping and laughter are opposite poles, diametrically opposite. But these village women have somehow been carrying a wisdom for centuries: "Don't laugh too much; otherwise you will start crying." From both the sides... if you laugh too much, you will find tears joining in the dance; if you weep too much, you will find laughter joining in the dance.

But we are never total in anything. We weep and we weep half-heartedly; we laugh and we laugh only a Jimmy Carter type of laughter -- it is just an exercise of the lips, it does not have any roots in the heart. I have heard that his wife used to close his mouth every night. The whole day if you are keeping your mouth open -- ear to ear -- it becomes a fixed style of your lips. They lose their elasticity. I don't know how far the story is true, but I suspect that there is every possibility of its being true.

One night, Jimmy Carter's wife phoned the President's personal physician, "Come immediately! A mouse has entered my husband's mouth."

The doctor was puzzled. He said, "What you are doing?"
She said, "What can I do? I have never heard of such a case. Suggest something -- because it will take half an hour for you to reach here."
He said, "You do one thing: take a piece of cheese and hang it inside the mouth... perhaps the mouse may turn; the cheese may attract him."
It seemed logical, so the wife tried. When the doctor reached the house, he could not believe it. The wife was hanging a mouse over his mouth. He said, "Are you mad or something? You told me that a mouse had got inside his mouth, and I have asked you to hang a piece of cheese. It seems the cheese has gone in, and you are hanging a mouse."
She said, "You don't know the whole story. By the time I brought the cheese from the fridge, a cat was going in. Then I thought it was better to catch hold of the mouse -- and this is not a real mouse, it is just made of rubber; my children play with it. From where to get a real mouse so quickly? -- I am trying first to get the cat out, then the question of the mouse arises. Things have gone from bad to worse."
I don't know how far it is true... but people are laughing with just their lips, it does not go deeper than that. If it goes deeper, it will reach to the same source from where the tears come. If you are capable of allowing yourself totality, your laughter and your tears will come together in a joyous dance.

WHEN YOU PRAY YOU RISE TO MEET IN THE AIR THOSE WHO ARE PRAYING AT THAT VERY HOUR,

AND WHOM SAVE IN PRAYER YOU MAY NOT MEET.

The prayer that I am describing to you, the silent gratitude, is tremendously uplifting.
Kahlil Gibran is handing over to you a great secret. All the people on the earth who are praying at that moment will have a meeting of consciousness -- because their consciousness is uplifted from their bodies, far away in the sky.
This meeting has been known by many mystics, and because of an old association with the word "God" they have thought that their soul is meeting God. It is not God, it is all those souls which have uplifted at the same moment into the higher realms of being. And he is absolutely right that you may not meet these people, ever, in any other way. And this meeting will give you an immense nourishment. You may have felt it here. Just the other night, Anando was telling me that the discourse was immensely nourishing. It looks a little strange... people say it was interesting, people say it was very profound. But Anando said to me as I was going back, "It was very nourishing."
In this silence, there is a meeting, and that meeting is immensely nourishing.

THEREFORE LET YOUR VISIT TO THAT TEMPLE INVISIBLE BE FOR NAUGHT BUT ECSTASY AND SWEET COMMUNION.

Many people meditating, praying at the same time, create almost a temple of consciousness in the sky, invisible to

our ordinary eyes but absolutely visible to our inner being. In the East, we have called it the third eye. When you start seeing the temple of consciousness being created by many meditators or people who are praying at the same moment, these eyes are of no use -- they can see only the material, the visible. But something, a third eye, opens in you. And to see the invisible temple made by the consciousness of many people is a great freedom -- freedom from your man-made temples, synagogues, churches.

Mohammedan mystics have been the most prominent as far as this particular experience is concerned. That's why they pray five times a day, at exact hours, exact time, wherever they are; facing towards Kaaba, their holy temple. But millions of Mohammedans, if they are really in prayer, facing all towards Kaaba, will create a temple of consciousness in the sky. And they have been successful. Other religions have known it, but no other religion has made it so fundamental a discipline to every disciple.

But this is the calamity that falls over every great thing. Their prayers, although they are facing towards Kaaba at the same hour -- millions of people, because Mohammedanism is the second greatest religion in the world, only after Christianity -- but their prayers are not what Kahlil Gibran is talking about.

I used to go often to Udaipur, in Rajasthan. In Udaipur I had my first meditation camp; and I had a very beautiful gathering of people. Going to Udaipur, I had to pass a Mohammedan city, Ajmer. The trains have to be changed, and it was a one-hour gap before we could get the train towards Udaipur.

Many Mohammedans, in the evening, used to do their last prayer on the platform. I used to walk for one hour just behind them, seeing what they were doing. They were praying, looking towards Kaaba, but everybody was also looking again and again backwards to see whether the train was leaving or still standing. It happened so many times -- I was going so many times to Udaipur, every year....

One day a Mohammedan, who was a professor in the University of Jaipur, was traveling in my compartment; he was also praying, down on the platform. It was a beautiful place -- huge trees by the side of the platform -- and he was doing the same stupid thing, knowing perfectly well that the train would leave only after one hour, and that before leaving there would be long whistles, and that it could not leave hundreds of Mohammedans praying on the platform -- but the professor was also doing the same stupid thing. Finally, I sat by his side. He could not speak in his namaz, in his prayer time, but I nudged him many times; and whenever I nudged him, he looked back -- he thought perhaps the train was going. And he was getting very angry because I was disturbing his prayer. When he finished his prayer he said, "I never had expected from you that you would disturb a pious Mohammedan's prayer."

I said, "I was not disturbing -- I was myself worried that the train was leaving so I was nudging you because you may be left here. And even without my nudging, I have seen you looking back again and again. The train was standing there, just a question of not more than twelve feet. Even if it leaves -- and it is a meter-gauged train, goes slowly -- you can catch up with it without any trouble. But what kind of prayer is this that you cannot forget the train? If you are

really honest, it would be better that you face the train rather than facing Kaaba. At least you will not be disturbed by Kaaba. Facing the train, you can do your prayer more at ease."

He said, "Facing the train? Whoever has ever heard that when you are praying, face the train? That would not be prayer."

I said, "That will be prayer, because you will at least be relaxed that the train is standing -- there is no problem. But looking back twenty times, even Kaaba must be getting irritated with you. It is not prayer."

Mohammedans are very clever in that matter; they don't leave their shoes outside the mosque. It is a very strange thing. In every temple -- Hindu, Jaina, Buddhist -- you have to leave your shoes outside. But that is a trouble: people are praying, but they are looking at the shoes, because the best place to steal shoes is a temple where rich people go. Mohammedans have their strategy: They take their shoes inside, but with a certain method. They put the shoes sole-to-sole together, so that the sole does not touch the floor, because the sole is dirty, not the whole shoe -- seems logical. And the way the Mohammedans sit to pray, it is easy to sit on their shoes. So, completely free from the fear that anybody can steal their shoes, they are sitting on them -- inside the mosque.

In my childhood, particularly in the month of Shravana, when all over India the birthday of Krishna is celebrated for many days, and every temple is decorated, and people go with their best clothes, best shoes -- it is a celebration -- I used to go to change my shoes.

My father asked me one day, "I always see new shoes, and you never ask for the money. From where are you getting these shoes?"

I said, "I have found that in the town there are at least thirty temples. Once I get fed up with one pair of shoes, I simply go to the temple. I never go in, I simply sit outside watching, because I have to find my size. And there is no trouble, even if sometimes I get the wrong size -- a little long or a little small -- I can change them, thirty temples...."

He said, "You are something... but this is not right; and you never go inside the temple?"

I said, "Once in a while I go, because in the celebrations for Krishna's birthday, great musicians come to the temple. And if I hear that something really beautiful is happening, I go inside."

Then my father asked, "What about your shoes?"

I said, "For that, I have also a method. I never keep both my shoes together -- one shoe on this side, one shoe on another side. Who is going to steal one shoe? My shoes have never been stolen."

He said, "This is great! I will try it, because my shoes have been stolen many times. This is a good idea, and no harm to anybody. They are our shoes... we can put one here, one far away. There are so many shoes in between, and anybody who is going to steal is in a hurry -- he cannot manage to look for the other shoe."

But I told him, "Don't say this to anybody, because if people start doing this, then I will unnecessarily waste my time: I will have to find the other one. I know if one is there, the other is bound to be there -- it will take just a little effort to find the other."

Hindus, Jainas, and Buddhists who leave their shoes outside, I have seen them -- their hands are towards the statue of God, and their faces are towards their shoes. I have asked many, "To whom are you praying? Should I believe in your head, or should I believe in your hands? And if you have to pray to your shoes, what is the point of coming to the temple? Just put your shoes in front of you in your house and pray -- it will be more relaxed."
Everything gets perverted. The Mohammedan mystics were right -- but how to prevent all these Mohammedans who are looking somewhere else, who are worried because their luggage is in the train? They are doing a ritual, but it has lost its meaning.

FOR IF YOU SHOULD ENTER THE TEMPLE FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN ASKING YOU SHALL NOT RECEIVE....

The very state of asking and begging, "Give us this, give us that," destroys the whole beauty and the sanctity of prayer. You are not concerned with God, your concern is somehow to get something; and because you have to get something, your prayer is nothing but praising God just the way you buttress people's egos: "You are great, you are the greatest, you created the world... just cure my wife of cancer."
How suddenly you come to the cancer of your wife! And what has the "greatest" to do with it -- to do with your wife and cancer? -- praising God and asking, "My son is unemployed. Just be compassionate, don't be too hard...."
You are complaining, you are buttressing -- this is not prayer.

It is one of the great problems in India -- how to get rid of baksheesh. You can manage anything -- you just have to give a few notes under the table, and what was absolutely impossible becomes immediately possible. India cannot get rid of it, because it has been doing the same with God. What to do with a constable, a police commissioner? These are poor fellows -- even God is being given baksheesh. Before every temple, you will find a shop of coconuts. People purchase coconuts as baksheesh. There is a strange story behind the coconut. In the old days, people used to cut the heads of their slaves as sacrifices to God, to please Him. Now that looks very barbarous, so they had to change to some substitute. The coconut looks like a head, with two eyes, a little beard, and mustache, it looks just like a head. And in Hindi, the coconut is called khopra, and the head is called khopri -- just the same words. In fact, you are doing better with a khopra, because that is male and khopri is female. They used to offer blood. Now they only use red color -- but these are the remnants of a barbarous past. And nobody bothers about what you are doing.

Strangely, if you go to the market, the coconut has gone up in price almost eight times more than it used to be in the beginning of this century. Then it used to be only five anas -- one third of a rupee. In the shops before Hindu temples, it is still sold at the same price. It is a miracle. In the market, you have to pay eight times more -- how is the shopkeeper before the temple managing? It is the same coconuts that have been going in a circle -- every day people purchase them, offer to God... every night, the priest brings them back to the shop. They are the most rotten things in the world. Inside there is nothing; they may be

half a century old. So the price has remained the same, and it is a business partnership between the priest and the shopkeeper -- perhaps the shopkeeper is his brother.
Just offering a coconut, you are asking employment for your son, admission in a medical college, success in your love affair -- all kinds of things. I have been sitting, hiding in temples, and listening to what people are asking. I was puzzled. There is not a single thing in the world that you will not hear being asked. Somebody is after some woman, and the woman is not paying any attention to him. Offer a coconut, and God will take care of it.
In India, it is impossible to destroy baksheesh. If even God takes it, what about the police commissioner? You try it. Purchase a coconut from a temple shop, and go to the police commissioner -- and he is a worshiper, because whenever we phone he is always in worship. I am puzzled, for what is he being paid? During office hours, he is in worship. And what is he worshiping? For what? He must be worshiping... how to become somebody higher than the police commissioner -- the Chief police commissioner.
A big promotion, a longer life... these are not prayers, these are not worships -- you are doing business. And the business mind has no possibility of understanding anything of real value: prayer, love, gratitude, blissfulness. These are not commodities which are sold and purchased.

AND IF YOU SHOULD ENTER INTO IT TO HUMBLE YOURSELF YOU SHALL NOT BE LIFTED.

Kahlil Gibran is far more profound than Jesus. Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given to you." And Kahlil Gibran is

saying, "Ask and it shall never be given to you" -- even if you are asking, "God, make me humble." It looks very nice -- you are not asking anything wrong; you are just asking, "Make me humble." But the person who asks, "Make me humble," is indicating two things: one, he is not humble -- he is an egoist -- and he is asking humbleness also as a decoration to his ego. Then he can say, "There is nobody more humble than me." Even humbleness will not be given if asked....
A prayer has to give something to existence -- not to ask. I say to you: Give to existence, and it will be returned to you a thousandfold, but never ask. Religion is not for beggars, it is for emperors -- those who can give.
Or even if you should enter into it to beg for the good of others you shall not be heard.

It looks a little hard, but it is true. You are not asking for yourself, you are asking for others. But the very asking is wrong. You are not trusting the wisdom of existence; hence, you are asking. It is a kind of advice: you know better, existence does not know better.
Don't try to be wiser, to be holier, to be higher than existence. Just relax and surrender yourself. The only thing that you can offer to God is yourself. Offer yourself without any conditions, and without any expectations.

It is enough that you enter the temple invisible.

You should go to a temple -- just stand by the side so nobody observes you, and watch the people who come to pray. If there is a crowd, they pray long, because so many

people are seeing them -- they will spread the rumor in the city that this man is very religious. If there is nobody to observe them, their prayer is a shortcut. They finish it quickly and... gone. What is the point? -- nobody is watching.

I have seen the same person praying before the crowd -- then he goes long -- and the same person alone in the temple, unaware that I am hiding there -- he quickly finishes the prayer. If there is nobody seeing him, what is the point? Your prayer gives you respectability and honor -- that's why Kahlil Gibran is saying, "Enter the temple invisible, as if you are nobody -- almost absent. Don't make noise, don't shout your prayers -- God is not deaf."

There is a beautiful song of one of the mystics, the greatest of the great: Kabir. A Mohammedan is praying very loudly, so loudly that the whole neighborhood can hear. Kabir goes and taps on his shoulder and says, "Remember, God is not deaf. Even if you whisper, He will listen; even if you don't say anything, He will listen even more, because He understands silence, not shouting."

I cannot teach you how to pray in words.

God listens not to your words save when He Himself utters them through your lips.

Unless you are so silent that you allow God to utter a few words through you -- not that you say them, but you allow God to say them, only He hears those words -- your words are not heard.

AND I CANNOT TEACH YOU THE PRAYER OF THE SEAS AND THE FORESTS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

And that is the true prayer. All the trees are in deep meditation, all the mountains are in deep meditation, all the rivers are in deep meditation. Their silence is their prayer.

But you who are born of the mountains and the forests and the seas can find their prayer in your heart.

You are also born of the same earth, of the same seas, of the same forests, so deep in your heart, you can also find the same silence. And that silence is the essential prayer.

AND IF YOU BUT LISTEN IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR THEM SAYING IN SILENCE:
"OUR GOD, WHO ART OUR WINGED SELF...."

This is so beautiful -- remember it. Kahlil Gibran is saying, "In the night, in the deep silent hours of the night, you will hear the trees whisper, the mountains whisper, in silence..."Our God, who art our winged self...."
You are nobody else, just your winged self. We have forgotten our wings. You have not remembered your wings yet. The moment you remember your wings, there is no difference between you and God.
The moment you remember your freedom, the moment you drop all your chains, all your prisons, there is no difference between you and God. There is no need of any prayer, because there is nobody other than you -- but you are on a different plane, winged in the sky.
... It is thy will in us that willeth....

And at that moment you will understand that whatever you do is His doing, whatever you will is His will.
Jesus, on the cross, remembered this profound truth. First, he was annoyed, because no miracle was happening, and he shouted at the sky, "Father, have you forsaken me?" This is not the way of prayer, not the way of meditation. Only in the end, he realizes that his expectation for a miracle is begging; it is not prayer. It is an expectation, a demand; and nobody can demand from existence.

Hence he says, "Thy will be done, not mine." He knows his will is that a miracle should happen, but he has come very close to the truth: "Thy will be done. You simply do your will -- don't listen to me and my will." After this statement a great silence descended on Jesus.

"IT IS THY DESIRE IN US THAT DESIRETH.
IT IS THY URGE IN US THAT WOULD TURN OUR NIGHTS, WHICH ARE THINE, INTO DAYS WHICH ARE THINE ALSO.
WE CANNOT ASK THEE FOR OUGHT, FOR THOU KNOWEST OUR NEEDS BEFORE THEY ARE BORN IN US...."

What is there to demand and ask? Existence knows you -- you are born out of it; you are children of the earth, and the mountains, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars. Even before you become aware of a certain desire, the earth knows it, the sky knows it.
You are rooted deep into existence. Before the flower comes to know, the roots know it; and before the roots

come to know, the earth knows it -- so the man of understanding simply relaxes in a deep let-go: Thy will shall be done.

"THOU ART OUR NEED; AND IN GIVING US MORE OF THYSELF THOU GIVEST US ALL."

The only real prayer is a silent thirst, a silent hunger: Thou art our need, we don't have any other need. Our hearts are empty. We are ready to be Your host... You be our guest. In deep silence, calling God to be your guest is the only prayer.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #13
Chapter title: The seed of blissfulness
4 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN A HERMIT, WHO VISITED THE CITY ONCE A YEAR, CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PLEASURE.
AND HE ANSWERED, SAYING:
PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG, BUT IT IS NOT FREEDOM.
IT IS THE BLOSSOMING OF YOUR DESIRES, BUT IT IS NOT THEIR FRUIT.

IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT, BUT IT IS NOT THE DEEP NOR THE HIGH.
IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING, BUT IT IS NOT SPACE ENCOMPASSED.
AY, IN VERY TRUTH, PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG.
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU SING IT WITH FULLNESS OF HEART; YET I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU LOSE YOUR HEARTS IN THE SINGING.
SOME OF YOUR YOUTH SEEK PLEASURE AS IF IT WERE ALL, AND THEY ARE JUDGED AND REBUKED.
I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK.
FOR THEY SHALL FIND PLEASURE, BUT NOT HER ALONE;
SEVEN ARE HER SISTERS, AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE.
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MAN WHO WAS DIGGING IN THE EARTH FOR ROOTS AND FOUND A TREASURE?

Kahlil Gibran has posed every question in its right context. It is not a question coming out of the blue, it is a question representing the questioner. And he has made every effort to answer the questioner by answering his question. These are two different things.
The philosophical approach towards life answers only the question; it does not matter who is asking it, the question in itself is important to the philosopher. But to the mystic, the question is only a beginning of a deep exposure of the

questioner; hence, the real answer is not arrowed towards the question, but towards the questioner. The question has its roots in the heart of the one who has asked, and unless you answer him, you have not answered.
Kahlil Gibran is very careful that, when he is answering the question, he should not forget the questioner. The question is superficial; the real problem is deep down in the heart of the one who has asked.

THEN A HERMIT, WHO VISITED THE CITY ONCE A YEAR, CAME FORTH AND SAID, SPEAK TO US OF PLEASURE.

Does it not look very strange that a hermit should ask about pleasure? It appears so, but in truth the hermit has renounced pleasure and is tortured by his own renunciation. He cannot forget the possibility that perhaps those who are living the life of pleasure are the right ones, perhaps by renouncing life and its pleasures he has simply gone wrong. The feeling is not just a superficial thought, it is deep in his very being -- because since he has renounced pleasure, he has lost all zest for life, all will even to breathe. Even to wake up in the morning... for what? Since he has renounced, he has died a kind of death, he is no more a living being. Although he breathes, eats, walks, speaks... I say unto you: his life is only posthumous. He is like a ghost, who has died long ago. The moment he renounced existence, he renounced life also; he committed a spiritual suicide.

But all the religions have been teaching nothing but spiritual suicide. They are all anti-life -- and if you are anti-life, naturally the only way for you is to go on repressing your natural desires, longings.

The hermit, who has been praised down the ages as a saint, as holy, is nothing but a repressed soul who has not allowed himself to live, who has not allowed himself to dance, to love. He is like a tree which has renounced its own foliage, which has renounced its own flowers, and its own fruits -- dry and juiceless the tree stands, just a faded memory.
All this has been done because there are vested interests in the world which want you to be just alive -- but not to live; just to survive, but not in your fullness -- only at the minimum, not at the maximum. They have turned every human being into a summertime river. They don't allow you to be flooded with rain, and to have a taste of something widening, expanding, some dream of a future meeting with the ocean. A summertime river has shrunken, has become shallow, has become broken.
The hermit has died at the very center of his being. His body goes on living, but he does not know what life is, because pleasure is the only language that life understands. Although pleasure is not the end, it is certainly the beginning -- and you cannot reach the end if you have missed the beginning. The hermit needs all your compassion, not your worship. Your worship has been the cause of many people committing suicide, because you have been worshiping those who are renouncing pleasure. You are fulfilling their egos and destroying their souls. You

are partners in a great crime: they are committing suicide, but you are also murdering them by your worship.
The question -- coming from a hermit asking Almustafa: speak to us of pleasure -- is immensely significant. It needs courage even to ask such a question -- as far as your so-called sages and saints are concerned.
It must have been twenty-five years ago, when I happened to speak in a conference.... Just before me a Jaina monk, Chandan Muni, who was very much respected by his community and religion, inaugurated the conference. He spoke about great blissfulness, great joy in renouncing life, in renouncing the mundane, profane pleasures. I was sitting by his side, watching him, but I could not see any sign that he had known what he is talking about. He appeared dry and dead, his statements were repetitions, parrot-like, from the scriptures. It was not a poetry -- spontaneous, flowing like a stream from the mountains, young, fresh, singing, dancing towards the ocean.
When I spoke, after him, I said, "The man who was speaking just now is simply a hypocrite" -- and he was sitting by my side -- "he knows nothing of ecstasy, nothing of blissfulness, because the man who has renounced pleasure has renounced the first step -- which leads to the final step of blissfulness. It is impossible to reach to blissfulness if you are against pleasure and against life."
There was a great shock... because people don't speak what they feel; people speak only what other people appreciate. And I could feel the vibrations of Chandan Muni -- it was a beautiful morning, there was a cool breeze, but he was perspiring. But he was a sincere man. He did not stand up to contradict me, on the contrary, I received a messenger in

the afternoon, who said, "Chandan Muni wants to meet you, and he's very sorry that he cannot come, because his committee will not allow it."
I said, "There is no problem. I am not imprisoned, my wings are not cut. I don't care about any committee -- I can come."
So he said, "First let me go and make arrangements so that you can meet in privacy."
I said, "What is the matter? Let others be there."
But he said, "You don't understand. Since this morning, Chandan Muni has been crying. He's seventy years old and he became a monk when he was only twelve years old. His father became a monk, the mother had died -- now where was this child to go? This was the most convenient thing, that he also become a monk with his father; so he became a monk. He has never known what life is, he has never played with children, he has never seen anything that can be called pleasant."
So I said, "Okay, you go ahead and make arrangements -- I am coming." Still, a crowd gathered. They had been suspecting since the morning that something had happened to Chandan Muni -- he's not speaking and his eyes are full of tears. He had to beg of the crowd, "Please, leave the two of us alone!"
He locked the doors, and he said to me, "It was hard to hear your words -- they were like arrows going directly into my heart; but whatever you said is true. I am not as courageous as I should be, and that's why I don't want anybody else to hear this, but I have not known life. I have not known anything. I have only learnt from scriptures -- they are

empty. And now at the age of seventy, what do you suggest for me to do?"
I said, "I think the first thing is to open the doors and let the people come in. Of what are you afraid? You don't have anything to lose. You have never lived -- you died at the age of twelve. Now, a dead man has nothing to lose... but let them listen. They have been worshiping you; just because of their worship your ego was fulfilled, and you managed to live this torturous life, this horrible nightmare that religions have called saintliness -- it is simply pathology."
He was hesitant, but still he gathered courage and opened the doors. And when the people heard that he knows nothing, rather than praising his honesty and sincerity, they all started condemning him, saying, "You have been cheating us!" They threw him out of their temple.
For truth it seems there is no home, but for hypocrisy, all worship, all respectability, is available.
This hermit reminds me of Chandan Muni. I don't know what happened to him, but whatever may have happened must have been better than what had been happening before. At least he sacrificed his respectability for being sincere, for being truthful, and this is a big step.
The hermit is asking: speak to us of pleasure.... The word "pleasure" is without any meaning for the hermit; he has heard only condemnation about it. He may have himself been condemning it, but he has never tasted it.
A beautiful story I would like to tell you: One day in paradise, in one of the ZORBA THE BUDDHA restaurants, Gautam Buddha, Confucius, and Lao Tzu were sitting and chitchatting. A beautiful naked woman -- it is

my restaurant, nobody else's, and it is not in the territory of the Poona Police Commissioner -- came with a big jug and asked the three, "Would you like to have some juice of life?"

Buddha immediately closed his eyes. He said, "Be ashamed of yourself! You are trying to degrade us. With great effort and arduous austerities, somehow we have reached here, and you have brought juice of life. Get lost!" And he said all these things with closed eyes.

But Confucius kept his eyes half open, half closed. That's his whole philosophy: the golden mean -- neither this extreme nor that extreme. He said, "I would like to have a little taste, because without tasting it I cannot say anything about it." She poured into a cup some juice of life. Confucius just sipped it, gave it back to her, and said, "It is very bitter."

Lao Tzu said, "Give me the whole jug." The woman said, "The whole jug? Are you going to drink from the jug?" He said, "That's my approach to life: unless you have drunk it in its totality, you cannot say anything about it. It may be bitter in the beginning, it may be sweet in the end -- who knows?"

Before the woman could say anything, he took the jug away, and just drank, in one single breath, the whole juice of life. He said, "Confucius, you are wrong. Everything needs a certain training in taste. It was bitter because it was unknown to you; it was bitter because you were already prejudiced against it. Your whole talk about the golden mean is empty philosophy. I can say that the more I drank of it, the sweeter it became. First it was only pleasant; in the end it became ecstatic."

Buddha could not stand this praise of life. He simply stood up and moved out of the ZORBA THE BUDDHA restaurant. Lao Tzu said, "What happened to this fellow? He has been sitting with closed eyes. In the first place, there is no need to close your eyes -- the woman is so beautiful. If there was something ugly you can close your eyes, it is understandable, but to close your eyes to such a beautiful woman is to show insensitivity, is to show humiliation, condemnation, is to show some deep-rooted fear. Perhaps that fellow is very repressed, and he is afraid his repression may surface."

Confucius was not ready to listen to Lao Tzu, because he was going too far from the golden mean, so he left. And Lao Tzu started dancing. I have heard he is still dancing.... Life has to be lived before you decide anything about it -- for or against. Those who have lived it in its intensity and totality have never been against it. Those who have been against it are the people who have never lived it in its intensity, who have never allowed it their totality; they have kept themselves aloof and closed -- but that's what the religions have been teaching, and how they have been destroying humanity.

Almustafa replied:

PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG....

The statements he is going to make are very significant:

PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG,
BUT IT IS NOT FREEDOM.

Pleasure is only a song, a by-product; when you know freedom, the song will arise in you. But they are not synonymous. The song may remain silent... it depends. You feel pleasure only when you are living a moment of freedom -- freedom from care, freedom from worries, freedom from concerns, freedom from jealousies, freedom from everything. In that moment of absolute freedom a song arises in you, and that song is pleasure. Freedom is the mother, the song is only one of the children; there are many other children to the mother. So they are not synonymous. Freedom brings many flowers -- it is only one of those flowers. And freedom brings many treasures -- it is only one of those treasures.

IT IS THE BLOSSOMING OF YOUR DESIRES,
BUT IT IS NOT THEIR FRUIT.

Flowers are beautiful. You can enjoy them, appreciate them, but they cannot nourish you, they cannot become your food. You can have them for decoration but they cannot become your blood, your bones, and your marrow. This is what he means...it is the blossoming of your desires, but it is not their fruit.
So don't stop at pleasure -- there is much more ahead. Enjoy the flowers, collect the flowers, make a garland of the flowers, but remember, there are fruits also. And the fruit of your ripening is not pleasure; the fruit is blissfulness.
Pleasure is only a beginning -- the tree is ready. The flowers are a song to announce that the tree is pregnant, and soon the fruits will be coming.

Don't get lost in pleasures, but don't escape from them either. Enjoy them, but remember -- there is much more to life than pleasure.
Life does not end with pleasure, it only begins with it; the fruit is blissfulness. But pleasure gives you some taste of what is going to be ahead. It gives you a dream, a longing for more; it is a promise, "Just wait, fruits will be coming. Don't close your eyes to the flowers; otherwise you will never find the fruits."
That's what I have been telling you again and again, in different ways. My words may be different, but my song is the same. I may enter the temple from different doors, but it is the same temple.
Zorba is only a flower, Buddha is the fruit. Unless you have both, you are not complete, something is missing; there will always remain a gap in your heart, a dark corner in your soul. Unless Buddha and Zorba dance together in your being, the flower and the fruit, the beginning and the end, you will not know the real meaning of existence.
The meaning of existence has not to be searched for by your intellect, it has to be experienced in life.

IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT....

Pleasure is a depth calling unto a height. Remember always that every depth is always close to a height -- only sunlit tops of mountains have deep valleys by their side. Pleasure is in the valleys, but if you have known pleasure, it will create, it will stir in your being, the longing for that faraway sunlit peak. If the darkness is so beautiful, if the valley is so fulfilling, how can you contain your temptation

to reach to the heights? When the depths give so much, you have to explore the heights.
Pleasure is a tremendous temptation to reach to the heights. It is not against your spiritual growth; it is a friend, not a foe. And those who have denied it have denied the heights also, because the heights and the valleys exist together. The valleys have their own beauty, there is nothing sinful about them, there is nothing evil about them -- just don't get lost. Enjoy, but remain alert -- because there is much more. And you should not be content with the darkness of the valley. The pleasure creates in you a spiritual discontent: if darkness can give so much, can yield so much, what about the heights?

IT IS A DEPTH CALLING UNTO A HEIGHT,
BUT IT IS NOT THE DEEP NOR THE HIGH.

Pleasure itself is more like plain ground. On one side is the high peak of the mountain; because of the height of the mountain it seems to be the depth, but really it is plain ground.
There are depths and there are heights. If you fall into depths, you will be falling into a painful existence, into anguish -- below pleasure is pain. Above pleasure is blissfulness, ecstasy.
It is unfortunate that millions of very nice people have renounced pleasure and fallen into the dark, bottomless hole of pain, misery, austerity; but they go on consoling themselves -- because their scriptures go on telling them that the more you suffer, the more you will gain after life. Nobody tells them, "There is no need to wait for a paradise

after life. Don't go against pleasure, but follow the pleasure into its totality, and it will start leading you, by and by, upwards towards the heights."
Here you can be in hell, you can be in heaven; it all depends on you -- where you are moving. Don't move against pleasure; let pleasure be your arrow moving towards the stars.

IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING....

In pleasure, the caged bird grows wings, but still it is in the cage; now it has wings, but it has not the sky available to it. It can be said, "Pleasure is caged blissfulness."
Blissfulness is pleasure on the wing, rising higher into the sky. When pleasure becomes free from all prisons, it goes through a transmutation, a transformation. It has the seed in it; somebody just has to remind it, "You are containing tremendous potential." It has wings, but is not aware of its wings.
To be with a master is not to learn something.
To be with a master is to be infected by something.
Seeing the master on the wing, in the air, suddenly you become aware, "I have also got the same wings." The master becomes a remembrance. It is not a teaching that a master transfers, it is a remembrance that he invokes.

IT IS THE CAGED TAKING WING,
BUT IT IS NOT SPACE ENCOMPASSED.

So, those who know pleasure have become acquainted with their wings; now they have to find their way out of the

cage. And the cage is your own, home-made. It is your jealousy, which you go on feeding; it is your competitiveness, which you go on giving energy to; it is your own ego, which you don't drop but go on carrying -- howsoever heavy the burden is. The cage is not somebody else's; hence it is very easy to drop it.

It happened to one of the Sufi mystics, Al-Hillaj Mansoor.... I love the man very much. There have been many mystics, and there will be many mystics, but I don't think anybody will have the same taste as Al-Hillaj Mansoor. He was rare in every sense. For example, somebody asked him, "How to be free? You all go on talking about freedom, freedom -- but how to be free?"

He said, "It is very simple, just see." They were sitting in a mosque with pillars like these. Al-Hillaj went close to a pillar, caught hold of the pillar with both hands and started shouting, "Help me! How can I be free from this pillar?"

The man said, "Don't be mad, you yourself are clinging to the pillar; nobody is doing anything, neither is the pillar doing anything. What nonsense are you doing?"

He said, "I am simply answering you. You had asked me how to be free, have you ever asked anybody the art of not being free? That you know perfectly well. You go on creating new chains, new bondages... it is your own doing. Undo it! And it is good that it is your own doing, because you can undo it without anybody else's permission."

Still, Al-Hillaj was holding the pillar. The man said, "At least now I have understood the point, but please leave that pillar because a crowd is gathering. Everybody knows you are mad, but I am feeling embarrassed to be with you!"

He said, "Only if you have really understood will I leave this pillar; otherwise, I will die with this pillar."
He said, "My God, to ask you a question is to create trouble."
And the crowd started abusing the person. They said, "Why did you disturb Al-Hillaj? What kind of question have you asked?"
He said, "It is strange, I had asked a simple question, How to be free? Rather than answering, he went to the pillar, and he's holding the pillar, and he's shouting for help. That's why you all have gathered."
And Al-Hillaj was still shouting, "Help me! How can I be free?"
Finally, the man said, "Forgive me, I will try, but don't make too much mockery of me. Leave that pillar!"
He said, "What do you think? -- am I holding the pillar or is the pillar holding me?"
The man said, "Mansoor, although you have become a great mystic, we were boyhood friends, we studied in the same school; just remember our friendship before this whole crowd. Now the whole town is here, and they are all angry with me. This is not the way to answer a question -- I was asking a philosophical question."
Mansoor said, "Philosophical question? Then you should not come to a man like me. Philosophy is only for fools. Those who are really in search of truth, only they should enter my house -- this is the house of God. And I have answered you, `If you want to be free, you can be free this very moment, because you are holding all your chains as if they are not chains but ornaments. Drop them! Even if they

are made of gold, they are not allowing you to be free, and they are not allowing your wings to open in the air.'"

AY, IN VERY TRUTH, PLEASURE IS A FREEDOM-SONG.
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU SING IT WITH FULLNESS OF HEART....

Man has completely forgotten one thing -- fullness. He loves, but there is not fullness of the heart. He weeps, but the tears are shallow -- perhaps only a formality. He smiles, because he is expected to smile.
I have heard about one boss, and he knew not more than three jokes. But every day he would collect his whole office -- all the clerks, head clerks -- and he would tell one of those jokes. And they all would laugh as if they had never heard it. They had to, because not to laugh was an insult to the boss.
One day one woman typist did not laugh, and the boss said, "What is the matter. Why are you not laughing?"
She said, "I am resigning; I have got another job. Why should I laugh?"
People are laughing out of formality, respectfulness, but this kind of laugh cannot be wholehearted. None of your actions is total: that is your misery, that is your hell.
A king had come to see a Zen master. The Zen master had a beautiful garden and just in front of the gate, an old man was chopping wood. The king asked him, "Can I ask, who are you?"
He said, "Who am I? You can see -- a woodcutter."

He said, "That's true, that I can see, but I have come to see your master."
He said, "My master? I don't have any master."
The king thought, this man seems to be mad. But just to complete the conversation he said, "But is this a Zen monastery?"
The man said, "Maybe."
So the king moved ahead. When he reached the house deep inside the forest, he entered the house, and he saw the same woodcutter, wearing the robe of a Zen monk, sitting in a Zen posture, looking really beautiful and graceful. The king looked at his face. He said, "What is going on? Do you have a twin brother?"
He said, "Perhaps."
The king said, "Who is cutting wood in front of the gate?"
He said, "Whoever is cutting wood, he is a woodcutter. What business is it to talk about a woodcutter? I am a master."
The king was very much puzzled, but the master said, "Don't feel puzzled. When I am cutting wood, I am a woodcutter -- I don't leave any space for anything else. And when I am a master, I am a master. You have not met two persons, you have met one person who is always total. Next time you may find me fishing in the pond, then you will meet a fisherman. Whatever I do, I am my action -- in my totality."
Moment to moment, living life in totality, is my whole teaching. Those who have known life and its mysteries are agreed upon one point: that you should be full of heart, whatever you are doing.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: and I fain would have you sing it with fullness of heart.... When the song of freedom happens to you, let your whole heart dance, sing.

YET I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU LOSE YOUR HEARTS IN THE SINGING.

This is a very strange, but significant, statement. It seems to be contradictory. He is saying, "Sing the song with the fullness of your heart, but still remain alert. Don't get lost, don't stop witnessing."
When your action is total and the witness is silently watching it, you will not only find the song of pleasure; you will also find something far greater, which we have been calling blissfulness. Blissfulness comes with the witness. Pleasure needs totality -- but don't get lost into it; otherwise you will have stopped at pleasure and will not move higher than that.

SOME OF YOUR YOUTH SEEK PLEASURE AS IF IT WERE ALL, AND THEY ARE JUDGED AND REBUKED....

Of course, by the old. The swift and the strong and the bold of step are always condemned by the crippled, criticized in many ways. It is a cover-up. The crippled person cannot accept that he is crippled, and he cannot accept that somebody else is not crippled. To cover his inferiority he starts condemning, criticizing.

The old people are continuously condemning the young seekers of pleasure, judging them as sinners, although deep down in their own being they would like still to be young. Some of your youth seek pleasure as if it were all.... It is wrong to think that pleasure is all, but it is also wrong to judge and condemn them. The man who condemns them is deep down hankering for the same thing, but finds himself weaker, older, no longer adequate enough.
The wiser man will say, "Seek pleasure -- there is no harm in it. But remember this is not all, because I have known higher things, better things. But I will not stop you from seeking. Seek with the fullness of your heart! In that very fullness of the heart and that very search and the experience of pleasure, perhaps you may start looking for something higher, something better; something more alive, more beautiful, more immortal."
The wise man never condemns -- that is the criterion of a wise man -- and those who condemn are simply OTHERwise, not wise.

I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK....

Kahlil Gibran has an immense treasure of wisdom.

I WOULD NOT JUDGE NOR REBUKE THEM. I WOULD HAVE THEM SEEK.
FOR THEY SHALL FIND PLEASURE. BUT NOT HER ALONE:
SEVEN ARE HER SISTERS, AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE.

Here he has referred to an eastern tradition of Tantra, which talks about seven chakras -- seven centers of your growth. This is something to be very carefully understood. Perhaps people who have been reading Kahlil Gibran may have never bothered about who the seven sisters are, and even if they had thought about them, I don't think.... Unless they know something about Tantra and the Eastern findings of the inner ladder of growth, they will not be able to understand.

In the university where I used to teach, there were many professors who loved Kahlil Gibran, and I have asked many of them, "Can you say something to me about the seven sisters?"
They said, "Seven sisters? I know nothing about them."
I said, "What kind of reading do you do?"
Kahlil Gibran is saying:

AND THE LEAST OF THEM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PLEASURE."

They used to say to me, "You read things in a strange way. We have passed this sentence, but the question never arose. Now that you ask, we also wonder, Who are the seven sisters?" The people in the West will certainly be unaware. If even in the East they don't know who the seven sisters are, what to say about the West?
Tantra talks about seven centers -- and pleasure is not even the first center. Pleasure is below the first center. Pleasure is a biological phenomenon; it is your sexuality. It uses

your energy, but it is a bondage with biology. Biology wants you to reproduce children, because biology knows you are not dependable. You can pop off any moment....

Biology has its own ways to keep the stream of life flowing. If there were no pleasure in sexual experiences, I don't think any man or any woman would reproduce children; then the whole thing would look so stupid -- such strange gymnastics. All women are aware of it, only men are not so aware. While making love, women want to put the light off, but the man wants the light on. It is very strange to find a woman who keeps her eyes open while making love; she closes her eyes -- let this idiot do whatsoever he feels. If there were no pleasure.... It is a trick and a strategy of biology, just like giving a chocolate to a child -- a little pleasure so you can suffer the gymnastics. And slowly, slowly you become so accustomed to the chocolate....

Above the pleasure center is the first chakra, which sometimes -- very rarely -- is experienced by accident. People are not aware of the whole science of Tantra; otherwise everybody would be able to understand the first center very easily. Just a small pleasure of making love does not take you to the first center, but if your lovemaking brings an orgasmic explosion... but people are so quick in making love!

This quickness in making love is a by-product of your religious upbringing, because they have been condemning sex. They have not been able to destroy it, but they have certainly succeeded in making it short. They have not been able to destroy it completely, but they have poisoned it. So

even when people in love are making love, both feel ashamed, as if they are doing something ugly -- so the quicker it ends the better!

For biological purposes, it is perfectly okay -- biology is not interested in your orgasmic experience. But if you can prolong the process of lovemaking, if you can make it a meditation, silent, beautiful, if you make it something sacred... before making love you take a bath, and when you enter your bedroom you enter with the same feeling as you enter into the temple. It is a temple of love, but in the temple of love, people are fighting, quarreling, nagging, throwing pillows at each other, shouting, screaming; you destroy the whole atmosphere.

You should burn incense, you should play some beautiful music, you should dance. You should not be in a hurry to make love -- that should be the climax of your whole game. You should meditate together, you should be silent together, you should dance together. In this dance, in this togetherness, in this singing, with the incense, you must create in your bedroom a temple -- and then only....

You should not make an effort to make love; let it happen spontaneously, on its own accord. If it does not happen, there is no need to worry -- you enjoyed the meditation, you enjoyed the dance, you enjoyed the music. It has been a beautiful experience, leave it.

Your love should not be an action, it should be a spontaneous phenomenon that surprises you. Only in that spontaneity can love become orgasmic. And the moment love becomes orgasmic, you have reached the first chakra,

you have met the first sister -- which is far more beautiful than pleasure.
The first three chakras are self-centered: The first is unconscious orgasmic pleasure; the second is half conscious, half asleep; the third is fully conscious orgasmic pleasure. In the third your love and your meditation meet. The next three... the fourth is the heart center. Only at the fourth is the beginning of a new world -- the world of love. Below the fourth it was only refinement of sexual energy; with the fourth you transcend sex completely. There is no more refinement. You have entered into a new kind of energy, qualitatively different from sex. It is the same energy, but so refined that the very refinement makes it a totally new phenomenon.

At the fourth center, when you are entering into love, you can feel it but you cannot express it. It is so new... you don't have any words. It is so unknown and so sudden that time stops, mind stops. You are suddenly in a silence that you have never dreamt of before.
With the fifth center, expression comes into being: love becomes creativity. It may find expression in different ways in different people -- it may become music, it may become poetry, it may become a sculpture, it may become dance -- infinite are the possibilities. But one thing is certain: when you are at the fifth center, love becomes creative.

Below the first center love was only productive -- productive of children. At the fifth center it becomes creative; you create new kinds of children. For the poet, his

poetry is his child; for the musician, his music is his child. At the fifth center everybody becomes a mother, a womb.

These two centers, the fourth and the fifth, are centered on the other. The first three were centered on your own self -- that's why sex is never a fulfillment and sex is always a quarrel, a fight. It creates intimate enemies, not friends, because both the partners are self-centered. They want to get more and more pleasure from the other. Both are wanting; nobody is ready to give.
The fourth and fifth change the direction: from getting, the transformation is towards giving. Hence in love there is no quarrel, no jealousy, no fight. It gives freedom. It is creative -- it creates something beautiful for the other, for the beloved. It may be painting, it may be music, it may be a beautiful garden, but the center is the beloved. It is not for one's own pleasure, it is for the happiness and pleasure of the other. If the other is happy, one is happy.

With the sixth center your energy enters again into a new experience. In Tantra it is called, "the opening of the third eye." It is only a symbol. It means you have now attained a clarity of vision, you can see without any hindrance; there are no longer any curtains on your eyes -- nothing hinders your vision. You can see without any projection, you can see things as they are -- in their truth, in their beauty; it is not that you are projecting something. Before this center, everybody is projecting.
Of course, there are people who will not be able to enjoy classical music, because they have not been trained to project. They can only enjoy modern contemporary western

music -- which to the real musical person is nothing but insane noise, a kind of neurosis. People are jumping and screaming from the Beatles to the Talking Heads -- it is all insanity, it is not music.... But to enjoy classical music, you need a certain discipline.

If you want to enjoy the music of the wind passing through the pine trees, you will need a clarity, a silence; you are not expecting anything, you are not projecting anything.

With the opening of the third eye, you are no longer separate from the other. At the first three centers you were self-centered; with the two other centers, you were other-oriented. With the sixth you become one with the other -- there is no longer separation. Lovers start feeling a kind of synchronicity. Their heartbeat has the same rhythm, they start understanding each other without saying a single word.

With the seventh -- that is the highest man can rise in the body, it is called sahastrara the seventh center of your being -- you become one with the whole universe. First you become one with your beloved at the sixth center; at the seventh, you become one with the ultimate, with the whole. These are the seven sisters that Kahlil Gibran is mentioning, and this is the whole spectrum of spiritual growth.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE MAN WHO WAS DIGGING IN THE EARTH FOR ROOTS AND FOUND A TREASURE?

It is an ancient proverb in Lebanon. A man was digging for roots; he was so hungry he could not afford even to buy

fruit, so he was digging for roots to eat. But he found a treasure. Referring to it, he is saying, "We started by digging for roots -- pleasure; but if you go on digging, you may find treasures beyond treasures."
It is a fact established by all the mystics of the East that with the seventh you become absolutely free from all prisons, from all thoughts, from all religions, from all ideologies; with the seventh, your cage has disappeared. Now you can breathe in the open sky and you can fly to the stars.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #14
Chapter title: A dewdrop cannot offend the ocean
5 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND SOME OF YOUR ELDERS REMEMBER PLEASURES WITH REGRET LIKE WRONGS COMMITTED IN DRUNKENNESS.
BUT REGRET IS THE BECLOUDING OF THE MIND AND NOT ITS CHASTISEMENT.
THEY SHOULD REMEMBER THEIR PLEASURES WITH GRATITUDE, AS THEY WOULD THE HARVEST OF A SUMMER.
YET IF IT COMFORTS THEM TO REGRET, LET THEM BE COMFORTED.

AND THERE ARE AMONG YOU THOSE WHO ARE NEITHER
YOUNG TO SEEK NOR OLD TO REMEMBER;
AND IN THEIR FEAR OF SEEKING AND REMEMBERING
THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES, LEST THEY NEGLECT THE SPIRIT OR OFFEND AGAINST IT.
BUT EVEN IN THEIR FOREGOING IS THEIR PLEASURE.
AND THUS THEY TOO FIND A TREASURE THOUGH THEY DIG FOR ROOTS WITH QUIVERING HANDS.
BUT TELL ME, WHO IS HE THAT CAN OFFEND THE SPIRIT?
SHALL THE NIGHTINGALE OFFEND THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, OR THE FIREFLY THE STARS?
AND SHALL YOUR FLAME OR YOUR SMOKE BURDEN THE WIND?
THINK YOU THE SPIRIT IS A STILL POOL WHICH YOU CAN TROUBLE WITH A STAFF?
OFTENTIMES IN DENYING YOURSELF PLEASURE YOU DO BUT STORE THE DESIRE IN THE RECESSES OF YOUR BEING.
WHO KNOWS BUT THAT WHICH SEEMS OMITTED TODAY, WAITS FOR TO-MORROW?
EVEN YOUR BODY KNOWS ITS HERITAGE AND ITS RIGHTFUL NEED AND WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.
AND YOUR BODY IS THE HARP OF YOUR SOUL, AND IT IS YOURS TO BRING FORTH SWEET MUSIC FROM IT OR CONFUSED SOUNDS.

AND NOW YOU ASK IN YOUR HEART, "HOW SHALL WE DISTINGUISH THAT WHICH IS GOOD IN PLEASURE FROM THAT WHICH IS NOT GOOD?"
GO TO YOUR FIELDS AND YOUR GARDENS, AND YOU SHALL LEARN THAT IT IS THE PLEASURE OF THE BEE TO GATHER HONEY OF THE FLOWER, BUT IT IS ALSO THE PLEASURE OF THE FLOWER TO YIELD ITS HONEY TO THE BEE.
FOR TO THE BEE A FLOWER IS A FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,
AND TO THE FLOWER A BEE IS A MESSENGER OF LOVE,
AND TO BOTH, BEE AND FLOWER, THE GIVING AND THE RECEIVING OF PLEASURE IS A NEED AND AN ECSTASY.
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BE IN YOUR PLEASURES LIKE THE FLOWERS AND THE BEES.

Man is a very strange being. He was not supposed to be so, but he has been in every way forced to be unnatural -- and that is the source of his strangeness. He has become not only a stranger to others, he has become also a stranger to himself, because anything against nature is against yourself... you are nothing but a song of nature, just as the birds are singing and the trees are standing in silence. Except man, in the whole existence everything is smooth, beautiful, without any discrimination of the superior and the inferior -- no tree is a saint or a sinner. But man has fallen into such divisions that his life has become not a joy, but a burden that he has to carry somehow from the cradle to the grave.

It is a very subtle logic: First, the priests of all the religions poisoned you against yourself, forced you to be anti-life. And then, when you became miserable, they came from the back door to console you. Then they became mediators between you and God.

I have heard about two brothers who used to do a business in partnership -- that is the business of the priest. The first brother would go to a city in the night, in the darkness when everybody was asleep, and he would put coal tar on people's windows, doors, and walls. In the morning when people would see it, they could not believe what had happened; the whole city had been made ugly.
But suddenly, as they were wondering about who had done it, they would hear the other brother say that if somebody wanted his windows or doors cleaned, he has all the expertise needed to clean them. So he would clean and earn the money. While he was cleaning and earning the money, the other brother would have moved to another city. And in this way they were doing a lot of business.
But it is not business. It is conspiracy.
That's what the priests have done to man.
First they make you sick, and then they come as your saviors. First they crush you into subhuman beings -- degraded, undignified, rejected, condemned -- and then they will come, saying, "Don't be worried. If you follow us, all your misery will disappear; if you listen to us, we will arrange that you are accepted by God, in paradise -- with great rewards."
This conspiracy has been going on since the very beginning. It has become such a big business; almost

everybody is a client, a customer, to some kind of priesthood -- Hindu, Christian, Buddhist, Jaina, Mohammedan. But the basic business is the same. And the rivalry between the religions can be understood as the simple rivalry of all shopkeepers who are selling the same commodity.

Every religion is trying to prove that his commodity is better than anybody else's. Jesus says, "Those who follow me will enter into the kingdom of God, and those who do not follow me will fall into eternal hell." But the same is true about all religions. In different ways, in different languages, that is the message: only we can save you.

I call it a very strange phenomenon that millions of people have not looked into: Who has made you guilty that you need to be saved from guilt? Who has made you self-condemning that somebody needs to teach you how to drop it? Who has crippled you? The same source that has been crippling you comes to teach you how to walk, how to run -- they are the same people.

They have been fighting amongst themselves -- not for any fundamental question of life, but just on the number of customers. Every religion wants the whole humanity to belong to it. It is big business.

I have heard that the Jews have never been able to forgive themselves because they crucified Jesus -- who was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. Jews are very intelligent people. They have not even forgiven themselves after two thousand years, because by crucifying Jesus they have lost the biggest business that the poor boy was offering. Now Christianity is the biggest religion; it is the biggest established firm which deals in commodities which are

invisible. And a business that deals with commodities which are invisible can never go bankrupt.

One man in New York declared, advertised, that he has found the secret of making invisible hairpins for women. Naturally there was a great crowd continually pouring into his shop, and he was handing them beautiful packages. They would open the package and, of course, there was nothing inside. But how can you see the invisible pins? Just one woman was a little suspicious. She asked the salesman, "Are you sure the invisible hairpins are inside the box?"

He said, "If you ask me, madam, we have been out of stock for three weeks, but business is going on, so we have dropped producing. What is the point? Just empty boxes are being sold, why trouble to create invisible hairpins?"

Religion has been selling you invisible things: a God, which is just a lie -- and one lie leads to another lie... a prayer, and a priest, and a temple, a synagogue, a church, a HOLY BIBLE, a GITA, a KORAN... the business goes on and on. Priests grab the child from the very cradle -- they don't miss a single moment. And they go on exploiting him, even when he is dead. Then, on his behalf, they exploit his relatives -- the rituals that have to be done after death. Hinduism is perhaps far more clever than any other religion -- obviously, it is the oldest religion in the world. Not only does it go on exploiting you when somebody dies, it goes on exploiting you for all the people that have died -- your father, your forefathers. Every year, a certain ritual has to be done for them. And of course, the priest has to be paid for it.

The priest has invented very special strategies. One of them is repentance; and today's statements of Kahlil Gibran, discuss this ugly idea of repentance.

AND SOME OF YOUR ELDERS REMEMBER PLEASURES WITH REGRET LIKE WRONGS COMMITTED IN DRUNKENNESS.

The elders, when they were young, had enough courage to fight with all the anti-life forces. They lived their life as much as possible according to nature -- they enjoyed, they laughed, they loved, they danced.
But in old age, death starts to be the most important problem. Now they are afraid of all those days of pleasure, now they remember that the priests have been telling them, "Don't commit these sins; otherwise you will suffer." Now death can happen any moment, and they have not gathered any virtue to be rewarded; in their hands are only so-called memories of the sins that they have committed. They regret, they repent, they confess to the priest, "Ask God to forgive us. We were not aware; we are sorry that we did not listen to you."
Every religion has created its own strategy.
Just a few days ago, the Catholic pope declared, "You cannot confess directly to God. It is one of the greatest sins to confess directly to God. You have to confess to the Catholic priest. He is the mediator and he will convey the message to God."
You can see the simple cunningness. How can man not be directly connected with the source of life? He is already connected; otherwise, how can you be alive? Who breathes

in you, except God? By "God" I mean the totality of life. Who is beating in your heart? Who sings in you, who loves in you, who dances in you? You are continually in contact with the source of life. You are immersed in it. The mediator is not needed at all.

But the Catholic pope understands that if people start confessing directly to God, then millions of Catholic priests will be out of employment. Not only will they be out of employment, if people don't confess to them they will lose their power over people.

The greatest power in the world is to expose yourself before somebody. Particularly what you think is evil, a sin, you want to hide it. Once you have confessed to a priest, you cannot leave the Catholic fold. You will always be afraid -- the priest can expose you to the public. So it is a very deep psychological slavery. And it pays too, because the priest will give you some punishment. He will ask you to put in the donation box, ten dollars, twenty dollars, thirty dollars, according to the seriousness of your sin.

One day it happened... A rabbi and a bishop were very great friends, and they both used to go together to the movies, to the racecourse. The whole city wondered, "One is a rabbi, a Jew. One is a bishop." But they had a great friendship. On the Sunday, the rabbi reached the church and was told, "The bishop may not be able to go with you to play golf, because there are so many people waiting for confession. He is in the confession box." So the rabbi went into the box and said, "Finish it quickly."

He said, "I am trying hard, but it seems this week too much sin has been done in the city. A long queue is still waiting, and I have to get ready."

The rabbi said, "Just let me see how you do it, because I don't know what confession is. Just one or two instances, and then you go and get ready. And nobody will know" -- because the confession box is made in such a way... a small window, and on the other side is the confessor; the priest sits behind the wall and listens from there. The rabbi said, "I will do it, you just go."

He had seen two, three confessions. A man came and said, "Father, I am very sorry, but I again raped a woman." The rabbi was at a loss -- what to say? He had never done it before, he was very immature at the profession. But he had heard two, three confessions. He said, "Twenty dollars." The man said, "This is too much, because last time I raped someone you asked for only ten dollars."

But a rabbi is a rabbi. He said, "Don't be worried -- ten dollars in advance. You can do one more rape and need not come to confess. But give twenty dollars." A Jew understands business.

First, religions make people feel guilty about all pleasures. When you are young, you may not listen. Perhaps the life energy is so strong that all the preachers may shout from the rooftops, but life will take you on its own path.

Life does not believe in any religion.

Life itself is religion.

It does not listen to anybody.

It knows its way, its longing, its desire. It knows where to move. It does not need anybody to guide it -- because all guidance is misguidance.

Never tell a river, "You are moving wrongly. I will show you the shortcut -- and a virtuous one. You are enjoying too much the mountains and the valleys and the forests and the

songs of the trees and the flowers. This is unforgivable. I will show you the right path -- the path through the desert." But rivers don't listen to the priest; they go on singing their song in strange mountains, virgin forests. Without any guide, and without any map, without any preacher, without any church they reach to the ocean -- that is a simple, natural phenomenon.

If one follows life -- without any hitch, without any hesitation, wholeheartedly -- it will lead you to the divine source of all. No priest is needed.

The pope says, "Without the priest you should not communicate, you should not confess to God, it is a sin." I say unto you that the pope is the greatest sinner by making this statement. He is trying to disconnect you with God and connect you with an agent, the priest. Those dollars that are given as punishment never reach God, and what will God do with dollars? There is no shopping center there. I have looked in all the scriptures of the world, and there is not even a mention that there exists a shopping center or a movie house. What will God do with the dollars?

Those dollars go in the pocket of the priests -- not all, only the commission. The major part goes to the pope, to the Vatican. This is business, pure business -- exploitation disguised as religion.

But all religions have different ways.

I used to go to Allahabad University to speak. Allahabad is one of the holy places of the Hindus, and there you will find a Hindu priest -- which are the ugliest in the world, because they exploit. And because they have to be celibate, a psychological phenomenon is bound to happen: one who

is trying to be celibate will start eating too much -- it is a substitute. So they are fat and ugly. I have always wondered -- just as there are beauty competitions, there should be competitions for ugliness; and I am absolutely certain that a Hindu priest would win the world prize.
From the very railway station, as you get down, the priest starts catching hold of you. Just like the taxi drivers say, "Come to my taxi, it is the best," those priests try, "Come to my house" -- they have a guest house where their clients stay. They have to pay the priest, because he will take them to the holy river, the Ganges, for a dip; they will be chanting mantras from the VEDAS, and you take a dip, and all your sins are washed away -- but you have to pay for it. You can go yourself -- the Ganges is there -- but unless the priest is chanting the mantras from the VEDAS, your sins cannot be washed away.
It happened that one man came to Ramakrishna and asked, "I have become old, and I am feeling very regretful that I wasted my life -- enjoying mundane pleasures, never listening to the saints. Now there is no time left to practice and discipline virtue. But our great sages have found a shortcut for people like me: I am going to the Ganges. And the Ganges was flowing just behind the temple of Ramakrishna, where they were discussing it.
Ramakrishna said, "You are going to the Ganges? But the Ganges is flowing just behind the temple. You can have as many dips as you want; you can swim, you can become a fish, you can remain in the Ganges. Why should you go to Allahabad?"

He said, "Because unless a priest is chanting special mantras, the Ganges will not be of any help. The priest is needed as a mediator."
Ramakrishna was a very simple man. He said, "If you have to go, then you have to go. Just remember one thing: have you seen the big trees standing on the bank of the Ganges?"
He said, "Yes, I have seen them, but what do those trees have to do with it?"

Ramakrishna said, "Perhaps you are not aware.... It is true that when the priest chants the mantras and you take a dip, all your sins are washed away. But have you ever thought, where do they go?"
He said, "I have never thought about it."
Ramakrishna said, "They just jump out of you, sit on the trees and wait for you to come out. How long can you remain in the Ganges, and how long can the priest go on chanting? They really enjoy it; your sins enjoy and laugh at the foolishness -- because soon you will pass under those trees. They will jump on you again. And the danger is that somebody else's sins may also jump on you. They have a choice. They may be getting bored with the person they have been with. Looking at a beautiful guy like you.... Your sins are bound to jump on you, but others' sins... all those trees are not standing there without purpose. You can go, but remain in the Ganges; never come out of it."
He said, "That will mean death."
Ramakrishna said, "I cannot help it."
Every religion first creates the idea of guilt in you. Guilt for what? Because you loved a woman, because you loved a man? What is wrong in it? Because you enjoyed beautiful

clothes? What is wrong in it? Existence is not against beauty; otherwise it would not create the peacock, with so many colors. Existence is not against beauty; otherwise there would be no flowers, only thorns.
Existence is not against enjoyment. The birds are singing, calling their lovers, the peacocks are dancing, rainbows appear in the sky, the silent music of the night and millions of stars... existence is so immensely beautiful. But religions say, "To appreciate beauty, to be sensitive to beauty, is a sin. Even to enjoy your food is a sin" -- anything that gives you pleasure, they are all against it -- "and you will regret it, one day. It is better to live the life of a desert, not of a garden."
This anti-life attitude... when people become old, weak, sick, and death is knocking on their doors, they become victims of these ideas. So it is significant that your...elders remember pleasures with regret like wrongs committed in drunkenness. This is sheer foolishness! Those pleasures are gifts of existence to you. Rather than being grateful, you are being repentant; rather than being thankful you are suffering regret.
Religions have destroyed human souls so badly that man will never attain dignity until all religions disappear into museums. They don't have any place in life.
Kahlil Gibran says:

BUT REGRET IS THE BECLOUDING OF THE MIND AND NOT ITS CHASTISEMENT.

It does not make you chaste, it simply clouds your mind, makes you miserable. What kind of a virtue is it that does

not give you a dance, a smile -- it simply beclouds your mind? You are already full of all kinds of holy cowdung... and then regret.

People die regretting -- miserable, afraid, guilty, sinners. They miss the beauty of death, the silence of death, the depth of death. They miss the highest climax of life.

Death is not an end.

It is the very crescendo of life.

They have missed their life because they never lived totally. They were not allowed, by all these religions, to live totally. They have always been thirsty and hungry because their cups have never been full, never been overflowing. And just a little water does not quench the thirst; instead it makes it worse -- you feel more thirsty. Under the unfortunate influence of religions, man has become almost a skeleton, losing his dignity, his beauty, his courage, his boldness -- just full of rubbish. And he dies with tears, not with a smile on his lips.

It is good to watch somebody dying. Just see the face of the man -- is it radiant with joy? That shows he has lived his life; he has not bothered about all these idiotic ideas irrelevant to life, against life. Anything that is against life is against God, because life and God are simply different names for the same source. But you will rarely find a man dying with a radiant face. You will see the miserable, the sinner -- all has surfaced; fear of punishment, of hell, is written on the face.

I have never found anything more criminal than the teachings of religions... murderous. But their whole business depends on murdering you, inch by inch,

destroying your courage to live, making you afraid to go with the unknown.
Kahlil Gibran says:
They should remember their pleasures with gratitude... not with regret.
It was a beautiful life -- full of sweet memories of love, of friendship, of music, of poetry, of painting, of creativity. Such a beautiful life -- which you had not asked for, a free gift -- and you are dying with regret?
You should die with gratitude.
All that happened has made you mature, centered, grounded, has made you fulfilled, content, has led you to the highest peaks and greatest depths. You have known the beauty of darkness, and you have known the beauty of light.
Even if there have been mistakes, there is nothing to regret -- you were new in the world, you were a child in the world. Many times you fell, but each fall made your feet stronger, each fall made you fall less. Each fall has been a tremendous learning; it has created compassion in you. When somebody else falls, you don't condemn him -- you know he is as human as you are. You don't have any judgment about it. One learns only through mistakes; if a person decides that he will not commit any mistake, he is not going to learn anything in life. He will come empty, he will go empty.
I have heard... in a holiday resort in California, a beautiful limousine stopped in front of a hotel. A woman came out and asked the manager, "Send out four persons immediately. My son has to be taken to the room which is reserved."

The manager of course thought that the son must be crippled. He sent four strong men, because he saw that the son was very fat. But those four people found that he had perfect legs. Why should he be carried, like a corpse? Even the manager was amazed -- a beautiful boy, not more than twelve years old, but so fat. The manager asked the woman, who was the mother of the child, "Why are you... is he sick? Is there some problem? Why is he being carried? Can't he walk just a few steps?"

She said, "We can afford it. Walking is for those who are poor. My son will never walk; he has always been carried by servants."

But do you think this son will ever live if he is not allowed to walk because the mother can afford servants? If he cannot walk, can you imagine that he will ever dance? -- servants can dance. Will he ever love? -- servants can do that.

Love is a great exercise. It must be remembered that not a single human being, man or woman, has ever died while making love. No heart attack.... People have been dying in all kinds of situations, but never while making love, because while making love their life comes to its climax. That is not the moment to die; that is the moment to live, and drink the juice. No man has ever died of a heart attack while making love -- that is the safest way to survive. The most dangerous place is your bed: ninety-nine percent of people die in the bed, remember that! When everybody is gone, just slip onto the floor if you want not to die; it is up to you -- but the bed is the most dangerous place.

THEY SHOULD REMEMBER THEIR PLEASURES WITH GRATITUDE, AS THEY WOULD THE HARVEST OF A SUMMER.

Life should be a sowing of seeds -- of pleasure, of songs -- and life should be a harvest of the summer. An authentic man who has lived totally, without being disturbed by all kinds of idiots -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan.... They are dead, and they don't want you to live either. They have been stupid, and they are jealous that you may live and enjoy. So in every temple, every synagogue, every church, whatever is being taught is against life, against love, against enjoyment, against pleasure. But what remains then -- just to be miserable?

If you remain miserable, then naturally your death is going to be a darkness. But if you have lived your life totally -- with joy, all its ups and downs, all its tears and laughters -- your death is going to be a beauty, an opening of a door to more life, on a higher level, to more consciousness.

YET IF IT COMFORTS THEM TO REGRET, LET THEM BE COMFORTED.

There are so many miserable people -- in fact, they are the majority -- and they cannot tolerate anybody else who is not miserable....

Why is the whole world against me? I have not harmed anybody, I have not committed any crime. It is unprecedented that the whole world, all the religions, all the nations, all the politicians, should be against a man who is absolutely innocent.

But I know their reason, why they are against me:
They are miserable, and I teach you to be blissful.
They have been living in sadness -- sadness has become their second nature -- and I teach you to live fully, intensely and totally. Then even your tears will be part of your laughter. Then your dark nights will also be nothing but moments of relaxation and peace, and wombs for a new day, a new dawn.
My teaching is for life, and all the teachings in the world that have gone by are against life -- that is their problem. And they cannot argue.
Kahlil Gibran says: yet if it comforts them to regret, let them be comforted. It is their business. Just say the truth, and leave it up to them; don't disturb even their misery. Perhaps deep down they are enjoying their misery.
It is a well-established psychological fact that people enjoy misery because it brings sympathy. When you are miserable, everybody is sympathetic to you, everybody comforts you. When you are happy, nobody comes to you to comfort you, to sympathize with you -- that would be absurd. It is a very cunning game: You are miserable, somebody sympathizes with you; you enjoy the sympathy -- because you have missed love.
Sympathy is a poor substitute for love, very poor. You don't know love. You think sympathy is a very loving attitude, so you enjoy sympathy; and the person who is sympathizing enjoys seeing you in misery. He becomes higher than you; he is the sympathizer, not the sympathized -- he is in a better position. When your house is burning, the whole town will gather to sympathize with you, feeling deeply happy that their houses are not burning.

My grandfather died. In my family, he was the oldest, and I was the youngest, but by a strange coincidence, we were great friends. And all those who were in between were against both of us. They were against me; they said, "You take the old man to the movies? It doesn't look right at his age." And when a great woman dancer had come to the city, and I took my grandfather, the whole family was so angry that when we came home, they would not open the doors.

I shouted to them, "What is the matter? If you don't open the doors, I will wake up the whole neighborhood."

They knew that when I say something I mean business, so they immediately opened the doors. They said, "You are spoiled, but we had never thought that a small child would spoil the oldest man of the family. That woman is a prostitute."

I said, "We had not gone to any prostitute, we had gone to see a beautiful dancer. She may be a prostitute in your eyes, but we have nothing to do with her private life, that is her business. We had gone to see her dance. She dances so beautifully that I could not afford not to take my grandfather; he is my friend."

Whenever a saint had come to the town, he used to take me and he would tell me, "Make a good mockery of him. Ask such questions that he cannot answer. And don't be worried -- I am with you." So I used to stand in the middle of the meeting, and my grandfather would be standing by my side, with his big staff, so nobody could interfere with me. They knew, "That grand old man is also dangerous."

Slowly, slowly saints stopped coming, because they had no

answers for any real questions -- just small questions, but they had no answers.

When he died, I was sitting.... It was a beautiful winter morning and the sun had risen. I was just sitting at the door, because everybody else of the house was surrounding the old man. One of my uncles asked, "This is strange; your great friend is dead, and you are sitting outside the house enjoying the morning sun."

I said, "When he was alive none of you sat with him, except me. I am just giving you a chance; there will never be a chance again. But you can sit only by the side of the dead, not by the side of the living."

Neighbors came to sympathize, to comfort -- they met me first, because I was sitting outside the house -- and they would start weeping, and tears would be rolling down their face. I said, "Don't pretend," and they were very much shocked. I said, "These tears are crocodile tears, because I never saw you coming to the old man when he was alive. He was a lion; he could have made a breakfast of you. Now that he is dead....

But he had lived so totally, and his death was so beautiful. At the last moment he called me, took my hand in his hand, and said, "I have lived totally, without any regret. Just remember it: never listen to anyone, just listen to your own heart."

So I said to the neighbors, "There is no need to cry for a man who lived so blissfully, so beautifully. When your grandfather dies, then you can cry. And remember, I will not come, even to comfort you."

They could not understand what I was saying, and when somebody from my family dragged them in, they said,

"Don't talk to him." They said, "He said very insulting things to us -- that our tears are crocodile tears."
Coming back, I said, "Enjoy that your grandfather is still alive. In this comfort, I can see your heart enjoying that somebody else's grandfather has died. Your grandfather is alive, but I want to tell you -- your grandfather has been dead all his life!"
They said, "We are not even talking to you."
I said, "It doesn't matter. But I wanted to be clear to you that all this comfort and sympathy is for those who have missed life, who have missed love, who have not lived according to their own longings." My grandfather was a simple man, but unpolluted, uncorrupted by the priests. His death was as beautiful as his life.
Kahlil Gibran says: yet if it comforts them to regret... if they feel some kind of consolation in regret -- perhaps they think by regretting, repenting, they will be forgiven -- then...let them be comforted. But they have missed the whole opportunity that was given to them by nature. They had come empty-handed, and they have gone empty-handed.

AND THERE ARE AMONG YOU THOSE WHO ARE NEITHER YOUNG TO SEEK NOR OLD TO REMEMBER....

The middle-aged people -- they are not young, vibrant with energy, overflowing with life, seeking and searching new ways of finding more and more pleasure and ultimately, blissfulness. If you are not too young to seek, nor too old to remember.... The old man has nothing else left -- he simply

remembers, regrets. Life has slipped out of his hands, and there is no way of going back; there is no way of getting that life again.

AND IN THEIR FEAR OF SEEKING AND REMEMBERING THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES....

These middle-aged people are in a kind of limbo. They are not young enough to seek, they are not old enough to regret. They are hanging in between, wishy-washy. They can't go the way the young can go, they can't go the way the old go. They are in a constant conflict and division -- some part of them wants to be young, and some part of them wants to be old. They live in anguish.

I must remind you that most heart attacks happen nearabout the age forty-two, or a year earlier, or a year later. Youth is gone, old age has not come, and the tension is too much. A heart attack in these years is really not a physical thing. Of course, it expresses as a physical symptom, but deep down it is psychological.

The middle-aged man lives the most difficult life. He is like a bridge -- neither on this side, nor on that side. He cannot mix with those who are still dancing, and he cannot mix with those who are praying and confessing in churches, in temples, in mosques. He is really lost; he does not know what to do, where to go. And this happens only because he has not lived his youth totally.

If you have lived your youth totally, you will remain young to the very last breath of your life. Your body may become old, but your freshness and youthfulness will remain the same.

Hindus brag very much that, in their calculation of time, the beginning was the best age: satyuga, the age of truth. And they brag about it because nobody died young.

I was talking to a Hindu saint, and I said, "Don't brag about it; it is nothing to be bragged about. I see some other meaning in it, and my meaning is supported by immense evidence discovered by science. The farther back we go... we have found skeletons of people who must have died at the age of forty; we have not found a single skeleton of a man who has lived more than forty years, so don't brag about it -- you are not aware of the reality. The reality is, that in your satyuga people used to become old nearabout thirty-five, and died nearabout forty. Naturally, nobody died young."

But in my conception, just the reverse should be the case; even if you die at the age of ninety or a hundred, you should still die young. Your youthfulness is a totally different phenomenon to your aging: aging is physical; youthfulness is your approach towards life.

If you are for life and not against life, you will remain young -- in your inner world -- to the very last breath, and there will be no middle age.

Middle age is a gap -- a gap which is more like a nightmare, because youth is gone and old age has not come yet. You cannot seek pleasures, and you cannot even regret -- regret for what? You have never lived; the question of regret does not arise. So the man feels utterly empty between youth and old age. The gap is horrible -- the most painful experience of life.

And in their fear of seeking and remembering they shun all pleasures.... They cannot seek pleasures, because it looks

embarrassing to mix with the young people, to go to a disco and dance -- a middle-aged person feels out of place; and he cannot sit with the old, who are only full of repentance. His situation is really bad! This was just a small experience of middle age.

... THEY SHUN ALL PLEASURES, LEST THEY NEGLECT THE SPIRIT OR OFFEND AGAINST IT.

They live only in fear, in trembling.

BUT EVEN IN THEIR FOREGOING IS THEIR PLEASURE.

There is a psychological disease called "masochism". No ancient scripture even has any idea about it; not that the disease was not existent then -- it was more existent than it is now -- but they had a different name for it. They used to call it "saintliness." "Masochism" is derived from a man's name, Masoch. He used to beat himself, torture himself. Unless there is some pleasure in it, why should one do it? There is also a contrary disease which balances masochism, and that is sadism. That, too, comes from the name of a man, de Sade. Sadism means enjoying torturing others. By the way, if a sadist and a masochist get married, that will be the best couple in the world. They will be absolutely happy, because both are enjoying -- one is enjoying being tortured, one is enjoying torturing. If you are getting married, don't ask the astrologer, go to a psychoanalyst and find out to which class you belong. If you are a sadist, then getting married to a sadist is a misfortune; if you are a masochist,

then getting married to a masochist means you will suffer your whole life and will never get any pleasure. Find out to which class you belong, sadist or masochist, and always marry the opposite one -- just as a man marries a woman. People who are continually repenting about the sins that they committed in drunkenness, in their youth, you watch their faces. They enjoy it.

One woman was confessing in a Catholic confession booth. The priest was tired of the woman, because she went into such detail that even he himself started feeling a sexual urge. She used to say, "Father, forgive me, I made love. And ask God also to forgive me." And then she would go into the detail of how it happened, step-by-step. The first time it was okay, the second time...? The third time it was too much -- because it was the same details, the same man. The priest asked, "If you regret it so much, then why do you go on making love to that man?"

She said, "Who is making love to that man? It happened only once, but just to remember it gives me so much pleasure. It is such a pleasant memory -- and whom to tell it to? This confessing is the only place.... I wait seven days, think of me, so that when Sunday comes I will go again; and I go into the whole detail, again and again."

The priest said, " Listen, the first time the details were not so great, the second time they became greater, and the third time they became even greater."

She said, "When you are enjoying something, why not exaggerate?"

My own experience about people who are always saying that they have gone astray in their youth, have forgotten God, have not listened to the advice of the wise ones, is the

same: I have always seen their face aglow. They are enjoying it again. It is not just memory; they are reliving it again. In their mind, these are two different things. A memory is mechanical -- two plus two are four, this is memory. But remembering they made love to a woman or a man, I have seen them excited, and their face becoming red, and their eyes again becoming young, shining. This is not regret; they are reliving it.

So even in people's regret, repentance, there is something that gives them pleasure, but it is hidden underneath. So on the surface they are trying to become saints, and deep in their psyche they are enjoying something that they cannot live anymore. Those days are gone; that energy is gone, but they can at least relive it. But if they relive it directly everybody will condemn them; so confession, repentance, regret, is a good excuse. In this way the confessor enjoys -- and the priest too.

I have heard... a woman was describing that she has been raped. The father, the priest, knew that the woman was a beautiful woman. He told her, "This is very bad. You should have resisted; you should have done everything to prevent it."

She said, "I tried, but half-heartedly. That's why I have come to confess, because otherwise it is not my sin -- somebody else has raped me. He should have come to confess, but I have come to confess. Although I was trying, my effort was half-hearted; deep down I wanted to be raped." At this moment the priest was also an ordinary human being, not an enlightened Gautam Buddha. He said, "The case is too serious; you come to my room. First I want to understand the exact details of what he did."

The woman said, "He told me to undress." The priest said, "So did you undress?" She said, "I undressed." The priest said, "This is strange, if you knew that he was going to rape you...."
She said, "I never knew that he was going to rape me. I thought perhaps some medical examination or something... so I undressed." The priest said, "Do it, so that I can see how you did it."
She undressed. The priest kissed the woman and asked, "Did he do this?" The woman said, "Yes, father, but he did more."
So he started playing with her breasts, and asked, "Did he do that?" She said, "Yes father, but he did more."
It was too much. Now the father was trembling; he forgot all about THE HOLY BIBLE and God and confession, and made love to the woman. And he asked, "Did that rascal do this, too?"
The woman said, "Yes, father, and he did something more."
He said, "Something more? It is inconceivable. What `something more?'"
The woman said, "Father, he gave me gonorrhea."
But this is how your priests, all your confessions, go on. Now the father regrets it -- but it is too late.

AND THUS THEY TOO FIND A TREASURE THOUGH THEY DIG FOR ROOTS WITH QUIVERING HANDS. BUT TELL ME, WHO IS HE THAT CAN OFFEND THE SPIRIT?

This is a very significant question he is raising.

Kahlil Gibran is saying: but tell me, who is he that can offend the spirit?

These small things that you are regretting cannot offend the source of life, because in fact it is the source of life itself that is expressing itself through you. You are not responsible. By regretting, you are unnecessarily making yourself important -- as if it is your doing. It is not your doing. All that you have done, if it has been done by your natural longings then if anybody is responsible it is the very source of life. You need not confess.

Confession is nothing but a new decoration for the ego: "I have done it, and now I am doing another thing -- I am regretting it."

Kahlil Gibran says: There is no way to offend the spirit. Either you can live naturally, joyously, or you can live in misery; but you offend only yourself, you wound only yourself. You cannot offend the spirit, the universal source of life. You are too small. A dewdrop cannot offend the ocean, whatever the dewdrop does.

It is something to be remembered always that you cannot offend existence; hence there is no need for any regret, no need to feel guilty. It is the universal spirit itself, expressing itself in different forms. Don't take the responsibility on your shoulders -- that is an egoist standpoint. That's why if you see your saints you will find all of them full of ego.

SHALL THE NIGHTINGALE OFFEND THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT...?

When the nightingale sings in the night, is the silence of the night offended? No, not at all -- on the contrary, the

nightingale's song makes the silence of the night deeper. Before the song, after the song... you can feel the depth. The nightingale's song has not been a disturbance but an offering; it has made the silence a fullness, not just empty.

... OR THE FIREFLY, THE STARS?

Can a firefly offend the spirit of the stars? Should she confess, should she go to a Catholic Church? Nobody is offended. In fact, the firefly brings something of the stars closer to you, closer to your garden, closer to your roses and your flowers, sometimes even inside your house -- something of the stars, in the darkness of your room.
It is not offending the stars. It is a messenger, there is no question of any regret. It is not competing with the stars, it is simply bringing, in a small amount, the same light, the same dance. Where stars cannot reach, the firefly can reach.

AND SHALL YOUR FLAME OR YOUR SMOKE BURDEN THE WIND?

Do you think your flame, your youth, your smoke, or your old age, can burden the wind? Then what is the need to repent? Jesus was obsessed with repentance; He repeats the word more than any other word -- "Repent, repent," again and again.
Christianity is a religion of repentance; hence I say it is the lowest religion in comparison to other religions. And the sole responsibility goes to Jesus because he is emphasizing repentance, making you feel guilty. But life is always balancing....

Zarathustra balances Jesus. Zarathustra is the only person out of all the religious founders who is in deep love with life. Perhaps that is the reason why the followers of Zarathustra are the smallest minority in the world. They live here in Bombay, mostly; Bombay is their whole world. Just a few fragments maybe live in Khandala and Lonavala, but Poona is the end; beyond it, you will not find any follower of Zarathustra. And nobody thinks them religious -- because they love life, they enjoy life.

When Friedrich Nietzsche wanted to write something parallel to the gospels of Jesus, he chose the name of Zarathustra -- although he knew not much about Zarathustra. It is such a small minority that nobody includes it in the world religions. But Friedrich Nietzsche was as much in love with life as Zarathustra, and that is the link.

When he wrote THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA he is speaking in the name of Zarathustra; but whatever he is speaking, without knowing Zarathustra, is harmonious with the spirit of Zarathustra -- because it is the only life-affirmative religion in the world. Friedrich Nietzsche is Zarathustra reborn; neither Zarathustra has been understood, nor Friedrich Nietzsche.

This book, THE PROPHET, was written by Kahlil Gibran under the impact of Friedrich Nietzsche's book THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. He was so impressed by the book that he himself tried to write a book on similar lines. Zarathustra is not a historical figure to Nietzsche, because he knew nothing about Zarathustra, except the name, but he had chosen the right spokesman for his own philosophy.

In the same way, Kahlil Gibran has chosen Almustafa -- a fictitious name -- and is speaking through him. Almustafa is just a mask. The mask was needed because he is saying things which go against Christianity; but because it is only a fiction, nobody is offended. Even the popes have not listed his book on their black list, saying that no Catholic should read it. My books are on their black list -- no Catholic should read them; even reading them is committing a great sin.

THINK YOU THE SPIRIT IS A STILL POOL WHICH YOU CAN TROUBLE WITH A STAFF? OFTENTIMES IN DENYING YOURSELF PLEASURE YOU DO BUT STORE THE DESIRE IN THE RECESSES OF YOUR BEING.

In this single statement, the whole philosophy of Sigmund Freud is contained. In denying yourself pleasure... you are but storing all those desires in your unconscious. Soon they will explode, or they will find some perverted way. All sexual perversion in the world is because of the life-denying religions. Homosexuality, sodomy, and all kinds of perversions are not going to disappear unless celibacy is banned, and renunciation of life is condemned by the whole of humanity as a sin against life.
Man goes on becoming more and more perverted; and the wonder of wonders is that the same people who are responsible for creating homosexuality, sodomy, and all kind of strange things, are the cause of it -- on the one hand they condemn homosexuality, and on the other hand they preach celibacy.

Homosexuality and sodomy were born in the monasteries of religions. Hence I condemn all those religions -- because they are responsible for creating a dangerous disease, AIDS. It is a religious disease, a spiritual disease, a very respectable disease, and it has an ancient heritage; all the great founders of religion have contributed to it.

But still man seems to be not in his senses. Now many governments of the world are passing laws against homosexuality -- homosexuality is a crime now in many places -- but nobody is talking about proclaiming celibacy to be a crime, although it is celibacy that has created homosexuality. Homosexuality is only a symptom, and fighting with the symptom is not going to help. The disease will come from some other source -- perhaps worse. If homosexuality is stopped, sodomy will come in. Sodomy means making love with animals; it comes from the Old Testament. There used to be a city, Sodom, where people used to make love to animals; hence the word "sodomy." If you stop homosexuality, you will push people towards sodomy; then stop sodomy -- but don't look at the root cause!

No animal in the wild is ever homosexual, but animals turn homosexual in a zoo because they cannot find the female. What can they do with their sexual energy? To say it exactly; religions have turned the whole earth in a zoo.

WHO KNOWS BUT THAT WHICH SEEMS OMITTED TODAY, WAITS FOR TO-MORROW?

Today you can suppress something, but tomorrow it will assert itself with vengeance. Today it was natural, tomorrow it will be perverted.

EVEN YOUR BODY KNOWS ITS HERITAGE AND ITS RIGHTFUL NEED AND WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.

Listen to the wisdom of your body. It knows its heritage, it knows its longings. Rather than listening to THE HOLY BIBLE, and the holy KORAN, and the holy GITA, listen to the holy body.

AND YOUR BODY IS THE HARP OF YOUR SOUL, AND IT IS YOURS TO BRING FORTH SWEET MUSIC FROM IT OR CONFUSED SOUNDS.

If you remain natural, there will come sweet music. If you become perverted, your body will create only confused sounds.

AND NOW YOU ASK IN YOUR HEART, "HOW SHALL WE DISTINGUISH THAT WHICH IS GOOD IN PLEASURE FROM THAT WHICH IS NOT GOOD?" GO TO YOUR FIELDS AND YOUR GARDENS, AND YOU SHALL LEARN THAT IT IS THE PLEASURE OF THE BEE TO GATHER HONEY OF THE FLOWER, BUT IT IS ALSO THE PLEASURE OF THE FLOWER TO YIELD ITS HONEY TO THE BEE.

Remember -- there is nothing bad in life; it is only that one part enjoys giving and another part enjoys receiving. It is

almost like your two hands -- one hand gives, the other hand takes.

He is saying, "Rather than philosophizing about the problem, just go into the garden and see that it is the pleasure of the bee to gather honey; but it is not bad, it is not harming the flowers.... but it is also the pleasure of the flower to yield its honey to the bee. They both are enjoying the moment. When the bee is humming with joy, gathering honey, and the flower is dancing in the sun, yielding its honey, there is nothing wrong.

If priests were asked they would say to the bees, "This is not good. You are stealing honey, and you are not rightfully married to the flower. Where is your marriage certificate?" And they will also condemn the flower, "It is not good to attract honey bees for your honey, because this is creating lust." The priests are very clever in destroying all that is beautiful.

Life is both -- day and night, the flower and the bee, the man and the woman, birth and death. Nothing is wrong and nothing is evil.

To understand this is to enter into the world of religious consciousness.

FOR TO THE BEE A FLOWER IS A FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,
AND TO THE FLOWER A BEE IS A MESSENGER OF LOVE,
AND TO BOTH, BEE AND FLOWER, THE GIVING AND THE RECEIVING OF PLEASURE IS A NEED AND AN ECSTASY. PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BE IN

YOUR PLEASURES LIKE THE FLOWERS AND THE BEES.

Or should I read, "People of Poona -- except the police commissioner of Poona -- be in your pleasures like the flowers and the bees!"
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #15
Chapter title: A heart aflame, a soul enchanted
5 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND A POET SAID, SPEAK TO US OF BEAUTY.
AND HE ANSWERED:
WHERE SHALL YOU SEEK BEAUTY, AND HOW SHALL YOU FIND HER UNLESS SHE HERSELF BE YOUR WAY AND YOUR GUIDE?
AND HOW SHALL YOU SPEAK OF HER EXCEPT SHE BE THE WEAVER OF YOUR SPEECH?
THE AGGRIEVED AND THE INJURED SAY,
"BEAUTY IS KIND AND GENTLE.
"LIKE A YOUNG MOTHER HALF-SHY OF HER OWN GLORY SHE WALKS AMONG US."
AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD.

"LIKE THE TEMPEST SHE SHAKES THE EARTH BENEATH US AND THE SKY ABOVE US."
THE TIRED AND THE WEARY SAY, "BEAUTY IS OF SOFT WHISPERINGS. SHE SPEAKS IN OUR SPIRIT.
"HER VOICE YIELDS TO OUR SILENCES LIKE A FAINT LIGHT THAT QUIVERS IN FEAR OF THE SHADOW."
BUT THE RESTLESS SAY, "WE HAVE HEARD HER SHOUTING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,
"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS, AND THE BEATING OF WINGS AND THE ROARING OF LIONS."
AT NIGHT THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY SAY, "BEAUTY SHALL RISE WITH THE DAWN FROM THE EAST."
AND AT NOONTIDE THE TOILER AND THE WAYFARERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER LEANING OVER THE EARTH FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SUNSET."
IN WINTER SAY THE SNOW-BOUND, "SHE SHALL COME WITH THE SPRING LEAPING UPON THE HILLS."
AND IN THE SUMMER HEAT THE REAPERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER DANCING WITH THE AUTUMN LEAVES, AND WE SAW A DRIFT OF SNOW IN HER HAIR."
ALL THESE THINGS HAVE YOU SAID OF BEAUTY, YET IN TRUTH YOU SPOKE NOT OF HER BUT OF NEEDS UNSATISFIED,
AND BEAUTY IS NOT A NEED BUT AN ECSTASY.

IT IS NOT A MOUTH THIRSTING NOR AN EMPTY HAND STRETCHED FORTH,
BUT RATHER A HEART INFLAMED AND A SOUL ENCHANTED.
IT IS NOT THE IMAGE YOU WOULD SEE NOR THE SONG YOU WOULD HEAR,
BUT RATHER AN IMAGE YOU SEE THOUGH YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND A SONG YOU HEAR THOUGH YOU SHUT YOUR EARS.
IT IS NOT THE SAP WITHIN THE FURROWED BARK, NOR A WING ATTACHED TO A CLAW,
BUT RATHER A GARDEN FOR EVER IN BLOOM AND A FLOCK OF ANGELS FOR EVER IN FLIGHT.
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.
BUT YOU ARE LIFE AND YOU ARE THE VEIL.
BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR.
BUT YOU ARE ETERNITY AND YOU ARE THE MIRROR.

There are only three fundamental questions in life: beauty, truth and good. Perhaps these are the three faces of God, the real trinity. And all are as indefinable as God is. The profoundest minds have been concerned for centuries about these three problems, but no conclusive answer has been found by the thinkers and the philosophers.
The moralist is concerned with what is good, the philosopher is concerned with what is the truth, and the poet is concerned with what is beauty. Not only the poet, but all those people who are creative in some sense -- the

musicians, the dancers, the sculptors -- anybody who is concerned with creation, creativity, is bound to be concerned with beauty... what is it?

Here a poet said... SPEAK TO US OF BEAUTY... not that the poet does not know, but knowing is one thing and saying is another. The question is not arising out of ignorance, neither is it arising out of mere borrowed knowledge. The question is arising from an existential experience. The poet knows in every cell of his being what beauty is, but is unable to bring that experience to expression.

Once a great poet of India, Rabindranath Tagore, was asked after he was given the Nobel prize on one of his collections of poems, "Have you ever been concerned about beauty, about what it is?"

He said, "Concerned? I am possessed! I know what it is. I have tasted the wine and I have been drunk, but every effort to express the taste and the experience of being drunk has failed. All my poems are nothing but failures. Again and again I have been trying to express what beauty is, and again and again I have failed. I will go on trying to the very last breath, but deep down I know perhaps I'm asking for the impossible."

The question is arising from a poet who has seen beauty, who has loved beauty, who has felt its magic touch, who has danced with it, whose days and nights are nothing but a continuous flow of experiencing deeper and deeper realms of beauty. Still, to express it, to define it, seems to be impossible. His question is very authentic and sincere.

Kahlil Gibran tries to answer the poet in the most beautiful way, the most profound way, and comes very close to the

definition; yet he has not been able to define it. But he has pointed his finger towards the moon. He may not have reached the moon, but he has indicated the right direction. Very few people have come so close.

One of the great philosophers of the contemporary world, G.E. Moore, has written a book -- PRINCIPIA ETHICA. The whole book, two hundred and fifty pages of very subtle and complex logical argument, is centered on only one question: What is good? And as you read his book, you think perhaps he is going to find it.

He takes great plunges into the depths, flights into the heights, but in the end he sums up by saying that good is indefinable: "I accept my failure. I have done everything that is possible -- from every aspect I have approached, on every door I have knocked. The more I have thought about it, the more and more elusive it has become. And in the end, only one thing is certain after this whole exploration -- that I should confess the fact that good is indefinable."

He was an honest man. Your so-called religious people are not so honest. They go on defining even God -- what to say about good? They go on defining truth, beauty, good... not that their definitions are of help in any way to anybody. They simply show their dishonesty. They use beautiful words, they use very complex arguments; they can deceive millions of people, but they cannot deceive themselves. This poet himself may have tried in thousands of ways, but he is accepting his failure.

It is one of the most mysterious phenomena. Almost everybody knows what beauty is. You say the rose is beautiful... but unless you know what beauty is, how can you say the rose is beautiful? You say the sunset is

beautiful, you say the child is beautiful -- but how can you use the word "beautiful" if you don't have any idea what beauty is?

Perhaps everybody knows something -- some taste, some glimpse -- and the poet, the painter, and the musician know much more, they are drunk with beauty... but don't ask the definition of what it is.

Once Immanuel Kant became very angry when somebody asked him, "What is truth?" He said, "Before I answer you, I will ask a few questions, which you know perfectly well. Have you ever loved?"

The man said, "Yes."

Immanuel Kant asked him, "Then tell me, please, what is love?"

The man said, "I have loved, and I have enjoyed all the pleasures and the blessings of love, but forgive me, I cannot say what love is."

Immanuel Kant said, "Don't feel sad. I myself can't say what is truth, what is love, what is beauty -- although I am surrounded by all these experiences continuously. My whole life has been nothing but a search, a seeking, and it is not that I have not found -- but I'm afraid to say to anybody that I have found it, because immediately the question will be asked: `Then define it' -- and the definition is missing."

This poet is not asking about something that he does not know. He knows it -- that's why he is asking; perhaps Kahlil Gibran may be able to give him some indications about beauty. And Kahlil Gibran begins in a very significant way.

He says, "WHERE SHALL YOU SEEK BEAUTY, AND HOW SHALL YOU FIND HER UNLESS SHE HERSELF BE YOUR WAY AND YOUR GUIDE?"

Beauty is not something out there; it is something in here. Where are you going to seek it? And how shall you find it, unless you have already found it?

In ancient Egyptian parables there is a beautiful statement that you start searching for God only when you have found Him. It looks very strange, but it is very true. You cannot even raise the question, "What is beauty?" if you have not found it. So rather than making it a question, allow beauty itself to become the way and the guide. He is saying that nobody else can take you to that space, to that experience, unless you have already arrived there.

A Zen Master had given to one of his disciples a famous koan. It is a special Zen device to help you get rid of all your thoughts -- the device is so absurd that there is no way that you can find the answer. There are many koans, but this is the most famous: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

Now, it is such obvious nonsense -- one hand clapping cannot create sound. Clapping with what? Sound needs at least two things. Just one hand cannot clap, both hands are needed! And he told the disciple, "Whenever you hear the sound of one hand clapping, come to me."

The disciple tried earnestly. He meditated, and he heard the wind blowing through the pine trees. He said, "Perhaps this is the sound!" He rushed to the master. Early in the morning he woke the old man and said, "I have heard it."

Before even asking, "What have you heard?" the master slapped him and he said, "Get lost! And start meditating again. I myself will know when you have heard."
The disciple said, "This is strange... I have not even been given the chance to tell you what I have found."
Each time it happened, the master never gave him any chance. Sometimes, in the mango grove the cuckoo started singing, and the disciple thought, "Perhaps..." or a nightingale in the middle of the night... and he would rush... and the master would go on throwing him out.
The disciple used to ask him, "At least give me a chance to say what I have heard!"
The master said, "When you have heard it, I will know before you know it. So just get lost! Start meditating. Find out what the sound of one hand clapping is."
Slowly, slowly, because he was only concerned with one thing, all other thoughts disappeared -- they never come uninvited. People say, "We want to get rid of thoughts," but they don't understand the basic point that they don't come uninvited, you are inviting them. One part of your being goes on inviting them, and another part tries to throw them away. You are never going to succeed.
But the disciple's whole being became single-pointed. It was a great challenge that he could not hear a simple thing: the sound of one hand clapping. And as all thoughts disappeared, there was absolute silence -- and he knew. But he did not rush to the master.
Almost every day he had been coming with new ideas, and getting slapped every day. That day the master was waiting: "He has not come. Has he heard it?" -- because if he has

heard it, he need not come to him. There is no need of anybody's recognition of it.

So the master went in search -- "Where is that disciple?" In the forest by the side of a lake the disciple was sitting under a tree, so silently that nobody would have even thought that there was anybody present -- so absent, so empty. Even when the master came there, he did not take any note of him.

The master went around him -- what is the matter? But he didn't say anything. The master sat in front of him, but he went on sitting in his silence. And the master said: "Please -- at least slap me! You have heard it. I know you cannot say so -- nobody can say -- but slap me! I have been slapping you so much."

There are experiences which remain experiences and never become expressions, and there is no need that they become expressions. But there is a deep longing in the heart of man to share -- and it is a great quality, a spiritual phenomenon, the urge to share. The tree shares in its own way by bringing flowers and fruits, the poet shares in his own way by bringing poems, the musician shares in his own way by creating music, but they are all trying to share something which is inexpressible.

Kahlil Gibran is right. He says, "Where are you going to seek it?" It has no address, no residence. And how are you going to find it? -- because you don't know the definition. Even if you come across it, you will not be able to recognize it.

For example, you come across God on the road. Even if He says, "Good morning, sir," you are not going to recognize Him. You may even feel annoyed that a stranger... what

does he think of himself? Why is he disturbing me? I am meditating on God, and this fellow comes here and says, "Good morning, sir!" How are you going to recognize Him, unless you have already known Him?
Recognition means realization has happened before it. It is a very significant statement that unless beauty becomes your way and your guide, you will never find what it is. So don't be bothered philosophically about what beauty is. Live beautifully, walk on the path of beauty. Watch all around -- there is nothing but beauty. From the smallest firefly to the biggest star, it is nothing but beauty. Rather than wasting your time in finding the definition, allow beauty to overwhelm you -- be possessed by it. You can become the definition of beauty, but you cannot define it.

If you ask me, "What is beauty?" I will say, "Look into my eyes, it is there -- I know it. Listen to my silence -- it is there. I have heard it; I have heard its footsteps." I can be the truth, I can be the beauty, I can be the good, but I cannot define them. I am not separate -- that's why I cannot define them.

How can the light define itself? Just its presence, and the darkness disappears -- is the definition. Definition is not going to be in words; definition is going to be in your presence... not what you say, but what you are. Be more sensitive.
Our sensitivity has been dulled. Our parents have been afraid, our forefathers have been afraid, because to be sensitive is to walk on a razor's edge. If you are sensitive to beauty, then it cannot be confined only to your wife or only

to your husband -- the beauty is all over the place. And your parents, everybody's parents, have been afraid. Your sensitivity had to be dulled, destroyed, so that you would become confined to a small prison; otherwise, it would have been impossible to impose monogamy on humanity. One day you find a woman who suddenly possesses you; you find a man, and suddenly you are overwhelmed -- and you forget completely that there is a husband who is waiting for you. Beauty has no awareness of marriages, of husbands, of wives; it knows no limitations.

But society cannot live this way, because society is not yet mature enough to allow absolute freedom. Only in absolute freedom can your sensitivity be allowed to have its full growth.

Everybody is born with sensitivity, but everybody dies dull. In fact, long before a man's death, he has died. Religions have been teaching people not to be sensitive, because sensitivity cannot be relied upon. It is a breeze -- it comes, it goes on its own. You cannot encage it, you cannot imprison it. That's why people are afraid to walk on the path of beauty, are afraid to be guided by beauty itself.

Beauty is everybody's birthright. It is not a special talent, that only a few people can understand beauty; it is an inborn quality in everybody, but remains dormant, is not allowed freedom. Slowly, slowly you completely forget about it, and then all kinds of philosophical questions arise -- what is beauty? What is the meaning of beauty?

Picasso was painting on a beach. A man who was a gardener and who used to sell roses on the beach where

lovers come, friends come, was watching Picasso painting, but he could not figure out the meaning of his painting. As Picasso finished giving the last touches to the painting he was looking at it, amazed, as if he had not created it, as if it were somebody else's painting.

A real painter always feels it, a real poet always feels it: he has been only a vehicle -- some unknown force has painted it.

The gardener came close to him and asked, "I have been watching you painting. You were so absorbed, so totally in it, that I was afraid to disturb you. Now that you have completed it, I cannot resist my temptation to ask, `What is the meaning of this painting?"' And he had many, many roses in his hands.

Picasso said, "You ask me what the meaning of the painting is. Can I ask you -- what is the meaning of the roses? I have seen you selling roses on the beach every day; I was also tempted to ask you. You are a gardener, a lover of flowers. I have seen many, many roses, but the roses that you bring are so beautiful, so big, so fragrant, so youthful, so fresh. You must know their beauty."

The gardener had tears in his eyes. He said, "Don't ask that, because I have been asking it my whole life. I know it -- but as far as saying something about it, I become absolutely dumb."

Picasso said, "The same is my situation. I have been painting. As far as any outsider is concerned, I am the painter. But as far as I am concerned, I don't know who has painted it; I have been just instrumental. And I don't know what its meaning is, because I am not the painter. You have

grown these roses, but you have not given birth to them. They come from an unknown source of existence and life." Perhaps it is enough to enjoy them and not to ask the meaning. Those who have asked the meaning are lost; they will never find the meaning. And while they are searching for the meaning, life is slipping by. They will not find meaning. They will only find death.
What Kahlil Gibran is saying is exactly the same: Let beauty be your life. Let beauty be in your every expression, in your hands, in your eyes, in your silences, in your love. Live beauty in as many dimensions as possible, and let beauty be the guide, and one day you will know what it is. But I cannot promise that you will be able to define it.

AND HOW SHALL YOU SPEAK OF HER EXCEPT SHE BE THE WEAVER OF YOUR SPEECH?

You cannot speak about beauty unless you are so possessed by beauty that it starts overflowing even in your words; still you will not find the definition. And your hands, your eyes, your words, your silences will not be understood by all; they will be understood only by those who have already tasted something of the same mystery, of the same wine. Between a master and a disciple, slowly, slowly that kind of relatedness starts existing. The master may say something, may not say something, but the disciple feels it, hears it... perhaps hearts start whispering to each other, and language is no longer needed.

THE AGGRIEVED AND THE INJURED SAY, "BEAUTY IS KIND AND GENTLE."

You will find many definitions, of course, but all those definitions are not about beauty; they are about the person who is defining beauty. They show his need, they don't show anything of beauty. They don't show anything about beauty; they say something about the definer, about the thinker, about the philosopher.

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle...." Naturally, that is their need; that's what they want beauty to be. In their unconsciousness they are projecting their need in the name of beauty. What is your God except your need? Just look at the different conceptions of God that have come to us from different religions; they seem to show different needs. They don't define God, they only give an indication of what kind of people must have invented these gods.

In the Old Testament the Jewish God says, "I am not nice, I am a very jealous God. I'm not your uncle." The Jews have suffered so much, they could not conceive that God is compassion, that God is love, that God is just. It is impossible for the Jews to conceive that God is nice. They can only conceive of a god who is very jealous, very angry, never forgiving, because their whole experience for thousands of years has been only of misery. If God is love, then from where comes this misery?

No other race, no other part of humanity, has suffered so much. If you say to the Jews that God is love, God is good, it is difficult for the Jew to accept the idea -- because God has not been good to the Jews, existence has been very cruel, unkind. Their whole experience is different. Their definition of God -- what they are putting in the mouth of

God in the Old Testament -- has nothing to do with God; it has something to do with the Jewish experience.
The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle"... they are hoping that they will not remain always in pain. The spring will come with all the flowers, and the pain and injuries and the wounds will become faded memories soon... this is their desire. They are not defining beauty, they are defining their hope.

"LIKE A YOUNG MOTHER HALF-SHY OF HER OWN GLORY SHE WALKS AMONG US."

The injured and the aggrieved say..."like a young mother, half-shy of her own glory she walks among us." It is not far away... because life is so intolerable that if beauty also is far away then how is one going to tolerate the suffering, the injury, the pain of the present? Beauty is just walking amongst us, invisible, half-shy like a young mother; it is not far away... it is the dream of the grieved and the injured. If you are thirsty in the night you will have a dream that you are sitting on a beautiful lake with crystal clear water, and you are drinking. This dream is nothing but a protection; otherwise your sleep will be disturbed.
In the past people used to think that dreams were disturbances in sleep. That's not true. The latest experiments about dreams and sleep say something totally different -- not only different, but diametrically opposite. They say dreams are not against sleep. They are not disturbances, they are efforts to protect the sleep. You are feeling hungry; if the dream does not protect you, you will wake up, the hunger will not let you go on sleeping. But a

dream comes that you are invited by the king to have dinner with him. Now you can sleep at ease; you can forget all about the hunger. The body will be hungry, but the mind is consoled by the dream.

AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD."

Those who are full of passion, for them beauty is a question of might and dread. Just because they are powerful they think beauty can be reduced to a commodity. All that you need is power, all that you need is money, all that you need is might. And might is always right -- at least to those who are blinded by power. To them, beauty is something that you have to take away with power and force. It is not something to be contemplated; it is something to be used. And we have amongst us different kinds of power.
In India just a hundred years ago it was a custom, particularly in the south, that whenever somebody was married, the first night was not of the husband, the first night was of the priest. And man is so cunning that he can manage to find explanations for everything -- it was for the priest, so that he could make the beginning sacred. But in fact the priest was powerful.
Only the king's wife was not.... It is strange that poor people's wives were being made sacred and the king's wife was not being made sacred. Because he was mightier than the priest, he was an exception. Anybody could see the cunningness of the logic. If it was true that the priest was going to make the life of the new couple sacred by making

love to the virgin girl, if the argument was not just a rationalization, then the king could not be an exception. But it was not a truth, it was not a question of making the life of the new couple sacred; it was simply a question of might. The priest was powerful. And the king in his own right.... Any beautiful woman in the kingdom first has to be offered to the king. If he was not interested, that was another matter; otherwise, she would join his vast harem. Krishna had sixteen thousand wives. Any beautiful woman anywhere -- whether young, whether virgin, whether married, whether a mother of small children, did not matter -- his soldiers would bring her to his palace, which was nothing but an imprisonment. And having sixteen thousand women is so ugly, so inhuman -- you are reducing womankind to cattle!

But still the man was so mighty that the priest went on praising him with songs in his glory, saying that he is the full incarnation of God. There have been other gods -- they were partial incarnations; a part of God descended on earth in them. But in Krishna, God has descended in his totality. The priests were not praising God, they were praising might, power. Whoever has power, then whatever he is doing is right. All these sixteen thousand women were not married to him; only one woman was married to him, and she was lost in the crowd.

I used to have meditation camps in a beautiful place in Saurashtra. It is a beautiful valley surrounded with forests and hot springs of water. The valley was named Tulsishyam. Shyam is another name of Krishna because his color was not white nor black, but just in between, a little bluish.

Shyam means a darkness, but not black, not white -- just in the middle. That color also has its beauty. Because white has a flatness, white coloring cannot be so beautiful; it has no depth. And also black -- it is too black, again flatness. Just in the middle the skin seems to be transparent, has a depth. Hence all Hindu gods have the same color, shyam.
But I was puzzled, because Krishna's wife's name was Rukmani, and the temple in the valley is of Krishna and one of his girlfriends, Tulsi. It is a strange temple. In the whole of India.... I have been traveling all over the country, and it is a strange temple. Just on the hill far away, behind a big tree, is a small temple of Rukmani, who is just watching from there what is happening in the valley -- just the ordinary feminine mind. But Krishna is dancing with his flute with a girlfriend! And the married wife is alone, far away, hiding. You cannot see from the valley the temple of Rukmani, but from the temple of Rukmani you can see the valley!
Power has its own definition: it is might and dread. Beauty is a thing that has to be taken away, and you have to create fear with your power.
Just today I was seeing a press-cutting. In one of the places in North India two dozen police officers entered into a poor village of untouchables -- the poorest of the poor, the sudras, and they raped the women of those poor people, particularly one young girl. They dragged her on the road, raped her, and created such fear in the poor people with their guns. Nearby villages heard screams, shouting, strange noises, so people gathered from the other villages. Seeing that other people were coming, the police officers escaped, but a few of them forgot to take their guns with

them. You cannot make love to a woman with a gun, so they must have put the guns aside. Reaching their police station they thought that those guns would become a proof, so in the middle of the night they came again and started beating the poor people -- whose women, whose daughters were raped -- to create dread that they should not report it, and they should not talk about it. Thirty families became so afraid that they escaped from the village.

Now these thirty families are wandering without any roof in the streets of the surrounding cities with their small children, old mother, old father, a raped woman, a raped girl. And the whole country is silent. Nobody has condemned it. And I don't think that any action is going to be taken against those police officers, because this is not an exceptional case!

It has been happening for centuries -- they rape their women, they burn their whole villages, and no action is ever taken against them. On the contrary, they are promoted because they are mighty people. Who cares about the poor and the weak? Who cares about the downtrodden and the oppressed?

So each definition will show you something of the mind of the definer.

AND THE PASSIONATE SAY, "NAY, BEAUTY IS A THING OF MIGHT AND DREAD.
LIKE THE TEMPEST SHE SHAKES THE EARTH BENEATH US AND THE SKY ABOVE US."

What you say about beauty is not about beauty, it is about you. What you say about God is not about God, it is about

you and your psychology. So beware of the net -- don't be caught in it. Watch what you say and why you say it, and you will find the causes inside you. Your observation is not objective, your observation is subjective.

THE TIRED AND THE WEARY SAY, "BEAUTY IS OF SOFT WHISPERINGS. SHE SPEAKS IN OUR SPIRIT."

The tired and the weary -- to them beauty only whispers. She speaks only deep in their spirit. They are not passionate, they are not young, they are not powerful; their definition has changed.

It happened that in the great temple of Calcutta of the mother-goddess Kali.... That is one of the ugliest things still in existence; there used to be many temples of that type. Every day animals are killed and the worshipers are given their blood and their meat as prasad, as a gift of God. Because they have been sacrificed to the mother-goddess, their blood and their meat have become sacred and holy. One man was always very interested in every holiday, and in India there are perhaps more holidays than everywhere else in the world. When I was a teacher in the university I once counted and found that seven months out of twelve are holidays! And of the remaining five months, one month you can take leave. There remain only four months. There are so many gods, and each god needs a holiday. There are so many religions and every religion needs its holidays. This man was always bringing to Ramakrishna -- he was a devotee of Ramakrishna -- prasad, the gift of god from the temple of Kali. But suddenly, one day he stopped bringing

the prasad. He used to take the animals to be killed there -- he was a rich man. He stopped that.
Ramakrishna asked, "What has happened? So many holidays have passed and you have not taken any animal to mother-goddess Kali as sacrifice. Have you changed your religion?"
He said, "At least to you, I cannot lie. The fact is that I have lost my teeth, and I cannot eat meat."
The mother-goddess and the sacrifice were simply an excuse. Now, because he has lost his teeth and has become old and cannot eat meat and cannot digest meat, all that old philosophy is forgotten. All those explanations were not real explanations, they were rationalizations.
So be aware where you are rationalizing. Never rationalize! Otherwise you will never find your true being; you will be lost in the jungle of lies.

"HER VOICE YIELDS TO OUR SILENCES LIKE A FAINT LIGHT THAT QUIVERS IN FEAR OF THE SHADOW."

It is from the tired and the weary. Beauty is not possessive, it is no longer a strong force that attracts like a magnet. It has become a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow.

BUT THE RESTLESS SAY, "WE HAVE HEARD HER SHOUTING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,
"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS, AND THE BEATING OF WINGS AND THE ROARING OF LIONS."

The restless are always having nightmares; even their sleep is not a rest. Their day is restless, their night is restless, their whole life is unacquainted with relaxed experience. To them, beauty is something like shouting amongst the mountains.

"AND WITH HER CRIES CAME THE SOUND OF HOOFS...

as if it is a warfield...and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions." Strange definitions, you will think, but if you look around and ask different people their definition of beauty, you will find as many definitions as there are people.

AT NIGHT THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY SAY,
"BEAUTY SHALL RISE WITH THE DAWN FROM THE EAST."

He is waiting for the morning. A night watchman -- to him beauty looks like the end of the night and the beginning of the day.

AND AT NOONTIDE THE TOILER AND THE WAYFARERS SAY,
"WE HAVE SEEN HER LEANING OVER THE EARTH FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SUNSET."

Tired, working the whole day, they are looking again and again to see when the sun sets. To them beauty is a sunset, so they can go back home and rest and sleep.

IN WINTER SAY THE SNOW-BOUND, "SHE SHALL COME WITH THE SPRING LEAPING UPON THE HILLS."

They are projecting their desires. When there is snow and it is too cold, they are waiting for the spring to come, leaping upon the hills.

AND IN THE SUMMER HEAT THE REAPERS SAY, "WE HAVE SEEN HER DANCING WITH THE AUTUMN LEAVES, AND WE SAW A DRIFT OF SNOW IN HER HAIR."

Kahlil Gibran is giving expression to different angles of different needs, of different hopes, of different consolations.

ALL THESE THINGS HAVE YOU SAID OF BEAUTY, YET IN TRUTH YOU SPOKE NOT OF HER BUT OF NEEDS UNSATISFIED,
AND BEAUTY IS NOT A NEED BUT AN ECSTASY.

In this statement he comes very close to the definition of beauty -- as objectively, as humanly as is possible. Beauty is not a need, it is an ecstasy.
It is not there outside you, it is deep in your being when you are overflowing with the dance of life, when you are so blessed that you can bless the whole existence. You can shower your blessings all over existence. In that moment, everything becomes beautiful, because everything is

beautiful. Just as everything is good, everything is beautiful and everything is truth.
All that we know is how not to look through the eyes of need, not to look as a beggar, but to look from the highest peak of your consciousness -- that's what he means by ecstasy. Then the whole existence becomes an ocean of beauty. And it is not a question of your need, because the needful cannot see the truth. Only the fulfilled, the contented, only one who has come to his innermost treasures and is no more a beggar but is crowned, is an emperor -- only he can see what beauty is. Ecstasy opens your eyes to the phenomenon of beauty.

IT IS NOT A MOUTH THIRSTING NOR AN EMPTY HAND
STRETCHED FORTH,
BUT RATHER A HEART INFLAMED AND A SOUL ENCHANTED.

A heart inflamed and a soul enchanted....

IT IS NOT THE IMAGE YOU WOULD SEE NOR THE SONG YOU WOULD HEAR,
BUT RATHER AN IMAGE YOU SEE THOUGH YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND A SONG YOU HEAR THOUGH YOU SHUT YOUR EARS.

It is not something outside. It is not something that you see from your eyes or you hear from your ears or you touch with your hands -- it is something that... when you are sitting in deep silence with closed eyes, with closed ears, as

if your whole body has disappeared, only pure consciousness has remained. In that purity, in that innocence, in that ecstasy is beauty.

IT IS NOT THE SAP WITHIN THE FURROWED BARK,
NOR A WING ATTACHED TO A CLAW,
BUT RATHER A GARDEN FOR EVER IN BLOOM
AND A FLOCK OF ANGELS FOR EVER IN FLIGHT.

It is not something that goes on changing. That which goes on changing is only a reflection. The moon remains the same, but the reflection in the lake goes on changing -- just a little pebble thrown in and the reflection is shattered into thousands of pieces.
Once in a while you see beauty in a face, but soon the face will become old and the beauty will disappear -- this was only a reflection. In a flower, in a beautiful woman, in a beautiful man, in a child, in the high mountains, in the silent forests -- these are all reflections which will change. But that which is reflected is hiding within you; it never changes. It is a dance of eternity forever and forever.

PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.

Everybody is living with a mask. Nobody is making an effort to find his original face. The mask is cheap, no effort is needed. When it becomes old you can change it; it is available in the marketplace.
But your original face needs a tremendous search, an arduous effort to go within yourself, destroying all barriers

that the society has created and reaching to the point which has not been created by the society but has been given to you as a gift by existence itself, which you have brought from your very birth and which you will take even when the body dies.
In that pure and immortal space within you is beauty, is your original reality.
Once you have known it, you live a possessed life, you live aflame. You don't live the way the masses live. You start living like a god. You become a holy shrine.

... BEAUTY IS LIFE WHEN LIFE UNVEILS HER HOLY FACE.
BUT YOU ARE LIFE AND YOU ARE THE VEIL.

Nobody is hindering you -- you can reach to your original face this very moment. But perhaps you have investments with your mask, perhaps you have become too attached to your false face, perhaps you are afraid whether there is any original face behind it, or only a skeleton. And it is better to have a false face than not to have any face at all... these are the fears that are preventing you. Otherwise...you are life and you are the veil.
BEAUTY IS ETERNITY GAZING AT ITSELF IN A MIRROR.
BUT YOU ARE ETERNITY AND YOU ARE THE MIRROR.

Kahlil Gibran is trying to say to the poet, "Don't look outside for beauty. Outside you can find beautiful things, but not beauty." And those beautiful things are beautiful

only because your inner beauty is reflected in them; that's why people differ in their opinions.

There are millions of people who will not stop for a single moment to see a beautiful sunset -- they don't see anything in it. There are only a few people who will see a beautiful experience in a sunset, but that beauty is really a reflection -- the sunset is not more than a mirror. And if you are silently gazing at the sunset, without any disturbance from the thoughts continuously passing and disturbing the image, the sunset is beautiful... some woman is beautiful, some man is beautiful.

Have you observed the fact that the same woman who is beautiful today may not look beautiful tomorrow, or may even become a pain in the neck? Today you are dying to get her, and tomorrow you will be dying to get rid of her! Strange... what happened to the beauty?

The beauty is within you. And when you are allowing the woman freedom to be herself, or the man the freedom to be himself, they function like a mirror. The moment you start saying, "You should be like this, you should be like that," you are not allowing the woman or the man to be a mirror, you are starting to make them into a film of a camera.

A mirror is always empty; that's why it can go on reflecting continuously for eternity. The film is finished in only one reflection because it clings to the reflection. It is not a mirror.

If we allow our relationships with people with this great understanding that the allowing should be... that the other should be allowed total freedom to remain whatever she is or he is, perhaps every moment more and more beauty may be revealed.

When people are not possessive of each other they feel the beauty. The moment they are married things start becoming difficult, because now possession comes in. And you always see what you want to see. When the woman was not available to you, it was a challenge -- and the greater the challenge, the more beautiful she was. But once she is chained the challenge is lost, the beauty disappears. The greatest lovers are those who never meet. Meeting is a tragedy.

I have heard about one psychoanalyst who was visiting a madhouse. The superintendent was showing him around. One man was just crying and weeping tears and tears, and he was holding a picture on his chest. The psychoanalyst asked, "What has happened to this man? -- because I know, I remember, he used to be a professor in the university."

The superintendent said, "He is a very nice fellow. But do you see the picture he is holding? That is the picture of the woman he wanted to get and could not get. So he has gone mad."

The psychoanalyst felt very sad. In the next room, another man was trying to hit his head against the wall, and two persons were holding him back.

The psychoanalyst asked, "What has happened to him?"

The superintendent said, "Nothing happened to him, he got married to the same woman."

The one who could not get her still thinks he has missed an opportunity of being in love with a beautiful person. The one who got the opportunity is trying to kill himself -- but nobody allows him to kill himself. He has become so much of a nuisance in the house that his family has put him into the madhouse to be taken care of, because with anything he

finds, he starts making an effort to kill himself; he is so tortured by the same beautiful woman.

It seems that in life whatever looks beautiful to you is only beautiful because it is not yours -- the grass is greener on the other side of the fence. It is not the fact, because the same is the problem with the neighbor -- when he sees your lawn, the grass is greener. It is a mirage that distance creates.

But this is not the true experience of beauty. Only a man like Gautam Buddha can experience beauty, because he has no need and he does not want to possess.

Just here one beautiful Japanese girl is present with her mother. The girl is in many ways exceptional. She used to come to the commune in America, and there she became a sannyasin. And naturally, the people who become sannyasins have fallen in love with me.

When she went home and she told her mother that she had fallen in love with a man, the mother -- who had no experience of her own of ever being a disciple -- could not understand. She understood only one kind of love -- that which exists between a man and a woman. And naturally, she started torturing her, to such a point that the girl stopped eating, stopped moving out of the house, was sitting in her room. Her mala was taken away. She has one of my pictures; she was keeping it in the room and meditating. But the mother was puzzled. She wanted her to get married, but the girl said that marriage is not for her. Seeing that she would die the way she was going -- never going out of the room, continuously sitting in meditation with my picture -- the mother has brought her here. And the moment she came here she became perfectly okay -- she is

eating and she is coming to every lecture, to the meditations. The mother has sent a message to me: "I want to see you." So I inquired, "What is the problem?" She said, "The problem is that my girl has fallen in love with you. And it is not the love you talk about, it is the love that exists between a man and a woman."
I said, "Tomorrow you both come to me. You have misunderstood the poor girl, you are killing her. And if she is refusing to get married, it is not that she wants to get married to me." That is the conclusion of the mother.
It is simply that the girl has found a far higher love. Marriage cannot afford that. Marriage is a bondage, an imprisonment. It destroys all beauty, all love, all tenderness.
To be in love and to be totally free... humanity has not yet come to that stage. But my people, at least, I hope should understand it. That girl certainly understands it. But the mother has only one experience; she projects her experience. So I'm going to see them and make every effort that the mother also falls in love with me!
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #16
Chapter title: From dawn to dawn, a wonder and surprise
6 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

AND AN OLD PRIEST SAID, SPEAK TO US OF RELIGION.
AND HE SAID:
HAVE I SPOKEN THIS DAY OF AUGHT ELSE?
IS NOT RELIGION ALL DEEDS AND ALL REFLECTION,
AND THAT WHICH IS NEITHER DEED NOR REFLECTION, BUT A WONDER AND A SURPRISE EVER SPRINGING IN THE SOUL, EVEN WHILE THE HANDS HEW THE STONE OR TEND THE LOOM?
WHO CAN SEPARATE HIS FAITH FROM HIS ACTIONS, OR HIS BELIEF FROM HIS OCCUPATIONS?
WHO CAN SPREAD HIS HOURS BEFORE HIM, SAYING, "THIS FOR GOD AND THIS FOR MYSELF; THIS FOR MY SOUL AND THIS OTHER FOR MY BODY"?
ALL YOUR HOURS ARE WINGS THAT BEAT THROUGH SPACE FROM SELF TO SELF.
HE WHO WEARS HIS MORALITY BUT AS HIS BEST GARMENT WERE BETTER NAKED.
THE WIND AND THE SUN WILL TEAR NO HOLES IN HIS SKIN.
AND HE WHO DEFINES HIS CONDUCT BY ETHICS IMPRISONS HIS SONG-BIRD IN A CAGE.
THE FREEST SONG COMES NOT THROUGH BARS AND WIRES.
AND HE TO WHOM WORSHIPPING IS A WINDOW, TO OPEN BUT ALSO TO SHUT, HAS NOT YET VISITED THE HOUSE OF HIS SOUL WHOSE WINDOWS ARE FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

The priests perhaps are the only people in the world who do not know anything about religion, because to make God a profession is simply unbelievable.
Love can never be a profession.
Priests belong to the same category as prostitutes. Perhaps prostitutes are better than the priests because they sell only their body, their lust -- but not their love. But the priests are selling the highest form of love, known as God. Naturally they know nothing about God, although they are full of knowledge about God. But to know ABOUT God and to KNOW God are totally different things. To know about is borrowed. There are things which cannot be borrowed. My thirst I cannot give to you, neither can I give my well-being to you.
I cannot invite you to my innermost soul.
There one goes in absolute aloneness.
But the priests have converted the idea of God into a great profession; perhaps they are worse than the prostitutes. Without priests there would have been no prostitutes. It is because of them that prostitutes exist.
You will be surprised to know that in India, particularly in the South, every temple had prostitutes -- not one, but dozens of them. They just have changed their names -- they were called devadasis, servants of God -- but their function was to attract people to the temple. The temple that had the most beautiful prostitutes prospered, accumulated much money.
They made it a rule that any beautiful girl born in their city had to be offered to the god. Now, this god is a dead statue of stone; the beautiful girl was really offered to the priests.

They used these women for their own sexual lust, and afterwards they became their advertisement to call the customers to come to their temple. Richer customers would remain there not for worshiping God, but for enjoying the prostitutes. And these priests never thought that they were functioning like pimps. But this has been so in different ways all around the world.

Prostitution is a by-product of a forced marriage, and priests created the forced marriage. They don't call it forced marriage, they call it arranged marriage -- but who has the right to arrange marriage? Love knows its own ways. It needs no astronomers, no priests, no palmists; it finds its own way.

It is stupid to say that love is blind. This idea, that love is blind, has been created by those who want to be guides for the blind. Lust is blind; love is just the opposite -- clear perceptivity. The more loving you are, the more your perception is clear and profound.

But whenever you create a forced institution, on the side something ugly happens -- on the margin -- because man cannot remain in bondage. And if marriage becomes a bondage, then he wants some freedom. And that freedom has destroyed millions of women.

In the West recently, because of the women's liberation movement, a new institution has come into being -- male prostitution. If men and women are equal, then why should only women be prostitutes? Why should there not also be men who are prostitutes? In cities like London or San Francisco you will find male prostitutes too. The woman is coming out of bondage, just as man has always lived, but it

is ugly. And who is responsible? The priests are the responsible people.

There is no need of priests in the world -- they don't have any function to do. By definition, a priest is a mediator between you and God, but what is the need of a meditator? You are children of God; does a child need a mediator to his own mother or to his own father? Perhaps he may not be so articulate in communication but even his inarticulate communication is far more beautiful and innocent and real and sincere than a mediator's.

First the priests created the idea of God; it is one of the most unnecessary hypotheses.

Nobody needs God.

Yes, everybody needs godliness, everybody needs to become divine -- that is the further evolution of humanity, the highest peak of consciousness.

But priests are not interested in godliness -- because godliness is a quality that you have to grow within your soul. They need a God far away in the sky. Once you have accepted the idea, then certainly the God is so far away -- you have never seen him, you have no conception of what this God is -- you need somebody to give you the definition of God, to give you rituals that will lead you to God; you need someone as a guide. The God is bogus, but the guide needs the God; otherwise who is going to be exploited in the name of God?

In the name of God, more crimes have happened on the earth than in any other name. Millions of people have been killed, burnt alive, just for a name which is contentless. But the priest needs it. Without the God, the priest and his temple and his rituals and his scriptures -- holy scriptures --

all disappear. It is a very strange thing: Hindus think their VEDAS are written by God, Jews believe their TORAH is written by God, Christians believe THE BIBLE is written by God, and the same is true about all other religions. But all these scriptures are so contradictory that either God is mad, or these are inventions of the priests. And different priests in different cultures, different societies, had to invent different ideas.

For example, in India, the paradise is always cool. They had not come to know the word "air-conditioning" at that time, but the description is exactly that Hindus' paradise is air-conditioned, centrally air-conditioned; because India is so tortured by the heat of the sun, the priest has to give an idea which appeals to those tortured by the sun. But the Tibetan priest cannot believe that paradise is air-conditioned. The Tibetan priest has a very warm, always sunny, never-clouded sky, with no snow... and they are talking about the same paradise!

But they are talking to different people, and they have to fulfill their needs. So it is not God or paradise that they are defining; they are simply consoling you. The Hindus have in their hell eternal fire, of course, for the sinners; the fire burns them, but does not kill them and they go on being burned for eternity. Death would have been a great blessing, but the fire simply burns; it does not kill. And the Tibetans have their hell all the year round full of snow, utterly cold. It does not take much intelligence to see that these people are not aware of reality. They are certainly aware of the need of the people....

And if for thousands of years a certain thing is repeated again and again, it starts becoming a truth. Adolf Hitler

used to say, "I don't see any difference between the truth and the lie. The only difference is that the truth is a lie repeated so often for centuries -- and the lie is a new truth." It will take a little time to sink into your hearts. In the name of God they have been making everybody afraid; and a man who lives in fear does not live. Fear is exactly the opposite of freedom.

Man can live only in freedom.

Fear shrinks his soul.

He is constantly afraid to do anything, because everything that you can enjoy, everything that you can feel is beautiful, is condemned.

Yesterday we were talking about beauty. Almustafa forgot one thing -- he forgot what the police commissioner of Poona says about beauty. He says: "Beauty is obscene." He has given orders to us that my people should not be obscene inside the ashram or outside the ashram. Perhaps he is unaware of the fact that five thousand years of thinking have not been able to describe what obscenity is. He should give the definition -- what does it mean to be obscene? To kill a man is not obscene, but to hug a man is obscene; to kill thousands of people is not obscene -- a war, a world war is not obscene! Not a single priest has said that world war is obscene! But beauty is obscene, life is obscene -- you should live hiding in dark caves. You should not come into the sunlight and you should not dance with the winds and you should not play with the trees and you should not sing with the birds -- all these things are obscene. And the police commissioner with his gun is not obscene.

It seems there are death-worshipers, particularly the people who become attracted towards professions like the priests, the police, the army -- they are in the service of death, not in the service of life; their whole profession is obscene, their very mind is obscene. But it is a strange story that they have been calling beauty obscene -- is a roseflower obscene because it is naked?

There have been all kinds of idiots in the world. In England in the Middle Ages, ladies were very much influenced by the priests... for the simple reason that the man was free to go anywhere and the woman was only free to go to the church; naturally they became conditioned by the church more and more. In the Middle Ages they used clothes even for their dogs; when they would go for a morning walk and take the dog with them for a walk, it was covered with beautiful clothes. A naked dog is obscene! Not only that, even the legs of chairs -- because they were called legs -- are covered! Legs could not be naked, it was obscene. A poor chair...!

The priests are the most poisonous people in the world -- they have divided humanity, they have given people superstitions, insane ideas. And here and old priest asked:

SPEAK TO US OF RELIGION.

The priests don't know what religion is. The question is out of ignorance, because I have known priests and monks of all kinds of religions -- they are the most ignorant people about religion. They repeat like parrots, but religion has not been an experience to them.

The word religion is very beautiful, but because of these priests it has fallen into wrong company. The word comes from an origin which means "coming together." But the priests have been doing just the opposite! They are creating splits in man, not oneness.

Religion means creating in man an organic unity. It has nothing to do with God, it has something to do with you. It has nothing to do with worship, it has something to do with a transformation of your own consciousness.

There should not be any conflict within you; whatever you do should be done in totality, with your wholeness. Then, whether you are chopping wood or carrying water from a well -- it doesn't matter what you are doing -- if you are doing it totally, fully, it is religion. Religion makes man healthy and whole.

But your religions have made man sick, split and schizophrenic. There are reasons for it -- because a man who is healthy and whole cannot be enslaved and cannot be exploited. He has an individuality of his own and a style of life of his own. He is neither a Christian nor a Hindu nor a Mohammedan. He is simply a child of this universe, as everybody else is. Nobody is higher and nobody is lower, nobody is a brahmin and nobody is a sudra. But the priests will disappear.

I have heard a beautiful story. In a pub one night a group of friends came and drank alcohol to the full. The shopkeeper was very happy, because such people don't come every day. When one of them was paying the money, he said, "I hope you will go on visiting us."

The man said, "Just pray for me -- if my business prospers, I will be coming every day."

The man said, "Of course, I will pray morning and evening that your business prospers." And then suddenly the idea came to him, that it would be right to enquire what his profession is. So he asked, "Forgive me, but I want to know, what is your profession?"

The man said, "Don't ask that. I am a grave-digger! If more people die, my business goes well. If nobody dies, I cannot afford to come to your pub. So pray for my business -- don't be bothered what my business is."

There are people whose business is grave-digging! Naturally their prayer will be, "God, don't forget me. I also have to survive. Kill as many people as you can!"

The priests have been praying in their hearts that man should never get out of his sickness, unhealthiness, insanity, because these are the people who come to the temple, to the mosque, to the synagogue, to the church. You will rarely find young people in the churches, but you will always find old men, old women, because now death is approaching, and only the priest knows how to help them. And the priests go on pretending that they know.

I was visiting a very beautiful place in Agra. Agra is famous all over the world because of the Taj Mahal. But in Agra and the surrounding area there is a small sect of Hindus called radhaswami. For almost one hundred years, their priests had been making something which should be better than the Taj Mahal. It is difficult, but they have made the ground floor; and the ground floor shows that, if they go on exploiting people, perhaps they will defeat the Taj Mahal one day. It is only half-built, but you can see even the half-built has more art, more beauty than the Taj Mahal.

They invited me to their temple, which is going to be the samadhi of their guru, who founded the religion, and they showed me, in beautiful marble, a map of stages of spiritual evolution; they said, "There are fifteen stages of evolution." Mohammed and Moses are just in the fourth stage; Jesus, a little better, in the fifth stage. Mahavira, a little better -- sixth stage. Kabir and Nanak, a little better still, were in the seventh stage, and Gautam Buddha is also in the seventh stage. And then there is a gap. In the fifteenth stage -- the last -- is their own guru.

They said, "What do you think about it?"

I said, "It is absolutely right. Just one thing is missing in it -- but it is bound to be missing."

They said, "What is missing in it?"

I said, "There are sixteen stages, not fifteen."

They said, "Sixteen? But in our scripture there are written only fifteen stages!"

I said, "It is written, because your guru has reached only fifteen stages. I am living in the sixteenth! Your guru tries to enter, but I don't allow him -- he goes on trying to climb to the sixteenth and I go on pushing him back to the fifteenth."

They were very shocked. And when I went there the next time, they had made sixteen stages, and their guru was in the sixteenth.

I said, "It won't work. Your guru could enter in the sixteenth because I have moved to the seventeenth! You cannot keep pace with me; your guru has to be one stage behind."

Stupid ideas, just mind games.... I said, "Your scripture has been saying there are only fifteen. From where has this

sixteen come? -- because I mentioned it. I am not in any stage, I am not a prisoner. I have wings and I fly in an open sky where you don't leave even footprints -- what to say of stages? Is this some kind of school? Somebody is in the kindergarten, somebody is in the middle school, somebody is in the high school; somebody is in the college, graduating, somebody is studying a postgraduate course in the university; somebody is working on his Ph.D. and somebody has a D.Litt."

I said, "Don't be foolish. Remove this stone. Your temple is coming beautifully, but this stone is ugly and shows your intrinsic desire -- why you want to make it better than the Taj Mahal.

A spirit of competition is not the way of religion. Religion does not compete, because everyone is coming from the same source and going to the same source. A few people go slowly, a few people run, a few people have speed -- that does not matter! There is no inferiority, no superiority. Religion has nothing to do with your so-called ordinary world; it has something to do with your psyche, with your spirit. You should be one organic unity. Out of that organic unity arises the music which is celestial.

AND HE SAID, HAVE I SPOKEN THIS DAY OF AUGHT ELSE?

He is telling the priest, "You have not heard me. What else have I been talking about the whole day? -- talking about love, talking about creativity, talking about consciousness, talking about freedom."

But the mind of the priest does not think these things are religious. He means talk about God, talk about heaven and hell, talk about the theory of karma, talk about reincarnation -- and all those things are just words, without any content.

Almustafa is talking about the authentic religion. I gave this book THE PROPHET to one of my colleagues in the department of philosophy of the university. He was teaching religion. He looked at the content and he said, "Why have you given this book to me? It is not about religion. Love, freedom, creativity, the relationship between parents and children -- I don't see anything," he said to me, "about religion in it."

I said, "You don't know what religion is, and you have been teaching for almost twenty years! Not only are you in darkness, you have been spreading darkness amongst other people. These are the authentic religious questions. God is not; neither is hell nor heaven."

On his table I saw one book that he was reading -- it was Swendenborg's HEAVEN AND HELL. That is "religion." Now what does this fellow Swendenborg know about heaven and hell? Fictions! So the first thing to remember is, religion is not a fiction. Don't get caught in fictitious ideas. Religion is a reality, a day-to-day reality, a moment-to-moment reality that you are living. You can live your life religiously, you can live your life irreligiously; but again remember -- the definition should not come from the priests, the definition should come from the mystics.

If you ask the priests, "What is living religiously?" then they will say, "Going to the church every Sunday." And what is church? -- a religious kind of Rotary Club. It has a

social function; people meet and gossip, and it is good. What else to do on Sunday? And it gives you respectability that you go every day, every Sunday.

Hindus have a different approach -- go to the temple any day, any time. But the priest has to sleep also; so the Hindu priests have invented an idea -- which does not exist in any other religion -- that in the morning Krishna wakes up, and in the evening he goes to sleep, so you cannot go in the night. It is really the poor priest who needs sleep; otherwise there are all kinds of idiots who will go in the middle of the night or at any time.

Man's stupidity knows no limits. I was staying in Punjab in one of my friends houses. As I passed from a room that was their small temple, I could not believe my eyes -- I have never felt so sad about human beings. Sikhs don't have any statues in their gurudwaras; they are worshipers of a book, their holy book, GURU GRANTHA SAHIB. What I saw I could not believe. Guru Grantha Sahib, the book was there and just in front of the book -- toothpaste and a toothbrush.

I said, "I have never thought in my life that toothpaste and a toothbrush have any religious meaning!"

He said, "They have! Guru Grantha Sahib will wake up, so the first thing is to wash his mouth."

I said, "You are absolutely an idiot, because this is only a book. If the Hindu brings food to his god, at least there seems to be some relationship -- the god at least is a statue of man, although the god never eats; but there seems to be a certain relevance. But a book... after toothpaste, I think a cup of tea? Then lunchtime, then teabreak, then supper."

I asked my friend, "Have you ever thought about what you are doing?"

But religion is a fiction; the religion that has been taught and invented by the priests has no relationship with reality. That's why the priest could not get the idea that Kahlil Gibran is speaking religion and nothing else.

IS NOT RELIGION ALL DEEDS AND ALL REFLECTION...

It is not a question of worship; it is a question of living. All your deeds, all your thoughts, should be religious. But never ask the priest, because if your thoughts are concerned with beauty, truth, love, he will not think that they are religious. If your deeds are out of compassion, if your deeds are nothing but gratitude to existence, he will not think of them as religious.

AND THAT WHICH IS NEITHER DEED NOR REFLECTION, BUT A WONDER AND A SURPRISE....

Deeds are the outermost, the very periphery of your being; thoughts are a little deeper. But there are even deeper realms -- wonder and surprise. No religion says that wonder and surprise are religious, that they are virtuous. But I say unto you, there is nothing more religious than eyes full of wonder, seeing a beautiful flower.
It is so unbelievable -- out of the earth which has no colors, which has no fragrance, which has no greenery, arises a tree with green leaves, which brings flowers of different colors and different fragrances and fruits. And it is a miracle when you see a tree, because the tree is going against gravitation -- gravitation pulls everything

downwards. The tree is not even in the bondage of gravitation in which you are; the tree goes on rising higher and higher. It seems its destiny is the stars.

In Africa, where there are very thick forests, trees go very high -- just to say "Hello" to the sun, to the moon. The forests are so thick that if you are a small tree or a small bush you don't have any chance of seeing the sky full of stars, of seeing a beautiful sunrise and a beautiful sunset. The trees are continually being religious. Even animals are full of wonder, full of curiosity; in their own way they are also searching and seeking something.

In Switzerland, at a small station, there is a statue of a dog. The dog belonged to a man who used to go every morning to work in the city; he lived in a small village. His dog used to come to give him a send-off every morning, and when he would return in the evening, the dog would be waiting on the platform to welcome him home.

But one day the man went and never returned. There had been an accident, and he died. But the dog waited. The train came; the dog went into every compartment, tears in his eyes, looking for his master. All the passengers left, but the dog would not leave. He waited for the next train -- perhaps the man had missed the train.

He would not eat anything and he would not drink anything, and he was sitting in the same place continuously for seven days. At first the stationmaster and the staff tried to chase him away, but by and by, they felt that they were not doing good. With a continuous flow of tears, he was checking every train, day in, day out. Not a single train passed that he did not go into and look in every compartment. And on the seventh day, hungry -- because

he used to eat with his master -- he died in the same place, waiting.

Can you say this dog was not religious? He knew what love is, more than human beings. He knew what friendship is, he knew what dedication is. And the village and the stationmaster realized the fact that they had been very cruel in chasing the dog away. Just as a repentance, they made a statue of the dog -- who is still waiting, eyes fixed upon the same compartment from which his master used to come out.

Religion is something so vast. It is not confined in any church, in any temple, in any mosque; it is not confined in any scripture. It is a question of your consciousness. Are you full of wonder like a small child? Is there anything that surprises you? If nothing surprises you and nothing fills you with wonder, you are dead; otherwise, the whole existence is your temple. Trees are meditating, birds are praying, stars are continually moving around a center which science has not been able to find yet; perhaps their movement is nothing but a prayer.

As I see it, religion is not theology; it is more poetry, more mysticism, more innocence, more wonder, more surprise.

... EVER SPRINGING IN THE SOUL, EVEN WHILE THE HANDS HEW THE STONE OR TEND THE LOOM?

You may be doing anything, but your heart can be in meditation.

The great Indian mystic, Kabir, was a weaver. He had thousands of followers and they asked him again and again,

"It doesn't look right that our master should continue to weave clothes, and every market day should go to the market, sit in the street and sell his clothes. We are here; we can fulfill all your needs -- whatever you need."
Kabir laughed and he said, "You don't understand, because you can only see what is happening outside. When I am weaving the cloth, deep in my heart I know I am weaving it for God. Deep in my heart I know that I have to go to the market, because that unknown God may come in any disguise, as a customer."
He never addressed his customers in any other way than "God." He used to say, "So You have come? Seven days I have been working for You. And remember, this is not just a cloth -- I have woven my very heart into it. Take care of it. I have made it with great love, with great prayer. I had no idea in what disguise You would come, but You have come; whoever comes is a form of God. This is my only religion. I am a weaver; to weave with silence, with prayer in the heart, is my religion." So it is not a question of what you are doing.

WHO CAN SEPARATE HIS FAITH FROM HIS ACTIONS, OR HIS BELIEF FROM HIS OCCUPATIONS?

But that's what is happening all over the world: your faith is not your actions, your belief is not your occupations -- you have separated them; you have imprisoned your God in a temple. Once in a while you go there, and the remaining time there is not even a small stirring in your heart for God.

Unless all your actions become your faith, your trust, unless all your efforts are full of love and prayer, you don't know what religion is. The religion that you are aware of is false, and the priests that you know, know nothing about the true religion. Your popes, your shankaracharyas, your Ayatollah Khomeini, these are not the people who know what religion is.

There was a mystic who was a potter. His name was Gorakh. He continued even after his enlightenment to make beautiful pottery. Many times his disciples said, "It doesn't look good."

He said, "I am a potter. I can pour my love and my creativity and the song of my heart only into creating beautiful pots, and I feel so happy when God comes to take them from me. That's why I don't have to go to any temple; God Himself comes in many disguises to my house. And because the pots are created for God, it is no longer just an occupation. It has become faith, it has become religion.

WHO CAN SPREAD HIS HOURS BEFORE HIM, SAYING, "THIS FOR GOD AND THIS FOR MYSELF; THIS FOR MY SOUL AND THIS OTHER FOR MY BODY"?

The mind that thinks in divisions is not a religious mind. The mind that thinks that something is profane and something is sacred is not religious.

You cannot say, "This for God and this for me" -- because the one who knows God forgets all about himself -- he not only forgets all about himself, he does not find himself at all. Either you can exist or God can exist -- you both cannot

exist together; there is no coexistence possible. If you are, then your God is phony. Only your disappearance will make God a reality, a truth. And you cannot even divide: This is for my soul and this is for my body; they are not separate, they are meeting in God.

Do you see a simple point? For thousands of years you have been divided in many ways -- the body is separate, you are separate. But can you live a moment without breathing? Breathing is a function of the body, not of the soul. Just as without the soul the body cannot live -- it dies, returns to the basic elements of life: air to the air, fire to the fire, earth to the earth, water to the water, sky to the sky -- in the same way, without the body the soul cannot remain for a single moment. They are not two; they are meeting in God, they are bridged by God.

So don't say this is for my body and this is for my soul -- you are one unit. Respect your body the same way as you respect your soul. Your body is as sacred as your soul is. In existence everything is sacred because the whole thing is throbbing with the heartbeat of the divine.

ALL YOUR HOURS ARE WINGS THAT BEAT THROUGH SPACE FROM SELF TO SELF.

You are moving moment to moment, from one stage of consciousness to another stage of consciousness. The body may be fast asleep, but it is also conscious. You know if you are asleep and a mosquito starts disturbing you -- and particularly in Poona there are only two kinds of people who can disturb you, the mosquitos and the police commissioner; they belong, really, to the same category.

Mosquitos are at least a little more gentlemanly; before they suck your blood they dance around you, they sing around you, they pay the price, and they don't carry guns -- you remain asleep and your hand removes the mosquito.
The body has its own consciousness.
The scientists say the body has millions and millions of living cells; each cell has its own life. You have lost the capacity of wonder; otherwise you would wonder first about your own body, how the body turns the bread into blood. We have not been able to find a factory yet where bread can be turned into blood. And not only that, it sorts out what is needed and what is not needed by your body; that which is not needed is thrown out, and that which is needed is needed for different functions.
The body goes on supplying different places, different parts of your body, whatever their need is. You eat the same food for all your needs; out of the same food your bones are made, your blood is made, your skin is made, your eyes are made, your brain is made, and the body knows perfectly well what is needed and where it is needed. The blood is circulating continuously, supplying particular chemicals to particular parts.
Not only that, the body also knows the priority. The first priority is your brain -- hence, if there is not enough oxygen, first the body will give the oxygen to the brain. The other parts are tougher and they can wait a little, but the brain cells are not so tough. If they don't get oxygen for six minutes they will die, and once they are dead they cannot be revived.
It is a tremendous work of intelligence to be alert about the different functions. When you have a wound, then the body

stops supplying certain parts which can survive, but first the wound has to be healed. Immediately the white cells of the body rush towards the wound to cover it so it is not open. And then inside, the work, the very subtle work, continues.

Medical science knows that we are not yet as wise as the body is. The most prominent physicians have said that we cannot cure the body; the body cures itself -- we can only help. At the most our medicines can be of some help, but the basic cure comes from the body itself.

It is a wonder how it is being done. It is such a vast work. I have come to know from one scientist friend, who has been working on the functions of the body, that if we want to do all those functions we will need almost one square mile of factory with many complicated mechanisms, computers. Then, too, we are not certain that we will succeed -- and your religions have been condemning the body and telling you that to take care of the body is irreligious.

The Jaina monks don't take a bath because that is caring for the body, that is materialism. They don't brush their teeth. Guru Grantha Sahib brushes his teeth, but the Jaina monks don't brush their teeth. They used to meet me in the past, and I had to tell them, "Don't feel offended, but sit as far away as you can, because you stink." Moving naked on the dusty roads of India in hot sun, perspiring, gathering the dust, no mouth wash, no bath -- and they are worshiped because of these stupid things! Because they have renounced the body, they don't care about the body. They don't know even what the body is; they have never wondered about its miracles. So don't say, "This is for my soul and this is for my body" -- you are one.

First, inside you become one with your body, then become one with the whole existence. The day your heartbeat has a synchronicity with the universe and its heartbeat you have found religion -- not before it.

HE WHO WEARS HIS MORALITY BUT AS HIS BEST GARMENT WERE BETTER NAKED.

There are people who think they can be moral without being religious. Morality is only a shadow that follows the religious man, not vice versa. It is not that you have to be moral first and then you can become religious -- that's what the priests have been teaching you -- first be moral! They are putting the cart before the bullocks. And if you have not moved anywhere -- no evolution -- there is nothing to be surprised about. Morality is only a very small thing.
If your consciousness rises to the height of religion, morality will come on its own. Morality grows like leaves on the trees; you simply water the trees. You take care of the roots. You need not pull the leaves out of the tree -- you will destroy them; they will come when the time is ripe. You don't have to be worried about them. But all your so-called priests are teaching morality, and that's why people have become hypocrites. I have never come across a moral man who is not a hypocrite. Only a religious man has an authentic morality.
He who wears his morality but as his best garment... People are using morality as a decoration for their respectability. Kahlil Gibran is right when he says, "It was better he was naked." At least in his nakedness he would be natural, not a hypocrite. And out of being natural one can move towards

being religious, but from hypocrisy you cannot move anywhere; it is a dead-end street, it goes nowhere.
The moral person is never joyful; he is always sad. It is a natural consequence of standing on your head. If existence wanted you to stand on your head, it would have grown legs on your head. But there are idiots who are trying to improve upon nature.
I have never seen a single yogi in the whole country who shows any intelligence, because standing on your head you disturb the whole system, the whole wisdom of the body; too much blood rushes towards the head because of gravitation. That much blood is not needed; it floods.... If the mind is flooded with blood its very delicate tissues, which create intelligence, are destroyed. Animals have not been able to create intelligence for the simple reason that they are horizontal beings; their whole body gets the blood in the same proportion.
Have you ever observed why you use a pillow in the night? Without the pillow you cannot sleep, because too much blood goes on coming -- your head is lower than the body -- and that blood goes on disturbing your whole mechanism; you cannot sleep. You need a pillow to keep your head a little higher, so it receives only the right proportion of blood.
Never be a hypocrite; whatsoever the price you have to pay, it is better to pay it. Hypocrisy is cheap -- you don't have to pay anything for it -- but you are destroying your very soul and your very possibility of growth.

THE WIND AND THE SUN WILL TEAR NO HOLES IN HIS SKIN.

Don't be worried. Even if you are naked, the wind and the rain and the sun will not tear holes in your skin. Hypocrisy prevents reality reaching to you; it becomes a barrier. Yes, it gives you respectability -- but what are you going to do with respectability? It has no essential meaning.

AND HE WHO DEFINES HIS CONDUCT BY ETHICS IMPRISONS HIS SONG-BIRD IN A CAGE.

Listen to your nature, not to the so-called priests and preachers. They will give you beautiful garments of morality and ethical conduct, but they will destroy your very center of being -- or at least they will not allow you to reach to your own self. To miss your own self means you have missed your whole life.

THE FREEST SONG COMES NOT THROUGH BARS AND WIRES.

Out of bondage, out of the prison, the freest song cannot come; it is simply impossible. Only freedom becomes a song, and that song is the prayer that comes out of your freedom.

AND HE TO WHOM WORSHIPPING IS A WINDOW, TO OPEN BUT ALSO TO SHUT, HAS NOT YET VISITED THE HOUSE OF HIS SOUL WHOSE WINDOWS ARE FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

Religion is not a window; it is not a Sunday affair. It is not that in twenty-four hours, for one hour you become religious, and twenty-three hours you do everything which is irreligious. Do you think that one hour of phony religiousness can win over your twenty-three hours of sincere dishonesty? So if in the end you find all your worshiping has been in vain, nobody is responsible except yourself. Your prayer, your meditation should be...from dawn to dawn.

A beautiful incident is reported in the life of Gautam Buddha. One of his closest disciples, Ananda, was also his caretaker. He used to sleep in the same room. He was following Gautam Buddha like a shadow twenty-four hours a day. He was puzzled about one thing, that Buddha slept in a certain posture -- which has become known as the "lion's posture" because of Buddha. He remained the whole night in the same posture. He did not toss and turn.

Ananda watched him many times, waking in the middle of the night, but he was in the same posture. One day he said, "I am now tortured too much about one question, and I have to ask it. I am not supposed to ask such stupid questions, but it is going on and on in my mind: The whole night you remain in the same posture; do you sleep or not?"

Buddha said, "The body sleeps because the body is tired, but as far as my consciousness is concerned, it cannot sleep; so I am asleep and yet a part of me is witnessing. And I have found the right posture, the most restful posture, so there is no need to change it."

You must have observed that you change your posture too many times in the night if you are feeling restless in the mind. If your mind is relaxed, your changing of posture is

less, but if the mind is completely transcended you can sleep in one posture.

People have been asking how I go on sitting in the same posture for two, three hours every day in the morning, in the evening. I have found the right posture for my legs, and when I am talking to you I am wholy and totally involved with it and my legs know perfectly well not to disturb me -- I never disturb them. It is just a friendly contract.

Meditation is not something that you do, and then go for other things. Meditation is something like breathing: whatever you are doing is separate, but the breathing continues.

People come and ask me: "What is the right time for meditation? -- morning, evening, night? How long should one meditate?" They are asking wrong questions.

It is not a question of the right time: Whenever you are meditating it is the right time, and whenever you are not meditating it is the wrong time. And it is not a question of how long you should meditate. Meditation has to become your heartbeat; even when you are asleep the meditation continues like an undercurrent. So...from dawn to dawn....

I have seen many kinds of so-called religious people. In my village, just in front of my house, there was a sweetshop. The man was very religious -- so-called religious; he was continuously having his beads in his hands. To avoid people seeing this, he had made a bag. Inside the bag he used to keep his hand, and his beads, and he went on repeating, "Rama, rama, rama..." with each bead. That bead is a device of counting; otherwise, you will have to say, "Rama one, rama two, rama three..." and it will be difficult and more complicated -- and you may forget the numbers.

There are one hundred and eight beads, so if you have gone one round you have taken the name of God one hundred and eight times. Then the second round begins, and this goes on.

While he is doing this, if a dog enters and he chases the dog, the beads continue -- he has forgotten "Rama" -- and he will make some sound so that his wife comes and chases the dog. If a customer comes, one hand will go on doing the ritual while he sells the sweets and haggles about the price. I was wondering, "What kind of meditation is this?" It is not meditation; it is a very poor substitute for it.

Tibetans are more intelligent. They don't have beads, they have a wheel with one hundred and eight spokes. They go on doing their things, and go on turning the wheel. When the wheel slows down, they turn it again and their work continues. One lama was staying with me. I said, "Have you heard about electricity?"

He said, "Why are you asking that?"

I said, "Unnecessary trouble! Just plug your wheel into the electricity; it will go on -- all the fans are going on. You need not bother. Even if you go out the prayer will continue; even if you die, the prayer will continue."

People have been deceiving even existence, even their own being. But this is sheer unintelligence.

Meditation does not mean to repeat a name, it does not mean to chant a mantra; it means to remain silent, centered, peaceful. Then you can do everything -- but your inner silence remains untouched, your serenity remains without any disturbance. And that inner silence and serenity show from your eyes, from your hands, the way you walk, the way you sit -- because it gives you a grace, a beauty.

That was the definition of Kahlil Gibran: beauty is not a need but an ecstasy. If your inner world remains in a silence, you will be living ecstasy, dawn to dawn; your whole life will become meditation. Meditation is not a ritual. It has to become your very life, your very being; and then everything that you do will have grace, will have beauty.

In this silence you will come in contact with the silence of existence, because existence understands only one language -- and that is the language of silence. It does not understand Sanskrit nor Hebrew nor Arabic nor Prakrit nor Pali; it does not understand any language other than the language of silence. When you say nothing you are heard; when you say something you are simply wasting your breath.

When you are so silent, as if you are absent, the miracle happens -- the greatest miracle, I will call it. When you are absent you have a presence which is divine; and to attain this presence is to be religious. And the way to this presence is religion. It is not in the scriptures and it is not in the synagogues and gurudwaras -- it is within you.

Yes, I say unto you again: The kingdom of God is within you.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2

Chapter #17

Chapter title: In you are hidden all men

6 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
YOUR DAILY LIFE IS YOUR TEMPLE AND YOUR RELIGION.
WHENEVER YOU ENTER INTO IT TAKE WITH YOU YOUR ALL.
TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE YOU CANNOT RISE ABOVE YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS NOR FALL LOWER THAN YOUR FAILURES.
AND TAKE WITH YOU ALL MEN:
FOR IN ADORATION YOU CANNOT FLY HIGHER THAN THEIR HOPES NOR HUMBLE YOURSELF LOWER THAN THEIR DESPAIR.
AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD, BE NOT THEREFORE A SOLVER OF RIDDLES.
RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.
AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD, OUTSTRETCHING HIS ARMS IN THE LIGHTNING AND DESCENDING IN RAIN.
YOU SHALL SEE HIM SMILING IN FLOWERS, THEN RISING AND WAVING HIS HANDS IN TREES.

It is one of the misfortunes that the true religion has been destroyed -- not by the irreligious, but by the so-called

religious people of the world... not by those who do not believe in God, but by those who believe in God, heaven and hell, and all that nonsense. The true religion has nothing to do with God. Neither is it a lust for rewards after life, nor is it a fear of punishment in hell.

The true religion knows no past, no future, but this very moment, only the present. True religion is not in the temples and the mosques and the synagogues and the churches. Those who try to find it there are making their efforts in vain. It has to be found, not by anything that is made by man, but by something which has made the whole existence, man himself included. You cannot sculpt God in a statue, because God is the very source of life, and nothing else.

God has no face of its own, it has no hands of its own, it has no eyes of its own; but if you are silent, peaceful, loving, suddenly your hands start quivering with a new source of energy. Your hands become God's hands; your eyes start seeing in a totally different way -- they become the eyes of God. Everything remains the same, and yet everything changes because you have changed.

God is a way of life, a style of life, living in tune with existence.

God is not a person, but simply a certain way of falling in tune with existence, of falling in love with all that surrounds you. The true religion is nothing but love, unbounded, unfettered.

Kahlil Gibran says, your daily life is your temple.... In fact, to avoid it, we have created temples. The temples are not the places where God lives; those are the places which we have created to deceive ourselves. God is all over the space,

everywhere, but to be so overwhelmed, so possessed and enchanted by God that each single moment becomes flooded with Him, needs courage, needs guts, needs a heart uncluttered -- open, available, receptive. To avoid this, we have created small temples. These temples are not to find God, but to avoid God.

Your religions are not religion, but an escape from religion. They are like toys, poor substitutes, dead, with no life, with no song, with no dance. But it is strange that the whole of humanity has been deceiving itself. There must be some deep psychological reason.

I am reminded of a beautiful story by Rabindranath Tagore. He says, "I have been searching for God, for many, many lives. Once in a while I saw a glimpse of Him near a far, faraway star, and I rushed towards that star. But by the time I reached there, He was gone.

"Again I saw Him somewhere else, far away, but it was always far away, and to travel that distance takes time. And God is not something dead -- it is something flowing, constantly moving. By the time I reached the spot where I had seen Him, He was dancing somewhere else. I heard the dance, I heard the music; He was playing a flute, I heard the flute. I saw Him, but always so far away.

"But I have continued.... It was a challenge... one day I was going to find Him. How long could He go on escaping from me? And certainly one day I reached a beautiful house, and a plate on the house said, THE HOUSE OF GOD. And I was so full of joy that my journey had not been in vain, I had found Him; it was simply a question of going just a few steps and knocking on the door.

Dancing with delight, I stepped on those marble steps. I was just going to knock at the door, but my hand remained as if paralyzed, because a thought suddenly came to me: If He opens the door, and I meet Him, then what? All my life has been a search, all my life has been a constant seeking -- I know only how to search and how to seek. The meeting of God is going to be a death to me, because I am nothing but a search, a seeking. It is going to be a death to the challenge -- and what is life without a challenge?

"I moved my hand back and took my shoes off from my feet, because who knows? -- He might hear the noise on the steps and open the door and say, `Where are you going? Here I am.' Taking the shoes in my hands, I ran away. I never looked back -- perhaps He might be standing in the doorway and watching, and then escape would become a little more difficult and painful.

"Since then I have been searching for Him again, and I see a glimpse here and there. I know where He lives, so only that place I have to avoid, and everywhere else I go on searching, seeking, asking, inquiring, `Where is God? What is God?'"

It is a tremendously profound story. Have you ever thought about it -- if you meet God, what you are going to say to Him? what are you going to do with Him? He will be the dead-end street, He will be your grave, because beyond Him there is nothing. You have been searching with great intensity, with great passion and longing; all passion and all longing will disappear.

Perhaps this is the reason why everybody goes on seeking God, and yet never meets Him. Perhaps everybody knows the house where He is, so they only avoid that house -- and

the whole universe is there to seek and search. Or perhaps God understands that He has to remain a search, an inquiry, a quest, and is never to become an experience.

Just as on your side you are avoiding the house.... Perhaps He does not live in that house either, afraid that someday some idiot may knock, some police commissioner may issue a warrant of inquiry; and the police officers with their guns will make their way, forcibly, into the house of God. But I say unto you, they will not find Him there. Not only are you escaping from Him, He is also escaping from you because He is also afraid. The meeting is going to be a great embarrassment. Neither have you anything to say, nor has he anything to say. Are you going to talk about the weather?

Have you ever given it a single thought? -- that the very idea of God as a person is nonsense. There is no God as a person anywhere, and all these temples, and all these mosques and synagogues and churches, are empty. Manufactured by crafty priests, they don't have anything to do with religion.

Kahlil Gibran is right when he says; your daily life is your temple.

To accept this simple fact that your daily life is your temple and your religion -- just the understanding of this simple fact is going to become a great transformation. Then you cannot do many things you have always been doing, because it is everywhere -- the sacred land -- and every moment you are dealing with God.

You cannot cheat your customers; you cannot be possessive of your children, because they are closer to God than you are. Their innocence is a bridge, your knowledge is a wall,

a China wall; you can only be respectful to the children. You cannot act in the old way because you are always acting inside the temple, and each of your acts is a prayer. In each moment you are surrounded by God. His presence will be felt even in your wife, in your husband, in your friend, in your enemy, because except Him, nobody else exists.

To make the whole of life a temple, and the whole of life a religion, is the only way of the real seeker.

He does not go to look into the holy books. Books are books; no book is holy and no book is unholy. Read them if you enjoy the poetry; read them if you enjoy their prose; read them if you enjoy their mythologies -- but remember, no book can deliver you a taste of religion.

Yes, a flower may be able to do it; a bird on the wing may be able to do it; a tree rising high and dancing in the sun may be able to do it. The whole existence becomes your holy book: read it, listen to it, and slowly, slowly, you will become aware that you are surrounded by an energy of which you have been completely unconscious.

It is almost like the fish who does not know anything about the ocean, because it is born in the ocean, it has lived in the ocean, and one day it will die in the ocean. It was part of the ocean, just a wave; it knows nothing of the ocean. The fish comes to know the ocean only when a fisherman pulls her out of the ocean and throws her on the beach in the hot sand. Then she knows that she has missed her real home, of which she has never been aware. Now she is thirsty, trying in every possible way to reach back and jump into the ocean. Out of the ocean she becomes aware of what she has missed.

People become aware only at the time of death of what they have missed, because death comes like a fisherman, pulling you out of the ocean of life. As you are pulled out of life, suddenly you realize, "My God! I have been alive, and I never became aware of it. I could have danced, I could have loved, I could have sung -- but now it is too late." People become aware only at the time when they are dying, that they have been continuously surrounded by the eternal energy of life, but they never participated in it. Your daily life is your temple, and your religion. Act in awareness, act consciously, and naturally many things will start changing. A man who understands that the whole life is the temple, is the religion, cannot go on killing animals for eating, because if you are divine, then they are also divine. If God beats in your heart, He also beats in the heart of a deer. How can you kill a deer? -- so beautiful, and so dignified... so swift, he goes like an arrow. Have you ever seen a deer who is ugly? That's why deer don't have any competition for beauty, because what is the point? -- they are all beautiful. Have you ever seen a lion who is not beautiful? But man becomes ugly. Every child is born beautiful, but as he grows he starts learning ways how to become ugly, how to be competitive, how to be jealous, how to be violent, how to be destructive, how to be aggressive. Slowly, slowly, he loses all contact with life because he has lost reverence for life.

If you ask me, I will say religion is reverence for life. And if you don't have reverence for life, you cannot conceive the whole of existence -- the trees, and the birds and the animals -- as different expressions of the same energy. In the source we are brothers and sisters with the animals and

the birds and the trees; and if you start feeling this brotherhood, this sisterhood, you will find the first taste of what religion is.

WHENEVER YOU ENTER INTO IT, TAKE WITH YOU YOUR ALL.
TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE YOU CANNOT RISE ABOVE YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS NOR FALL LOWER THAN YOUR FAILURES.

Do not discard anything as profane. The plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute -- whatever you are working with, have a respect for it. People don't even respect other people; people treat other people as if they are things.
Have you ever thought that your servant is also your brother, has the same dignity as you, needs to have his pride, just as you need it? No, a servant passes from your room, and you don't even pay attention -- as if nobody has passed. A servant seems to have no soul. Have you purchased the soul of the servant?
How long has it been that you have not seen the face of your wife, although you are living together twenty four hours a day. How long has it been that you have not seen the face of your husband, or your wife? It may have been years.

Now you take each other for granted: she has become a thing to you, you have become a thing to her. She uses you, just as you use her. You both are destroying each other; you are taking away the other's humanity, their very soul.
True religion consists of giving life and soul even to things. You can touch this chair with love and respect: it won't cost you anything, but it will give you immense insight into life. The religious man is the only magician in the world: whatever he touches becomes alive. It is not a question of what he touches; it is a question of what he pours into it. He pours his own life.
To live a religious life does not mean renouncing existence and escaping to the mountains. That is the way of the coward and the impotent; that is the way of the crippled and incompetent; that is the way of those who don't have the intelligence to see God surrounding them everywhere. When you renounce life, you are renouncing God -- whom else can you renounce? When you are renouncing your wife or your husband, whom do you think you are renouncing? And where are you going to find God?

In Gautam Buddha's life there is one incident which Buddhists try to avoid; they don't discuss it. When Gautam Buddha became enlightened.... And what is enlightenment? -- this very experience that the whole existence is divine, that it is the temple of God, and that everybody is either God-awake or God-asleep -- but it makes no difference. One who is asleep can be awake within a minute, just a little cold water has to be thrown into his eyes. He may be annoyed in the beginning, he may shout at you -- people even throw their alarm clocks.

I have been asked again and again, "Why are people so angry with you?" I say, "It is understandable. When people are asleep, they don't want any alarm clock around them; and I am no ordinary alarm clock. I try in every way -- even if I have to wrestle with the person, I will bring him out of the bed. Even if he becomes angry, it is nothing to be worried about. The moment he is awake he will understand that his anger was not right.

The moment Gautam Buddha became enlightened, the first thing he told Ananda was "I would like to go to my kingdom. Twelve years have passed since I left my palace. I have left a small child, just one day old -- my first child; now he must have become twelve years old. And all these twelve years, my wife, Yashodhara, must have been very angry. She is a woman of culture, beauty, and refinement -- she may not even have expressed her anger to anybody, but in her heart she must be carrying the wound.

"The first thing I want is to go back, and to see my wife and my child and my father. He must be old, if he is still alive. He must have destroyed his eyes by crying, because I am his only son."

They reached the palace, and entered it. Ananda had a privilege, which he had asked before his initiation. He was Gautam Buddha's elder cousin-brother, so before he was initiated, he had asked, "After initiation I will be a disciple, and you will be the master, and whatever you will say, I will have to say yes to it. There is no question of any no. "Therefore before I become a disciple, I want three things to be cleared: first, you will never send me away from you the way you send other people to spread the message. Even if I become enlightened, you cannot send me away to

spread the message. Second, even if in the middle of the night I bring somebody to you because he wants to ask a question, you cannot say `I am tired of walking the whole day from one village to another village; and do you think the middle of the night is the right time?
Can't you wait till tomorrow morning?' You cannot say that -- because tomorrow is uncertain.
"And third, I will be present in every private conversation, with whomsoever you may be talking. A great emperor -- it doesn't matter, I will be present there because I want to know everything -- not only that which you say to the masses, but also that which you say in your privacy, because in your privacy you must say greater secrets, more intimate truths. So promise me these three things."
Gautam Buddha said, "You are my elder brother, so I cannot say no to you. I promise; but remember, only three things."
As they entered the palace, Buddha stopped and said to Ananda, "Although you have the privilege of being present in every conversation, I pray to you that you don't come with me when I go to see my wife, for the simple reason that she is such a cultured woman, and in your presence she will not show her anger, she will not show her tears. And she will become even more irritated that I have come after twelve years, and I have brought somebody with me, so that she cannot express her heart. I would like her to scream at me, to shout at me, to abuse me, so that she can be unburdened. I feel responsible."
Ananda understood; he said, "I can make this exception. You can go ahead -- I will wait outside the door."

And of course, Yashodhara was very angry. She was not angry that Gautam Buddha left the palace, renounced the kingdom, and went to the mountains to meditate and to find the truth. She was not angry about that; she was angry that: "You did not trust me! You could have told me that you were going. Do you think I would have prevented you? In my body also is the blood of a warrior's daughter. If I can send you to the battlefield without showing a single tear in my eyes, knowing that perhaps I will never see you again.... "If you had just told me that you were going in search of truth, I would never have been angry. My anger is not about your going, my anger is that you did not trust me enough, you did not love me enough."

In fact, before he had left the palace Gautam Buddha had gone into his wife's chamber just to see the face of his child, who was only one day old. But the child and the mother were both under the blanket -- it was a cold night -- and he could not see the child. He was afraid to remove the blanket to see the face of the child -- afraid because removing the blanket was dangerous: if his wife woke up, she might create an unnecessary fuss about it, and the whole house would wake up.

Then too the father who was hoping.... Gautam was his only son, and he himself was getting old. He was saying to his son, "You take the responsibilities... but now, instead of taking the responsibilities and becoming the king, you are going to leave the family; you are going to renounce the kingdom."

Buddha said, "I have come with a heavy heart. I know I have hurt you, but I also know that you have so much love

for me that you can forgive me. I have just come to apologize."

And this is the point that I wanted to emphasize, the point for which I related the incident of Buddha. His wife said, "There is no question of me forgiving you. You have asked -- that is enough. Just one question I want to be answered, and that is: You have found the truth; could you not have found it here in the palace? Was it absolutely necessary to go to the caves in the mountain? Is the truth available only in the caves of the mountain? Is the truth not available here?"

And Buddha had to concede: "When I left I was not aware of it, but now I know truth is available everywhere; one need not go to a certain place to find it. But this I can say only now. At the time I renounced, I was ignorant."

Do you see the implications of it? Buddhists have been avoiding the story, because they don't want to see the implications. The implication is that all renunciation is in ignorance, and those who have become enlightened, for them there is no renunciation but only rejoicing.

All renunciation is unconscious; it is as if you are walking in sleep. But the moment you wake up, God is everywhere. Buddhists have been ignoring the story for the simple reason that if the story becomes known to the whole world, who is going to renounce the world?

In twenty-five centuries, millions of people have renounced the world. Alas, they had no idea of Buddha's own statement. It does not matter, you may not be aware that you are surrounded by a certain energy that is experienced as God when you become awake; but even when you are

not aware, the energy is there, so there is no need to go anywhere.
What is needed is: Move from sleep to awakening. The journey is inward; not from this place to that place, not from here to the Himalayas -- but from unconsciousness to consciousness, from unawareness to awareness.
Whenever you enter into it, in the temple of life... and if the whole of life is the temple, you have to carry your tools, whatever you are doing. If you are a musician, you will have your instruments; if you are a doctor, you will have your instruments; if you are a woodcutter, you will have your instruments. Whenever you enter into it, take with you your all, whatever you have.

TAKE THE PLOUGH AND THE FORGE AND THE MALLET AND THE LUTE,
THE THINGS YOU HAVE FASHIONED IN NECESSITY OR FOR DELIGHT.
FOR IN REVERIE....

When you taste something of the beyond... what in Japan the Zen people call "satori," Kahlil Gibran is calling "reverie."
When you become a little aware, not fully conscious -- just as in the morning you become aware that the birds have started singing, and the sun has entered through the window, and you take another turn, and you pull the blanket over you -- that is "reverie." You are awake but you will take a little more time; you would like to enjoy this restful moment -- the birds singing, and the warmth of the

sunrays, and the fresh air entering in your room. You are awake, but not fully awake; just half awake, half asleep.

People have been asking me again and again -- "What the difference is between satori and samadhi?" This is the difference:
Satori is half awake, half asleep.
Samadhi is full awareness.
But if you are half awake, it won't take long for you to be fully awake. Just a little hit of the master's staff on your head, and you will jump out of the bed.
Even in your...reverie, you cannot rise above your achievements....
Whatever you have achieved in life, you cannot rise above it...nor fall lower than your failures.

So don't be worried: by exposing yourself totally to life you cannot rise higher than your achievements, and you cannot fall lower than your failures. And if you understand the fact that God is everywhere -- that God is in the heights and God is also in the depths, God is in your achievements, and God is in your failures....
In fact, it is God who achieves, and it is God who fails. Why should you worry? You just leave everything to Him. You leave everything to existence; then you will be light-hearted -- no tension, no responsibility, no burden, no anxiety. If existence can take care of the stars and the mountains and the rivers and the oceans, can't existence take care of you?

In fact you are unnecessarily living in the anguish and fear that nobody should know your failures, that only the best part of you should be shown to the world. But it is a great tension continuously to keep the best part showing. It is possible if you are acting in a drama -- for a moment you can rise to your heights, but you cannot remain there forever. That's why your love affairs fail, because in your love affairs, you show only your heights.

Meeting with your beloved on the beach, you are keeping your heights, she is keeping her heights, and both think about each other that they have found the person who is really made for them; they are made for each other. But these heights can be kept only on the sea-beach. When the woman is in the kitchen, tired... the man is continuously harassed in the office by the bosses, and he comes home crushed, and the wife has been alone the whole day struggling with loneliness, they cannot keep their heights. They will both explode; they both bring their depths. And once you are living with somebody for twenty-four hours a day, it is very difficult to go on acting. A small thing may disturb your acting, and the reality may come out.

It happened, in a village.... In India every year the story of Rama is being dramatized all over the country. In the story, Rama's brother, Lakshmana, was shot by an arrow from the enemy side. It was a poisonous arrow, and the best physician of those days was asked about the cure. Lakshmana was lying down on the stage, dead, almost dead, in a coma.

The physician said, "It is very difficult to save him. There is a cure, a certain herb that grows on a certain mountain; but the distance is too much, and if within twenty-four

hours the herb is not brought, there is no possibility of saving him."

One of the followers of Rama -- you must have seen his statue everywhere, the monkey-god, Hanuman -- said, "Don't be worried." He was the king of monkeys, a great monkey; he said, "I can reach to the mountain, but the only trouble is, I am an uneducated monkey and I don't know what herb you are talking about. You have to give me clear-cut indications so that I can bring the right herb; otherwise I may bring something and it may not be the right herb. I am not a physician."

The physician said, "That is no problem. That herb is so important that in the night it glows like fireflies. So you will be able to see in the night, any herb that is aflame with light -- that can save Lakshmana."

Hanuman went there, but he was surprised because it was not one herb that was lighted, there were many herbs in the mountain.

He said, "My God! -- How am I to choose? That old idiot gave me just one indication, but that indication is applicable to many other herbs."

He saw: "They are different herbs, but they are all aflame," and there was not time enough for him to go back and inquire again. A monkey is a monkey: he thought it was better to take the whole mountain -- "So let that old fool choose which herb he wants."

So he brings the whole mountain. Now, in a drama in a small village, it is a very difficult process. The mountain is made of cardboard: there are candles, small herbs, and a rope which winds and unwinds on a wheel; and just on the

top there is a man who goes on unwheeling it or wheeling it, and Hanuman goes flying on the rope.
By the time he comes back with the mountain, something goes wrong: the wheel does not move. It is India -- it is not Germany. It is not a surprise that it does not move, it is a surprise that it moves so fast! Now Hanuman is hanging there, and the whole audience is laughing: "This is strange!" And Rama is continuously repeating what he is supposed to say only once, "Hanuman, come soon!"
Hanuman is just hanging there and the people are laughing: they cannot understand what has gone wrong. He has come, the mountain is there, the herbs are there, lights are there -- and except Rama, everybody is looking at Hanuman. Only Rama looks down, and goes on saying, "Hanuman..." because he cannot find what to say, he knows Hanuman is hanging there.
Finally the manager went up the roof. He tried, but nothing happened -- the wheel wouldn't move -- so in such a hurry and tension, he cut the rope. Hanuman fell down, the whole mountain scattered. Naturally he is very angry; he has forgotten completely that he is acting the part of Hanuman. Rama goes on repeating... he says, "Hanuman, you have saved the life of my brother!"
Hanuman says, "Your brother... and what about my feet!"
Even Lakshmana opens his eyes to see what is happening, and Hanuman says to him, "Close your eyes! You are not supposed to open your eyes -- you are unconscious. Just tell me who cut the rope. Unless I give him a good beating, this drama cannot go on."
The curtain has to be dropped. Somehow he is to be taken out; sweets are offered, but he says, "I don't want anything.

First, I want to know who cut the rope!" The manager had escaped. That man was a wrestler in the village; he was a dangerous man -- he might really beat him!
Everybody consoled him, saying "We will see -- it is the manager, but he has escaped. In the morning we are going to give him good treatment."
But for the time being, the actor who played Hanuman said, "No, now I cannot manage... I am too disturbed." He picked up his tail, which was hanging behind him, and threw it away and he said, "You can find another Hanuman -- I am going after the manager. I will see where he is hiding. Unless I give him fractures, I am not going to play this part."
Acting is possible only if everything goes smoothly, but how for twenty-four hours a day can things go smoothly between husband and wife? Somewhere or other the wheel is going to get stuck -- and then fractures are bound to happen.
If you make your whole life just an acting -- showing only the heights and not showing the depths -- you are going soon to be in trouble because you cannot hide your darker side. Even existence cannot hide it. When the fall comes, the leaves have to fall; you cannot hide them. And when the spring comes, new leaves will grow; flowers will blossom. When the night comes, it is going to be dark. Even if you close your eyes, it will not make any difference.
Life consists of both -- the valleys and the peaks.
Religions destroyed man, because they insisted that you should always be on the peaks. The valleys are not for the virtuous, they are for the sinners; for the virtuous are only peaks.

In existence there is no division.
Every peak has its own valleys; they always exist together. Neither valleys can exist without peaks, nor peaks can exist without valleys.
The man of understanding accepts both.
In that acceptance he becomes integrated, he becomes one.

AND TAKE WITH YOU ALL MEN:
FOR IN ADORATION YOU CANNOT FLY HIGHER
THAN THEIR HOPES NOR HUMBLE YOURSELF
LOWER THAN THEIR DESPAIR.

No man is an island, so never think of yourself as a phenomenon separate from existence. In you are hidden all men -- all men that are dead, all men that are alive, all men that may be coming in the future.
You are carrying the whole past with you, and you are carrying the whole future within you.
You are not alone -- you are a universe.
The sinner is in you, and the saint is in you. And don't make yourself a battlefield; otherwise your life will become hell. And that's what religions have done: they have made you a battlefield, so you are fighting with the sinners, who are part of you, and you are praising the saints, who are part of you, and you are putting them in opposition to each other. In their conflict, you are destroyed; your whole life becomes miserable.
Kahlil Gibran is right when he says: and take with you all men.... Remember that the highest a man has risen is also your possibility, and the lowest a man has fallen is also your possibility... that all the heights of a Gautam Buddha,

a Mahavira, a Jesus, a Zarathustra -- they are also within you. And all the great criminals -- Genghis Khan, Tamurlane, Nadir Shah, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Ronald Reagan -- they are also within you.

Accepting them both, you never become a battlefield; accepting both, a strange harmony arises in you. It is just as in every school you have a blackboard, and for writing, you have white chalk. The white chalk on the blackboard shows a itself clearly; the blackness of the board becomes the background. You can also write on a white board, but then you cannot read. You can also write with a black chalk, but then you cannot read.

Man is a dialectic. The height and the depth, the black and the white -- all are together. Rather than creating a conflict, create a harmony, a music.

Use both in such a way that they are not fighting, but become part of an orchestra.

To make man an orchestra is the very aim of religion. To create music out of your duality is the very essence of religion.

AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD, BE NOT THEREFORE A SOLVER OF RIDDLES.

Don't meet God with philosophical questions, with riddles. If I ask you, "What are you going to do when you meet God?" Naturally you will start thinking what questions to ask... questions that you have not been able to find the answer to, God must know.

But Kahlil Gibran says...and if you would know god, be not therefore a solver of riddles... because God is silence, and if

you bring problems and questions they will not be answered. No prayer is ever answered, because God does not understand any language. Silence is the only language that is understood.
So come to God, to the trees, to the streams, to the ocean, with silence in your heart, and you will find a communion; you will find your riddles and your questions disappearing. God does not solve your questions.
But in silence they dissolve, they melt away.

RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Very strange statements, but very true. But who cares about children? Who looks at children? I have been a child, just as you have been a child. And whenever there was a guest coming to my house, my father would say to me, "You disappear."
This is strange: a guest is coming to the house -- I should welcome him. I cannot disappear; that will be very insulting to the guest. My father said, "No argument -- he is just arriving within minutes. You disappear to wherever you want. To the river, to the forest -- wherever you want, you go."
I said, "I would have gone if I had known that no guest is coming. I am going to remain here... and I am calling my friends also."
My father said, "This is very strange of you! When there is nobody coming, you don't create disturbance; when anybody is coming, you create disturbance. You bring all

kinds of friends, and you make so much noise that we cannot even talk with each other."
I said, "That is your problem. We never say to you `You are disturbing our play; because of you, we cannot play.' It is always you who are disturbed by us -- but you never think of us, that we are being constantly disturbed by you. There has to be a contract about it."
My father said, "Stop talking about this contract business! You have so many contracts with me that even if I go on forgetting, you never forget your contracts."
I said, "This is simple: either contracts or freedom. You talk as loudly as you can talk, and we will play as loudly as we can; otherwise a contract is needed."
He said, "Okay, what is your contract?"
I said, "My contract is simple: for half the time we will play, and you have to join us; and for half the time you can discuss, we will join you. It is absolutely fair."
He said, "It is better that I go out of the house. You manage the guests."
I said, "That's okay, you can go out -- disappear!" But he could not because he had some business to do with the guest. And I knew that perfectly well, that he could not disappear; it was just a threat.

I said to him, "Threats won't work with me. I want simple business contracts. You are a businessman; you can understand. Half the time you give to us; half the time we will give to you."
He said, "I understand your contract: it means you will destroy the whole time. Half the time we have to play with you, and half the time you will not allow us to talk; you

will interfere, argue -- and I say to you it is important business."
But eyes full of business cannot see that when children are playing, God is present.
In their innocence, when trees are standing in silence, God is present. When the stream is going, singing its song towards the ocean, God is present -- but the eyes are full of business. The ears are deaf; that's why you go on missing that which is, every moment, available, in thousands of ways.

AND IF YOU WOULD KNOW GOD... RATHER LOOK ABOUT YOU, AND YOU SHALL SEE HIM PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Have you looked in the eyes of a child? Perhaps it will be difficult for you to find an authentic sage; but if you can look into a small child's eyes, you will have some taste of the eyes of a sage. The sage's eyes are, of course, deeper, more profound, more significant -- but the child also has something of it... if not all, just a part of it.

AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD....

God is not a person. The whole effort of Kahlil Gibran is to destroy the idea that God is a person. He wants you to understand that God is a presence. When the children are laughing, He is present. In their laughter is such innocence; it is impossible that God would not be present there. That's why all the sages have said that when you have become

awakened, you will be surprised that this is your second birth. You have again become a child; again the same wonder in your eyes... again the same desire to run after butterflies, to collect seashells on the beach....
In Japan, one great sage, Hotei, used to carry on both his shoulders, big bags, full of toys, sweets -- things that children like. Whenever he would enter a town, people would ask, "Give us some sermon on religion."
Hotei would say, "Wait, and you will see it!"
And from all sides children would start coming as the rumor would spread like wildfire that Hotei had come -- because he always came with strange toys, beautiful sweets, and he would start distributing them. There would be laughter, they would dance, and Hotei would dance with the children.
And the whole crowd would stand there, shocked, "This man seems to be mad -- and we have heard that he is a great sage!" His whole life he was just doing that, and when people would say,"You have not spoken," he said, "It cannot be spoken. But I have done everything -- I have provoked Him. He was here, taking sweets from my hands. He was here, playing with the toys. He was here laughing, he was here dancing. But you are blind; what can I do? You are deaf -- you cannot hear."
Children of Japan still carry the statue of only one buddha, and that is Hotei. He never spoke, but he always created a situation where you could see innocence in action.
When innocence is in action, it is God in presence.

AND LOOK INTO SPACE; YOU SHALL SEE HIM WALKING IN THE CLOUD, OUTSTRETCHING HIS

ARMS IN THE LIGHTNING AND DESCENDING IN RAIN.

It is only a question of changing your attitude. When it is raining, just go dancing in the rain. You are not made of mud -- you will not disappear into the rain, into a muddy pool; and your clothes are not as valuable as the joy that you will find when the cloud is showering on you. But you are protecting yourself everywhere, carrying all kinds of umbrellas.

YOU SHALL SEE HIM SMILING IN FLOWERS, THEN RISING AND WAVING HIS HANDS IN TREES.

It is just a question of changing your attitude. You have lived with the idea that these are only trees, this is only a cloud, this is only rain.
No... it is a cloud and much more, it is rain and much more, these are trees -- and plus. And that "plus" -- if you can catch hold of it -- will transform your whole life into a rejoicing, into blissfulness, into benediction.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #18
Chapter title: I call it meditation
7 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THEN ALMITRA SPOKE, SAYING, WE WOULD ASK NOW OF DEATH.
AND HE SAID:
YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
BUT HOW SHALL YOU FIND IT UNLESS YOU SEEK IT IN THE HEART OF LIFE?
THE OWL WHOSE NIGHT-BOUND EYES ARE BLIND UNTO THE DAY CANNOT UNVEIL THE MYSTERY OF LIGHT.
IF YOU WOULD INDEED BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF DEATH, OPEN YOUR HEART WIDE UNTO THE BODY OF LIFE.
FOR LIFE AND DEATH ARE ONE, EVEN AS THE RIVER AND THE SEA ARE ONE.
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES LIES YOUR SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEYOND;
AND LIKE SEEDS DREAMING BENEATH THE SNOW YOUR HEART DREAMS OF SPRING.
TRUST THE DREAMS, FOR IN THEM IS HIDDEN THE GATE TO ETERNITY.
YOUR FEAR OF DEATH IS BUT THE TREMBLING OF THE
SHEPHERD WHEN HE STANDS BEFORE THE KING WHOSE HAND IS TO BE LAID UPON HIM IN HONOR.
IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING, THAT HE SHALL WEAR THE MARK OF THE KING?
YET IS HE NOT MORE MINDFUL OF HIS TREMBLING?

FOR WHAT IS IT TO DIE BUT TO STAND NAKED IN THE WIND AND TO MELT INTO THE SUN?
AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES, THAT IT MAY RISE AND EXPAND AND SEEK GOD UNENCUMBERED?
ONLY WHEN YOU DRINK FROM THE RIVER OF SILENCE SHALL YOU INDEED SING.
AND WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THEN YOU SHALL BEGIN TO CLIMB.
AND WHEN THE EARTH SHALL CLAIM YOUR LIMBS, THEN SHALL YOU TRULY DANCE.

Death is one of the most mysterious, and yet the most false, things in existence. Everybody dies, and yet I say unto you: nobody ever dies. Death is an appearance, an appearance from the outside. That's why it is always somebody else who dies; you never die.
And the person who dies, dies only in the eyes of those who are standing outside, not -- if he is aware -- in his own eyes; he simply moves from life to life, ultimately melting into the whole existence.
But death has tortured man. There are many who have avoided to ask even the question, just out of fear; they don't even pronounce the name of death. And it is not only ordinary people: a man of the caliber of Sigmund Freud was so afraid that it was banned by his friends and followers... nobody was allowed to speak of death before him. Three times it happened that accidentally somebody started talking about death -- and Sigmund Freud, the

founder of psychoanalysis, fainted, became unconscious. The fear must have been very great.

We make our graveyards outside the city, so that we don't come across the graveyard every day in the marketplace. It is out of fear.

In my childhood, I loved to go to anybody's funeral, it didn't matter who had died. My father and my uncles were disturbed. They said, "The man was a stranger, he was not in any way related to us; why should you waste your time following his funeral?"

I used to follow the funerals of beggars too. I said, "I have learned much, following many people who have died. The strangest thing I have learned is that even when the man is on a funeral pyre, those who have come to say good-bye to him are not even sitting looking at the funeral pyre. Their backs are towards the funeral pyre, and they are talking about all kinds of things, except death -- because it is difficult to avoid the question that if everybody dies sooner or later my number is also going to come.

A famous poetic statement is: "Never ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." When somebody dies and the church bell tolls, "Never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

Every death reminds you that you are here only for a few days, perhaps tomorrow will not come for you. The end is coming closer and closer every day, and beyond death is nothing but an unknown world, unfamiliar -- no friends, no family, no society. You don't know what is going to exist for you, because you have always been in the crowd. Death will make you alone.

So only those who know the art of being alone while they are alive, remain conscious when they die; otherwise, the shock is so much that before death ninety-nine percent of people, or perhaps more, become unconscious. And to die unconsciously is to miss such a great opportunity, because death reveals to you life in its utter nudity. This is one of the most important questions anybody can raise.

A few things before I speak about Kahlil Gibran; they will help you to understand his statements.

Death is not an accident. It is not that suddenly one day, out of the blue, death comes and you are finished. No, death grows with you, side by side, just like your shadow. The day you were born, you started dying too.

Death and life are two aspects of the same coin, two wheels of the same cart. You become so enchanted with life that you never see that death is also growing with you. It is a growth; just as life will take seventy years to come to its climax, death will also take seventy years to come to its climax. And only in the climax, do they meet. They have been always moving together, but in the crescendo of your life they are not even together -- they are one.

Those who want to understand life have to understand death, too. Those who do not understand death can never understand life either, but we have been brought up with such a great fear of death. I have seen people closing their doors and bringing their children inside if some funeral procession is going on. I have asked, "What are you doing? Let your children know, let them be acquainted that this is the end -- or perhaps a new beginning."

From one side it is an end, from another side it is a new beginning. Every end is a beginning too. And every beginning will come to an end.

Religions have made people paranoid about death, that after death... particularly the religions that have been born outside of India; they are not very old, and they don't have that depth or insight that religions born in India have. Christianity is only two thousand years old, Judaism is only four thousand years old, Mohammedanism is only fourteen centuries old... compared to Hinduism. One great scholar from this very city, Poona, Lokmanya Tilak, proved -- and he has not been contradicted for almost half a century -- that Hindu scriptures are at least ninety thousand years old. And his evidence for it is so significant, so factual, so historical, that there is no way to contradict it.

Astrologers say that ninety thousand years ago, there was a certain constellation of the stars which has never happened again, and that constellation of stars is described in the RIG VEDA, the most ancient book on the earth. It is not possible to describe it unless people have observed it, and the description is in such detail.... Only now, recently, astrologers have been able to describe it, and they were surprised that the description is exactly the same. Now this is some kind of evidence that you cannot contradict. Perhaps Hinduism is ninety thousand years old.

Jainism has even a longer life, because the first founder of Jainism, Adinatha, is mentioned with great reverence in the RIG VEDA. You don't understand people like Adinatha when they are alive, when they are contemporaries, because they are always ahead of their time -- so much ahead that it is their destiny to be misunderstood, condemned.

Appreciation is not for them, at least in their lifetime. Perhaps after three hundred years, four hundred years, they may be found right, and the whole mass of humanity may be found wrong.

If Adinatha, belonging to a different religion, founder of a different religion, is so respectfully remembered by the RIG VEDA, it can mean only one thing: he was not a contemporary, he had already become a legend. He must have lived at least five hundred years before. Perhaps Jainism is the world's most ancient religion.

Naturally, these religions have worked in depth on every human problem. All three religions born outside of India -- Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism -- believe in only one life. That shows they have not explored life in its totality, before birth and after death. Their span is very small -- this very life. There is a frame to their vision; they are looking from a window.

It is only recently that a few painters have started painting, and they don't put any frame on it. First, they were thought mad... without a frame, there have never been any paintings. But their argument is immensely valid, meaningful. They say, "Life has no frame; it goes on and on. How can we put a frame on our paintings? They represent life, they represent reality."

But the religions who have looked only at this life are very shallow, and for them death is a tremendous fear -- for the simple reason that with death, everything ends. After death there is only the judgment day.

Nobody from these religions has ever inquired about what was before life. Has life come out of nothingness? It is not possible. Before life.... There have been lives from the very

beginning, if there was any beginning -- otherwise, always. And after death, nothing ends; the caravan of life continues -- in different forms, in different bodies -- until it reaches to the ocean, until it comes to the understanding of universal existence.

Then there is no need for having a small body with consciousness encaged in it; then you can live as pure consciousness, part of the whole. You will sing in the birds, and you will blossom in the flowers, and you will descend in the rain. You will be the earth, and you will be the sky, and you will be the stars, and you will be all.

Once that understanding arises in you, you have attained to freedom -- freedom from the cage which you have been changing for millions of years. For the first time, you are on your wings, in the open sky.

All the three religions born in India -- Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism -- differ on everything except on one thing. They have been arguing on every point, and the exceptional point is the agreement that life is eternal; there is no judgment day, and this small life is nothing but just a small link in a long procession.

Hence, in the East, there has not been fear of death. And when there is no fear of death, a very strange phenomenon happens: you start living totally -- because death is half of your being.

If you are afraid of death, you cannot live totally. Your life will always be under the shadow of death; it can come any moment, and you are helpless -- nothing can be done about it. It comes without giving you any advance notice, it comes as a guest.

I am using the word "guest" because that is the word used by the ancient scriptures in the East; but in Sanskrit, which is the original language, the mother language of all the languages of advanced countries, the equivalent to guest is atithi. Its meaning is, "one who comes without telling you the date in advance." Tithi means date, atithi means "one who suddenly comes without even telling you the date." The guest has not that quality -- particularly the modern guest, who informs you ahead of time to see whether you will be available or not. And then, too, he comes and stays in a hotel. In the East it is inconceivable that your guest should stay in a hotel. It is simply uncivilized.

To use the word atithi for death is immensely significant. You cannot do anything about it; you know it only when it has happened. And only those who are very fortunate have known it when it has happened; most people, out of fear, become unconscious. Nature has a built-in system. There is a limit to tolerance; beyond that, you will fall unconscious, you cannot tolerate it.

The surgeon knows perfectly well that if you are doing surgery, the person cannot be left conscious; the pain is going to be unbearable. Hence, anesthesia has to be given, or chloroform, or something so that the person becomes unconscious; then you can do for hours whatever you want to do with his body -- cut his limbs, remove his kidneys, any cancerous growth. Sometimes an operation may take six hours. If the man were alert and awake and conscious, you may succeed in the operation, but the man will die; it is intolerable. Hence nature has made it an inbuilt process, that the moment anything becomes intolerable, you fall into unconsciousness.

It happened only once... the King of Varanasi, in India, just in this century, had to go through an operation. The operation was going to take at least two hours. His stomach had to be opened and some growth that may turn into cancer any moment had to be removed. But the king was a very proud man. He said, "The operation you can do; but chloroform, or any kind of anesthesia, I will not take. I also want to watch it."

The doctor said, "This is never done, and if you die, then we will be the murderers."

He said, "I can write down that it is my will, and nobody else is responsible for it, because I know I am not going to die."

There was great discussion between the doctors, and doctors were called from all over the world -- the king was a very important person. They said, "He is asking a strange thing, no patient asks such things; but if we deny it, he is not going to have the operation. Either way he will be killed. If the operation is not done, then the sick growth in his stomach is going to kill him any moment; so it is better to take the risk, don't give him anesthesia. At the most he can die -- anyway he is going to die, but there is a chance... perhaps he can manage.

He was a great meditator. He said, "I will simply meditate. The moment I meditate, I forget all about my body, I forget all about the world, I become pure consciousness; and I don't think your instruments can touch it or harm it."

The operation was done. The surgeons were trembling because they were doing something that should not be done, but there was no other alternative. And the king simply went into meditation. Two hours passed; the

operation was successful. Then he opened his eyes, and he said, "Even death will not disturb me, because I belong to eternal life. It is not a hypothesis to me, it is my experience." And he had given a perfect example of his experience.

The West is very much afraid of death for the simple reason that it is a dead-end street. After it, only one thing can happen: that is the judgment day -- and one cannot conceive of how it can happen. In one day, millions and millions of people who have died down the ages will be awakened by God from their graves -- they are sleeping. The crowd will be so big; half of them will be women, screaming, and everybody is bound to look for his relatives, friends, wives, husbands.... The crowd will be so immense, and God is going to give judgment to each individual. It cannot happen in twenty-four hours. It is simply out of the question.

Only Hindus and the Eastern religions burn their bodies when somebody dies, because there is no question -- he has moved into another house. Now these ruins, this skeleton, need not be preserved. But Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews preserve the body. Egyptians were the most absurd. They not only preserved the body, they put an enormous quantity of food also, because the poor fellow will need food, and who knows when that judgment day is going to come. If a king died, almost fifty to sixty people who were alive were buried with him -- servants, body guards, wives -- because that man cannot be left alone.

I used to live in a place near a Mohammedan graveyard, and one day a notice was served to me by the collector,

saying, "You cannot do your meditations there, because Mohammedans are very much annoyed."
I said, "Why should Mohammedans be annoyed?" I went to see the collector. I said, "I don't see the point."
He said, "I am a Mohammedan, I can explain the point to you. Your meditation place is near a Mohammedan graveyard, and you have a meditation in which one chants the mantra, Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! -- that is a Sufi mantra, a short form of Allah-hoo -- and those Mohammedans who are lying in the graveyard have started rising up, thinking that the judgment day has come."
I said, "My God! I have never seen anybody."
"You will not see... but the Mohammedans are very much irritated. You stop it! You are disturbing their dead people; soon the whole city will be full of ghosts, and you will be responsible. Either you change your mantra, or you change your place."
Hundreds of people shouting, "Hoo! Hoo!" -- those dead people think judgment day has come, so they get up out of the grave; and once somebody is out of the grave, naturally he does not want to go back in it. Many graves are empty... where are the people? It is strange, but this is the idea of only one life.
They don't say anything about where you come from -- it is a very unscientific attitude. Your birth brings life, but from where? Your death takes life away, but where does it go?
The Eastern search has been very profound, because they were concentrated only on one thing. That's why in the East, science has not developed, technology has not developed, because all the geniuses of the East were concerned with only one thing: to discover the mystery of

life and death. And they found death is only a change of clothes, of bodies, of houses -- but nothing dies. Before birth you were here, after death you will be here.
Hence, in the East, death is not a fear. The fear is that you should make your life more conscious -- you should not get lost in the ordinary trivia of life, you should become more alert, more meditative, so that when death comes, you can have a higher form of expression.
Each death should take you to a higher stage; and the ultimate stage is God, or the universal spirit.

THEN ALMITRA SPOKE, SAYING, WE WOULD ASK NOW OF DEATH.
AND HE SAID:
YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
There is no problem in it: YOU WOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF DEATH.
BUT HOW SHALL YOU FIND IT UNLESS YOU SEEK IT IN THE HEART OF LIFE?

It is growing within you; there is no need to seek death. All that is needed is to seek the very heart of your life, and there you will find death also, the shadow of your life. You cannot catch hold of a shadow, but if you catch hold of the man whose shadow it is, you have caught the shadow also -- but directly there is no way.
I have heard about a drunkard whose wife was tired of him. Every day there was quarrel. Finally, she said, "It is better, because you don't listen, that you also have a key, so whenever you want to come back home... no need to disturb my sleep. Every night, not only do you disturb me,

you disturb the whole neighborhood." So he was given the key. He came home; he tried hard to open the lock, but his hands were trembling -- he was completely drunk. So the key would not go into the lock.

A policeman standing on the road said, "Can I help you?"

He said, "It will be great if you can just stop this house from trembling. I have never seen how much this house trembles, so I go on missing the lock."

The policeman laughed, and he opened the door. The man went in, but on the way home he had been fighting with another drunkard, and the other drunkard had hit him, scratched his face, so there was blood in many places. He thought, "Although I have got the key and I can go to sleep silently, these spots will show in the morning, and the fight will begin." So he went into the bathroom to put some ointment on his wounds and scratches. He looked in the mirror, and he put the ointment on his wounds and scratches, and was very happy and satisfied. As he entered the room he was afraid his wife may get disturbed, so he was trying to be very silent, but a drunkard... he stumbled on the table, he stumbled on the door.

Finally his wife said, "Who is it?"

So he remembered. He simply went near his wife's bed, and with his tongue started licking her feet -- that's what her dog used to do.

So the wife said, "Okay, okay."

She thought it was the dog. He slipped into the bed, very satisfied that the policeman had helped -- which is very rare. If he had not caught hold of the house, there would have been no possibility to open the door. Everything had gone very smoothly. Finally, the dog helped.

In the morning, his wife came out of the bathroom screaming. She said, "Who has disturbed my mirror?"
"Your mirror? Why should anybody disturb your mirror? Let me see."
And then he saw that he had not put the ointment on his face, he had put the ointment on the mirror, because there he saw the face, there he saw the scratches -- naturally.
People are living a lie -- just as unconsciously as a drunk. They don't know who they are, they have never been inside themselves, they have never bothered about what this life is.
Kahlil Gibran says: but how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life? A very pregnant statement. Death does not come from outside; it grows within you, with your life, simultaneously.

THE OWL WHOSE NIGHT-BOUND EYES ARE BLIND UNTO THE DAY CANNOT UNVEIL THE MYSTERY OF LIGHT.

Although all over there is light, the owl cannot open his eyes. He has very sensitive eyes; he can open them only in darkness -- the light is much too dazzling. It is a constant problem; if you listen to the owls talking to other birds, they have never agreed on one point -- which is day and which is night? The owls say, "That which you know as night is day, and that which you call day is night." And the owl is not wrong; it is his experience. Although all over there is light, that cannot help unless you open your eyes. You are full of life, and full of death too; but unless you turn inwards and see what you have been carrying all

along, you will only be concerned.... Somebody has died; you will be reminded of your own death, and fear comes. Nobody has died. It is an outsider's view.
You have to become an insider -- within yourself -- to find the secret of life.
In finding the secret of life, you will also find the secret of death, because there are not two secrets; it is one secret with two aspects.
Death does not kill you, it serves you. It helps you to get rid of an old rotten body, to move into a fresh, younger body. There is nothing to be sad about, to be afraid about; you are simply changing house... going into a better house. Your whole concern should be to live with intensity, totality and awareness, so that you can become alert to the great secret of life and death. It is really not exact to say life and death; better will be to say the secret of "lifedeath" -- not even a hyphen between the two; they are one.

IF YOU WOULD INDEED BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF DEATH, OPEN YOUR HEART WIDE UNTO THE BODY OF LIFE.

If you really want to know what death is, the spirit of death...open your heart wide unto the body of life. Forget about death, because perhaps the very word will not allow you to see the truth. Fear blinds; it is a prejudice gathered in ignorance, so better forget about death; you simply open yourself to the life of your body. In that very understanding of life, you will be surprised -- you have understood death too.

FOR LIFE AND DEATH ARE ONE, EVEN AS THE RIVER AND THE SEA ARE ONE.
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES LIES YOUR SILENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEYOND....
IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR HOPES AND DESIRES....

You cannot see clearly, because you are so full of expectations, hopes, desires. Your eyes are covered with many layers of dust: you need a deep cleansing of your eyes. That's what meditation is.
Let the thoughts disappear, the hopes disappear, the desires disappear. Then you have a clarity, then your eyes are perfect mirrors. Only then, in that silent state of your vision, will you know the secrets of the beyond.

AND LIKE SEEDS DREAMING BENEATH THE SNOW YOUR HEART DREAMS OF SPRING.
TRUST THE DREAMS, FOR IN THEM IS HIDDEN THE GATE TO ETERNITY.

Here it has to be remembered that the dreams Kahlil Gibran is talking about are not the dreams that Sigmund Freud has been talking about in so many books. Working on those dreams, Sigmund Freud came to know only sick people. Sick people have sick dreams; their dreams are nothing but repressed desires. And this is the greatest mistake of Sigmund Freud, that he thought that these dreams represent all dreams.
Naturally, people who have a certain disease will go to a doctor, and only that kind of person will go to a doctor; and the doctor will come continually in contact with one kind of

person having a certain disease -- he's an expert in that disease. He can conclude that the whole of humanity suffers from the same disease, because he has never come across any exception. This is a logical fallacy, and even men like Sigmund Freud, Carl Gustav Jung, Alfred Adler, and other psychologists, psychoanalysts, analytical psychologists -- and they have many schools now -- treat a small minority of people as if it is a representative sample of the whole of humanity.

Kahlil Gibran is talking about the dreams of those who have no repression. Poor Sigmund Freud never came across such a person -- naturally, why should they go to Sigmund Freud? People who have sick dreams -- nightmares which make your life almost insane -- these are the people who will go to Sigmund Freud.

But there are people like Kahlil Gibran who have nothing repressed, but deep...like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring. Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.

All the poets have been dreamers, but they are not sick; they don't need any psychoanalysts. Their dreams are their treasures, they don't want to get rid of them. Their dreams are seeds; when spring comes, there will be many flowers in their being. This is the second category which Sigmund Freud and other psychoanalysts have missed. That's why their psychology remains very fragmentary -- it is not the whole truth.

And there is also a third type of man, like Gautam Buddha, who does not dream -- neither sick dreams, nor healthy dreams. His sleep is so sound, so silent that not even a dream disturbs it.

Psychology will become a perfect science if it understands all these three kinds of people: people who have sick dreams, people who have healthy dreams, and people who don't have any dreams, who have gone beyond all hopes, all desires -- who have arrived home.

YOUR FEAR OF DEATH IS BUT THE TREMBLING OF THE SHEPHERD WHEN HE STANDS BEFORE THE KING WHOSE HAND IS TO BE LAID UPON HIM IN HONOUR.
IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING....

He's trembling because he's a poor shepherd -- just standing before the king is enough for him to tremble. But beneath his trembling, he's joyful because he has been chosen to be blessed by the king, and the king will put his hand on his head.

IS THE SHEPHERD NOT JOYFUL BENEATH HIS TREMBLING, THAT HE SHALL WEAR THE MARK OF THE KING?
YET IS HE NOT MORE MINDFUL OF HIS TREMBLING?

The joy is hidden beneath the trembling, the fear. The fear of death is exactly like that. For those who are alert, they will know that there is a fear of losing all your friends, of losing your beloved, of losing your children, of losing the world that you loved so much, of losing the trees and the

mountains, and moving into an unknown space alone... so there is a trembling.
But there is also a great joy, because the unknown is a challenge. The unknown is a call for adventure, for a new life, for new friends, for new beloveds, for a new world of which you cannot even dream.

FOR WHAT IS IT TO DIE BUT TO STAND NAKED IN THE WIND AND TO MELT INTO THE SUN?

For what is it to die, but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? Your body will melt, will merge into the earth; all the elements of your body will go to their sources. Only your pure consciousness -- invisible, but eternal -- will go with you: you are it. Everything else will melt away.
Don't be afraid of this melting, because this is certainly an end of a life, but it is also a beginning of a better life. Life is continuously evolving, and this is the only way to evolve.

AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES...?

You are not breathing.... Even medical science is not able to define death. All that they know is the symptoms -- the man stops breathing, the heart stops beating, the pulse is no longer there. These are symptoms, because consciousness does not need breathing, neither does it need the heartbeat, nor the pulse.
There was one man, Brahmayogi, who used to die for ten minutes. His whole life, he trained for only one thing. He

used to be a doctor, but he was not satisfied with the definition of death, because he was well versed in the ancient tradition which talks of consciousness; medical science has no idea of consciousness, so he stopped his profession, and he started practicing how to breath less, and less, and less; and a moment comes when breathing stops.

He became capable of deceiving any doctor for ten minutes. He traveled all over the world, to all great universities, medical colleges, and he had certificates from prominent physicians of the world declaring that he was dead; then after ten minutes, slowly he would start breathing and the pulse would come back, and the heartbeat would come back. Just a single man proved that what you call death is just the death of the body, but not of the being. And if you have disciplined yourself, you can deceive any doctor.

Brahmayogi did a great service. But such people are never taken seriously; it is thought perhaps they are exceptions. And even after his death, medical science goes on defining death with the symptoms. Every doctor should be trained in the same discipline that Brahmayogi went through -- it is a simple discipline, it just takes a long time.

There are signs that show that the day is not far off when medical science will change this idea of death. In America, there are at least ten dead bodies of very superrich people waiting in a very deep-frozen state, because their physicians have said, "It will not take more than ten years, and we will be able to revive your breathing and your pulse and your heartbeat." It is very costly to keep those dead bodies from deteriorating, so they are deeply frozen, as if

fast asleep, waiting for the moment when medical science will help them to be back again in life. I don't think they are very intelligent people, because the ten-year gap will be such a big gap; they will not be able to understand anything that is happening.

Already there is a generation gap; what about those ten people, who will be brought back to life after ten years, when everything will have changed. Neither will they will be able to communicate with others, nor will others be able to communicate with them. They will be, at the most, museum pieces.

But there is no need; they have been delayed unnecessarily for ten years. If they had died naturally, by the time science comes to discover the methods, they would have been born again as children, ten years old, in a better body, a younger body, with a future. These old people, even if they come back, will be so rotten, that they can be used only to make children afraid. What other use will they have?

But such is the lust for life. They have deposited enough money that their bodies can be taken care of. They could not trust their sons, their families to take care of their bodies, and they have wasted millions of dollars. And what will you do with them? They will be living dead, walking around, making everybody afraid!

It is not very intelligent of those people. The experiment could have been done just as they do all the experiments on animals; the methodology would be the same. But once you are old it is better, that just as the snake drops its old skin every year and moves out of it, so, every life, when your body is becoming useless -- you cannot dance, you cannot sing, you cannot play -- consciousness slips out of the body

into a new body, into a new womb, to be again fresh, to be again young.

AND WHAT IS IT TO CEASE BREATHING BUT TO FREE THE BREATH FROM ITS RESTLESS TIDES, THAT IT MAY RISE AND EXPAND AND SEEK GOD UNENCUMBERED?

The ceasing of breathing is a freedom. Breathing is the link between your body and soul. The moment the breathing ceases, your soul can be free from the body, unencumbered, and expand and seek God, the universal spirit. Each death is an opportunity; either you expand and become one with the universe, or you go into another body -- if you have not learned the lesson yet.
Life is a school. You have to come back if you have not learned the lesson. If you have learned it, you need not come back to any cage, to any imprisonment; you can expand your consciousness to the whole existence.
This is the very search of religion: how to free yourself from all your fetters, and allow yourself to be all over this infinite and eternal existence.

ONLY WHEN YOU DRINK FROM THE RIVER OF SILENCE SHALL YOU INDEED SING.

You can sing without ever knowing silence, but your song will be superficial, contentless, meaningless.
If you have drunk from the river of silence, I call it meditation.

Then a song arises from you which is not yours. Then you are only a vehicle, and the song belongs to the whole universe. Then the song has depth, is bottomless, and has height, which you can go on climbing and climbing for eternity.
And when you have reached the mountain top....
Remember this statement:

AND WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THEN YOU SHALL BEGIN TO CLIMB.

People think that when you are in the valley, you have to climb to the mountain top, but real climbing begins from the mountain top. When you have become one with the universe, then your real life begins -- your real dance, your real song, your real ecstasy.

AND WHEN THE EARTH SHALL CLAIM YOUR LIMBS, THEN SHALL YOU TRULY DANCE.

When your body has gone back to the earth, then only are you beyond the grip of gravitation, and your real dance starts.
All that is beautiful and great is within you -- but imprisoned. You are an imprisoned splendor. Just come out of your prisons, and your splendor will show you that you were God asleep; now you are God awake.
There is no ONE God -- that is a fascist idea, a Nazi conception. Every being has the capacity to become a God. Buddhism and Jainism believe in the infinity of numbers of Gods, there is no way of counting them; even the trees are

only a little more deeply asleep, but they are also dreaming to change their body. The birds and the animals... they are also dreaming to move ahead. Everything that is alive has a hidden seed of becoming divine.

To me, this is the only true democracy possible; otherwise the idea of one God is dangerous, very dangerous. It is His will to create the world -- why did He not create it before? Christians think God created the world only four thousand years before

Jesus Christ; that means the world is only six thousand years old. This is so stupid -- what was God doing all the time before that, for the whole eternity? And what was his motivation, suddenly, that he created the whole world? He is a whimsical despot; any day he may destroy it. If He can create it for no reason at all, He can destroy it without any reason, without any justification.

That's why I again and again say Friedrich Nietzsche is right when he says, "God is dead, and man is free." If God is alive, then man can never be free; then he is just a puppet, created out of mud. The English word "human" comes from "humus" -- "humus" means "mud." The Arabic word "agni" also means "coming from mud." Only the Sanskrit word for man, "manushya," does not come from mud, it comes from consciousness; and consciousness cannot be created, neither can it be destroyed.

The idea of one God is very dangerous. But every religion thinks there is only one God, and that is, of course, their God.

After the second world war, two generals -- one English and one German -- were sitting in a restaurant and talking.

The German said, "It is strange, we were so powerful and yet we got defeated."
The English general laughed. He said, "You were powerful, but one thing was missing, and that was prayer. We started fighting every day with prayer to God."
The German said, "You must be kidding; we also started our fight every day with prayer."
The English general said, "That's okay, but God does not understand German! He is a bonafide British."
This idea of one God is very dangerous. Jews think Hebrew is His language, Hindus think Sanskrit is His language, Mohammedans think Arabic is his language. One God, one language, one prophet, one holy scripture.... This idea of one means only you are right, and everybody else is wrong. I want you to be very clear about it. God is not one; wherever there is life, there is God. God is manifesting Himself in as many possible ways as you can conceive, and everybody is moving upwards to realize the fact that "I have been carrying in my womb the seed of being a God." The whole of life is divine, and all beings are divine. Nobody has created them, and nobody can destroy them. We have always been here, and we will always be here; the forms may be different -- the forms don't matter. What matters is our awareness.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #19
Chapter title: Let my words be seeds in you

7 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID, BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.
AND HE ANSWERED, WAS IT I WHO SPOKE?
WAS I NOT ALSO A LISTENER?
THEN HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AND ALL THE PEOPLE FOLLOWED HIM. AND HE REACHED HIS SHIP AND STOOD UPON THE DECK.
AND FACING THE PEOPLE AGAIN, HE RAISED HIS VOICE AND SAID:
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, THE WIND BIDS ME LEAVE YOU.
LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND, YET I MUST GO.
WE WANDERERS, EVER SEEKING THE LONELIER WAY, BEGIN NO DAY WHERE WE HAVE ENDED ANOTHER DAY;
AND NO SUNRISE FINDS US WHERE SUNSET LEFT US.
EVEN WHILE THE EARTH SLEEPS WE TRAVEL.
WE ARE THE SEEDS OF THE TENACIOUS PLANT, AND IT IS IN OUR RIPENESS AND OUR FULLNESS OF HEART THAT WE ARE GIVEN TO THE WIND AND ARE SCATTERED.
BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.

BUT SHOULD MY VOICE FADE IN YOUR EARS,
AND MY LOVE VANISH IN YOUR MEMORY, THEN I WILL COME AGAIN,
AND WITH A RICHER HEART AND LIPS MORE YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT WILL I SPEAK.
YEA, I SHALL RETURN WITH THE TIDE,
AND THOUGH DEATH MAY HIDE ME, AND THE GREATER SILENCE ENFOLD ME, YET AGAIN WILL I SEEK YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
AND NOT IN VAIN WILL I SEEK.
IF AUGHT I HAVE SAID IS TRUTH, THAT TRUTH SHALL REVEAL ITSELF IN A CLEARER VOICE, AND IN WORDS MORE KIN TO YOUR THOUGHTS.
I GO WITH THE WIND, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BUT NOT DOWN INTO EMPTINESS;
AND IF THIS DAY IS NOT A FULFILLMENT OF YOUR NEEDS AND MY LOVE, THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY.
MAN'S NEEDS CHANGE, BUT NOT HIS LOVE, NOR HIS DESIRE THAT HIS LOVE SHOULD SATISFY HIS NEEDS.
KNOW, THEREFORE, THAT FROM THE GREATER SILENCE I SHALL RETURN.
AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID, BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.

Kahlil Gibran speaks in metaphors; perhaps that is the only way to speak about the truth. Through metaphor, through parables, it is possible to give you an indirect glimpse, but

there is no direct way to say what the truth is. So while you listen to these words, remember -- every word is a metaphor.

AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.... The sun was setting, and the time for the departure of Almustafa had arisen. It was not just evening outside, it was also an evening that had descended into the hearts of those who had gathered to hear him. A darkness started descending over them.

The presence of Almustafa amongst them had been just like a sun, a light to which they had become so accustomed that they had almost forgotten it. It is one of the miseries of life that the obvious becomes the most difficult, and that which is available becomes almost absent to your eyes; only departure wakes you up from your dreams and your sleep.

AND NOW IT WAS EVENING.
AND ALMITRA THE SEERESS SAID....

She was the one who had first recognized Almustafa twelve years before, when he had come to the city of Orphalese, and she was also the first to ask significant questions about life, love, children. Naturally she is the last to show her gratitude to him. These words are of thankfulness. She said:

BLESSED BE THIS DAY, AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN.

It is an ancient saying in most of the lands that wherever a man of blissfulness stands, that place becomes holy and sacred. And wherever and whenever a blessed man speaks, those words are no longer ordinary language -- they have

wings, they are sacred. If you are available, receptive, those words will take you to the faraway stars, to unknown spaces within you, which you have carried all along for many lives, but you have never visited.

George Gurdjieff used to say that most people are born emperors, with huge palaces, with immense treasures, but their whole lives they have lived on the porch -- absolutely unaware that the porch is not a place to live, and that they are born to live in the palace. But they never demand their right. They never ask the existence, "What is my destiny? Why am I here? What is this life all about?" They are not seekers, they simply accept whatever accidentally becomes available to them, and they think this is all life has to offer.

A man becomes a seeker the moment he becomes aware that this mundane existence cannot be all there is. Life must contain much more. There must be treasures which we are not aware of; otherwise, just to get up every morning, eat your food, go to your job, come back home, and move like a circle from cradle to the grave... do you think this routine is life? Do you think this routine can give you a singing and dancing heart? If you have a little intelligence, you will refuse to live this routine. This routine is not life, it is simply vegetation. Don't vegetate! Strive to live, and to live as fully as possible. Claim your right.

In India they have a proverb, "Even the mother will not give the child milk, unless the child cries." The child has to demand. Even to the mother... unless the child demands, the desire of the child, the hunger of the child, does not mean anything. This existence is our mother, and you have to ask, you have to demand, you have to insist for the meaning, for the significance of why you are given birth,

and why you are asked to go on living -- what is the purpose?

The moment the idea of purpose, meaning and significance arises in you, you have become a sannyasin, a seeker of truth. And the day you have found your own treasure, it brings such contentment, such blissfulness, that wherever you are, you create an atmosphere, a fragrance which is not of this earth, which belongs to the beyond.

The Blessed One is one who has become a door to the beyond, to the unknown secrets and mysteries. And unless you become a seeker, you will go on breathing, vegetating, and you will die without even becoming aware of what this life was all about.

One great woman of this century, a poet of the highest rank, Gertrude Stein, was dying. And her friends had gathered because the doctors had said it was only a question of a few hours. Around her bed they were sitting in deep silence, tears in their eyes. A woman was leaving them -- not an ordinary woman. She spoke in words of gold; she wrote things which are almost impossible to put into words. Suddenly Stein opened her eyes, looked all around and said, "What is the answer?"

This was so strange. People ask the question first: the question had not been asked and she is asking for the answer. Perhaps she is perfectly aware that there is not much time to ask the question -- her whole life has gone by and she has not asked the question. At least before she leaves, in this evening of life, she can listen to the answer. What is the answer? And all those who were present were puzzled, because they didn't know what her question was,

so how to give the answer? To argue with a dying woman, whom they all loved and respected, would be very disrespectful, but still, she was waiting for something else to be said. So one friend said, "Stein, you have forgotten to ask the question -- how can we answer?"
She smiled, and said,"Okay, then what is the question?"
And that was her last word. She died with these words on her lips, "Okay, then what is the question?"
This small incident has profound meaning. Neither do we know the question, nor do we know the answer, and yet we go on dragging ourselves -- not knowing from where we come, not knowing where we are going, not knowing what we are doing here. It is a very strange situation, almost insane.
Almitra is right when she says: blessed be this day... because we have heard authentic questions, and even more authentic answers -- answers that were not only words, answers that were alive, answers that were not simply thoughts, but were coming from the very innermost source of Almustafa's being.

BLESSED BE THIS DAY AND THIS PLACE AND YOUR SPIRIT THAT HAS SPOKEN....

And what Almustafa says is immensely significant to remember. After answering so many questions, almost covering the whole life of man, nothing is left, yet Almustafa said:

WAS IT I WHO SPOKE?
WAS I NOT ALSO A LISTENER?

He is saying, "I have not spoken a single word, the spirit of existence itself has spoken.
I was also a listener amongst you, so don't say, `You have spoken.' I had given way to existence itself to be in direct contact with you. Although my lips were used, my hands were used, my eyes were used, these were only instruments. I have surrendered myself totally to the spirit of the whole: `Make any song out of me, any music; I am at your disposal, totally without any conditions.'"

That's why he says: was it i who spoke? was i not also a listener?
People like Gautam Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Kabir, Nanak, Al-Hillaj Mansoor, or thousands of other mystics, will agree with Almustafa, that whatever they have said, they have not said it -- they were also a listener, not a speaker. And whenever some speaker is also a listener, then only the universal spirit can sing a song. It is not a question of speaking. Almustafa is not an orator.
I was visiting a Christian college where they prepare missionaries. It is the biggest theological Christian college in the east -- six years to prepare a missionary. The principal was taking me around the campus. I asked him, "Can you tell me in which theological college Jesus was trained?" He looked at me a little puzzled, because Jesus was not even educated -- he could not even read or write. He said, "Nobody has ever asked this question of me, and we have trained thousands of missionaries."
I said, "The trained missionary is a hypocrite; he does not know how to surrender himself and let existence speak

through him. I have seen through your classes, and I have been laughing inside myself; this is such an absurdity, that you are even teaching your so-called future missionaries. They are well-educated -- somebody has a postgraduate degree in philosophy or religion or psychology, somebody has a Ph.D in psychology or philosophy or religion. They are well-educated people, and they are being trained. And when I saw the training, I could not figure out whether it is time to weep or time to laugh."

I asked the principal, "In the last class we saw, these poor missionaries were being told when you should speak loudly, when you should raise your hand, when you should simply whisper, what gesture should be followed when you make this statement.

"Are you training actors? Do you think Christianity is a school of drama?"

He said, "I am very embarrassed; I cannot answer your question."

I said, "Your embarrassment has answered it. You know perfectly well now that these missionaries are simply puppets. They will speak words which had been spoken by Jesus; the words will be the same, and you are making every effort that even the gestures must be the same. It is possible that the gestures may be the same, the words may be the same; it is also possible that they may be even better, because Jesus was a poor carpenter's son, uneducated, uncultured. But they will not be authentic. They can be better, as far as the science of dramatics is concerned, but they cannot be authentic. I would like to see the last class also."

He said, "What do you mean by last class? We have gone around the whole campus."
"I mean where you are teaching them to be crucified -- because unless you teach them to be crucified, the training is incomplete."
He said, "You are a strange fellow. You mean all these people should be crucified? They have come here to learn, and to go around the world to preach to people."
I said, "What can they preach? You would have never heard the name of Jesus if he had not been crucified. It is crucifixion which is the central and the most essential fact in the life of Jesus. In fact, without crucifixion, there would have been no Christianity."
I saw the principal was wearing a golden chain, with a golden cross hanging on it. I said, "Do you think this is what has been done to Jesus? -- that a golden cross, a small cross, with a golden chain was put around his neck. Is this crucifixion? You should be on the cross, not the cross hanging on your neck -- and a golden one."

Jesus was carrying a heavy wooden cross, so heavy that he fell three times before he reached the place where the cross had to be placed in the earth. He was not an old man -- he was only thirty-three, a young man -- and he was not unaccustomed to carrying wood -- that's what he was doing; his father was a carpenter. His whole life he was carrying wood but the cross was so heavy that a young man, who was well accustomed to carrying heavy wood, fell three times on the road.
"How many times," I asked the principal, "have you fallen on the road? -- because your cross is far more valuable."

Nobody can become Jesus by pretending to act like Jesus. It was said about him, that nobody ever spoke the way he spoke. There was some deep authority in his every gesture; he was not talking philosophy or theology, he was pouring his own heart, his very life. His words were not dead words of professors, scholars; his words were alive, breathing. Remember it, you can learn beautiful words, and you can deceive yourself. It is not a question of learning words; it is a question of surrendering to existence, and allowing existence: if it wants to speak, it can; if it wants to remain silent, that's perfectly okay. If it wants to sing, you are available; if it wants to dance, you provide your body, your heart, your whole being. Only then, the place where such a man sits, speaks, or remains silent, becomes a holy place, becomes sacred.

THEN HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AND ALL THE PEOPLE FOLLOWED HIM. AND HE REACHED HIS SHIP AND STOOD UPON THE DECK.

A man like Almustafa... although he is going to his home, to the place where he belongs, although he is going to the goal he has been searching for all his life, although he is going in the ship he has been awaiting for twelve years, still, standing on the deck, he looks all around, at the place where he dwelled for twelve years, the people who never recognized him -- the people who, on the contrary, always misunderstood him. They thought, "He is an outsider, he does not belong to us; he is a stranger. He is a dreamer of dreams."

Nobody believed in him, nobody trusted him; but that does not make any difference to his attitude towards the people. He is not offended. On the contrary, he is leaving the place with a deep sadness, because he is leaving all these people in darkness. He has not been successful in making them aware, so that they can open their eyes and the darkness will disappear.
And only on the last day when he is departing, a still understanding, a silent understanding has arisen in many people, that perhaps they have missed a messenger of God, a prophet, a messiah. But it is too late, he has to go.

AND FACING THE PEOPLE AGAIN, HE RAISED HIS VOICE AND SAID:
PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, THE WIND BIDS ME LEAVE YOU.

The ship is ready and the wind is blowing towards my land.

LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND....

I am not so hasty to go; although I waited for twelve years, I still want to linger a little more. Perhaps somebody may be able to hear me, to see me, to understand me; perhaps somebody may become a seeker, a searcher, a wanderer for truth.

LESS HASTY AM I THAN THE WIND, YET I MUST GO.

Nobody can remain here forever. Even the greatest has to go one day.
Hence, remember it: if you want to feel me, don't postpone it. If you want to understand me, don't say, "Tomorrow, because today I am very busy" -- because tomorrow is not certain. One never knows, it may come, it may not come.

WE WANDERERS, EVER SEEKING THE LONELIER WAY, BEGIN NO DAY WHERE WE HAVE ENDED ANOTHER DAY; AND NO SUNRISE FINDS US WHERE SUNSET LEFT US.
EVEN WHILE THE EARTH SLEEPS WE TRAVEL.

He is talking about a spiritual wandering. We don't know where our home is, and not even a single moment can be wasted. So even in sleep, the seeker is searching. While he is awake, he is searching -- searching in all directions, in all dimensions, without any prejudice; he is knocking on all the doors. One never knows which one is the right door.

WE ARE THE SEEDS OF THE TENACIOUS PLANT, AND IT IS IN OUR RIPENESS AND OUR FULLNESS OF HEART THAT WE ARE GIVEN TO THE WIND AND ARE SCATTERED.

I am speaking to you, but it will be far better to say that I am simply scattering seeds. Let my words be seeds in you, so when the spring comes in your life, those seeds will start sprouting.
But man has been trained to remain closed, not to allow anything in. And that is the reason why the spring comes

and goes, and you remain as dead as ever -- because you don't have the seeds. Spring cannot create seeds; if you have the seeds, spring is a tremendous help. The clouds will come, and the rain will fall, but you will remain barren, unless you have seeds.

To be with a Master is nothing but to allow your heart, so that he can sow seeds.

You may not be able, just now, to recognize them, because a seed is not a flower, but only a potentiality; it is not a fruit, but only a potentiality. In its own time, it will bring a great harvest.

But to allow one's heart, one needs trust; and we have been brought up with fear -- not with trust, not with love. So our hearts are so closed, no seed can enter there.

It is not for the first time that you have come to a man like me; you are ancient wanderers. Perhaps a few of you have been with Gautam Buddha, a few of you have been with Lao Tzu, a few may have been with Jesus. But you went on missing, because you never allowed your heart to be receptive. They were showering seeds on you, but unless you receive them, their showering is not of much use.

Jesus used to say again and again, "When a gardener sows seeds, some seeds fall on rocks -- they will never grow. Some seeds fall on the path where people walk; they will grow, but they will die, because people are continually passing by; the traffic is going to kill them."

Blessed are those few seeds which find the right soil -- which is neither rock, nor a path where people pass. In the right time, when the spring will call them forth, they will start growing into beautiful plants, and when the rains will come, they will dance with joy, because the rains are

bringing more juice, more life to them. Soon they will become big trees, standing against a sky full of flowers and foliage and fruits: they have attained their destiny.
Very few men have been able to attain their destiny, they have remained barren -- because of their fear. And you have nothing to lose, but still you go on fearing.
Those who have something don't fear, because that which belongs to you cannot be taken away. That which does not belong to you is bound to be taken away; today, or tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow; death will come, and all that you have will be taken away. Only that which is yours -- which you had brought with you, with your birth -- will be left with you in your death. But the whole life of seventy or eighty years has been futile. You could have grown, matured, become centered, become what you are in your potentiality, but not in your actuality.
Your actualization is all that religion means. There is no other religion than actuality -- actualization of all that is lying dormant in you.
And the beginning is a fearlessness, a trust in existence. You are born of existence, and you cannot trust it. You are breathing existence every moment, and you cannot trust it. You are eating existence, drinking existence, and you cannot trust it. Whom can you trust? People are ready to believe in God -- whom they have never seen, nobody has ever seen, and nobody is going to see ever.
I teach you not to trust in God, because that is going to be only a belief, phony.
I want you to trust in existence.
I want you to be pagans, trusting in the trees, in the oceans, in the mountains, in the stars, in people, in yourself -- these

are realities. There is no need of any belief; you just have to understand what is real and what is unreal -- just a little discrimination. Trust the real, the authentic, and nobody can prevent your growth. And only in your growth will you discover more and more treasures of consciousness, of being, of godliness.
You will never find God; you will only find godliness.
It is a quality.
It is another name of love.

BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN.

It is something to be understood about time: when you are miserable, time seems to pass very slowly. If you are sitting by the side of a dying man in the night, it may seem that the night is never going to end. Perhaps this is the last night and there is not going to be any sunrise again, because each moment is so painful that it becomes, in your understanding, longer and longer.
The miserable person lives in one time scale; and the blissful person lives in a different time scale. And you are aware of it -- when you are happy, time passes fast. The clock moves the same way -- it does not bother whether you are miserable or happy. It may be the same clock, and one person is miserable sitting underneath it, and another person is happy sitting underneath it. What can the poor clock do? The clock goes on moving according to its own mechanism. But the miserable person will feel time passing very slowly, and the happy person will feel time passing so fast.

When you are with your friend, whom you have met after many years, hours pass like minutes, days pass like hours. What to say about a man who is not only happy or in a pleasant mood, but who is blissful? For him there is a different time scale. To the miserable it becomes long, to the happy it becomes short, to the blissful it stops... it does not move.
So when Almustafa says:

BRIEF WERE MY DAYS AMONG YOU, AND BRIEFER STILL THE WORDS I HAVE SPOKEN. BUT SHOULD MY VOICE FADE IN YOUR EARS, AND MY LOVE VANISH IN YOUR MEMORY, THEN I WILL COME AGAIN....

Almustafa almost represents all the mystics of the world, it seems, because they have all promised, "If you don't listen this time, if you go on forgetting what has been said to you, if it fades and becomes just a memory, or perhaps a dream that you have seen, then I will come again."
It has to be understood as a metaphor. Neither can Buddha come again, nor can Jesus come again -- although both have said that; nor can Krishna come again -- he also said that. In fact this is the time all the three should be here. But it is not a question of Jesus coming again -- that's what Christians are waiting for. The Jews are also waiting for the prophet promised in the last testament. That was the crime of Jesus, because he claimed that he was the prophet for whom they had been waiting. The Jews could not believe that their prophet would be born in a poor carpenter's house, uneducated, uncultured. Jesus had not committed

any crime, except that he claimed, "I am the prophet you have been waiting for: I have come."

He was innocent. He should not have said that, because it destroys the hope of the people, and they can never forgive you if you destroy their hope. They have been suffering for centuries, but there was always a hope far away, a star, that the messiah will come and will deliver them from all their misery.

And now this poor carpenter's son arrives and he says, "I am the star for whom you have been waiting, and I will redeem you from all your misery." His crime is that he has destroyed their hope. He has not been able to redeem their misery -- they are still miserable two thousand years after Jesus. But he had to be crucified for the simple reason that they wanted to save their hope. It was the hope that was functioning like an opium. They were able to suffer, because there was a hope that it is only a question of a few more days, and the messiah will come.

And the same is the heritage of the Christians. Now they are waiting for Christ to come back; he has promised, "I will be coming back." Now if anybody says, "I am Jesus Christ," Christians will do the same with that man as the Jews have done with Jesus. They will assassinate him, crucify him, because again he is doing the same thing; he is destroying their hope.

People are living in such misery that they need hope constantly, they are hope-addicts. Nobody can redeem anybody else from misery. One can tell you how you can get out of your misery, but one cannot pull you out of your misery; except you, nobody can be your savior.

But Gautam Buddha says the same, Krishna says the same -- it has to be understood as a metaphor. Nobody comes again. Once a man has become enlightened he cannot come again; there is no way backwards. Just as you cannot become, from being a young man, again a child... or can you? However hard you may wish, it is not going to happen; otherwise nobody will be old; everyone will become young again and again -- who wants to die? And to avoid death, the best way is to remain young. So whenever you feel that you are becoming old, just go backwards, just a few miles back, and be young again.

But in time, there is no possibility of going back; you always go ahead. Once you have become enlightened you cannot be born again, because that is a lower stage, you have passed it.

Then what can be the meaning of it? The meaning is that the bodies of the mystics may be different, but they surrender their bodies to the same universal state. So Krishna may not be back, Christ may not be back, Buddha may not be back; but there may always be somebody who has surrendered himself and is available to the universal spirit. And that spirit is the same.

So the mystic may not come back again, the same body may not be born again, but the same universal spirit may again find someone who is available and open.

That exactly is the meaning. If you understand it, then there is no question for Christians to wait for Christ, because he will never come. There may happen people who are speaking the same language, who are speaking from the same universal source of life, but Christians will be blind, because the body will be different, the language will be

different. The Hindus will not believe it, the Mohammedans will not believe it, the Buddhists will not believe it; in fact they will be the first to deny it.

Just the other day, I saw Keiko and her mother. Her mother was very angry with me, because she wanted me to tell her daughter to go with her. And I said, "How can I tell anybody what to do? I can only say that, if she wants to go with you, she should go, and if she wants to remain here, she should remain. Who am I to order her either to remain here or to go with you?"

And immediately her Buddhist mind came in, and she said, "Then you are not a Buddha."

I enjoyed her conversation very much. I said, "Buddha certainly I am not. I have left Buddha twenty-five centuries behind. I am a contemporary man; why should I be a bullock cart?"

She said, "You are horrible. A Buddha cannot separate a mother from her daughter."

I said to her, "Then you don't understand anything about Buddha. What about his ten thousand monks and nuns? He had separated them from their parents, their husbands, their wives, their mothers, their fathers. Do you think all those ten thousand monks that Buddha had were born from the sky? And he not only did it at that time, but for twenty-five centuries continuously; now there are millions of Buddhist monks all around the world, and Buddhist nuns -- particularly in the East. He is still destroying families. And you are claiming that if I were really a Buddha I would not destroy a family, when Buddha destroyed more families than anybody else in the whole world."

Then she became even more angry -- people become angry when they cannot find argument. She said, "You are a devil."
I said, "That's true."
"And my daughter loves you like a father."
I said, "That I can accept. But I cannot be your husband, because even the devil would be afraid of you. What happened to your husband? You must have destroyed the poor fellow."
He is living separately; he is not living with her. She has the only child, and she has almost killed this beautiful girl -- she has taken all life out of her.
For the first time.... I have seen her coming to the commune in America -- she remained one month there, and she has been here for two or three days. She cannot clap; she cannot join with you when you are almost in an ecstatic state. She remains like a stone Buddha -- that is her mother's training.
For the first time, when I said, "You can remain here if you want," she smiled. For the first time, I saw some kind of movement. I have told Geeta to help her to become alive again, and now that the mother is gone -- she was really a dragon... Keiko, you can start laughing with all these people. Mix with them and dance with them, and forget the past -- your past has been a nightmare. And invite your father, because I am feeling sorry for him, too. Seeing your mother, I have continuously been thinking of your father -- what must this woman have done to the father...? Once you start dancing and enjoying and living, your life will come back to you.

It was beautiful to see Keiko say good-bye to her mother. In a Japanese way the mother turned towards her, faced her, her last effort, eye-to-eye contact -- and a girl who has been tortured for thirty years, is bound to be afraid, and may say "I am coming with you." But she saw the joy and the freedom and the love of you all, and she said good-bye in the Japanese way, folding her hands, bowing down to her mother -- that is their way of saying goodbye. The mother did the same, but with a great anger. She followed the ritual, but she was boiling; she could not believe that an unknown man would take her daughter away so easily -- something which even her father had not been able to do. It is not only with Keiko, it is with almost everybody, more or less. To her it has happened too much. Parents kill, because then only can they force you to obey. They don't want you to laugh, they don't want you to dance, they don't want you to sing. They don't want you in any way to show life -- and life is the only God there is.

AND WITH A RICHER HEART AND LIPS MORE
YIELDING TO THE SPIRIT WILL I SPEAK.
YEA, I SHALL RETURN WITH THE TIDE....

These people always return -- the way I have explained, not the way people have been expecting -- so one never knows from whom the universal spirit will speak. It is one of the reasons I want all religions to be dispersed, so that everybody is free of prejudice, and everybody is able to find, wherever he can, the universal spirit speaking again. The words may be different, the gestures may be different, but the essential message will be the same.

AND THOUGH DEATH MAY HIDE ME, AND THE GREATER SILENCE ENFOLD ME, YET AGAIN WILL I SEEK YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
AND NOT IN VAIN WILL I SEEK.
IF AUGHT I HAVE SAID IS TRUTH, THAT TRUTH SHALL REVEAL ITSELF IN A CLEARER VOICE, AND IN WORDS MORE KIN TO YOUR THOUGHTS.

Times change. Now one cannot speak the way Buddha spoke -- he would be out-of-date. Neither can one speak like Jesus -- that would be out-of-date.
Whenever the universal spirit speaks, it is always fresh, it is always new, it is always of this moment. But the message, in essence, is the same. It is a new flower, but the fragrance is the same. Don't look at the flower: try to understand the fragrance.

I GO WITH THE WIND, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE, BUT NOW DOWN INTO EMPTINESS;
AND IF THIS DAY IS NOT A FULFILLMENT OF YOUR NEEDS AND MY LOVE, THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY.

I promise you I will come if this day has not been enough, if your needs are not fulfilled. Nor my love... I could not give you enough, in abundance, because you were not available to receive it.

... THEN LET IT BE A PROMISE TILL ANOTHER DAY....

Man's needs change, but not his love, nor his desire that his love should satisfy his needs.

KNOW, THEREFORE, THAT FROM THE GREATER SILENCE I SHALL RETURN.

All these mystics who have promised seemed to have failed in fulfilling their promise because you are still looking for the outer frame. The outer frame cannot be the same. You will have to look to the essentials, then you will find no promise has remained unfulfilled.
All these people have come again and again. Untiring is their effort to make you understand, to help you grow into more light, into more love, to help you dance -- because you are not crippled, to help you see -- because you are not blind, to help you feel -- because within every one of you a heart is beating, and is waiting for love to shower upon it.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #20
Chapter title: Don't judge the ocean by its foam
8 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THE MIST THAT DRIFTS AWAY AT DAWN,
LEAVING BUT DEW IN THE FIELDS, SHALL RISE

AND GATHER INTO A CLOUD AND THEN FALL DOWN IN RAIN.
AND NOT UNLIKE THE MIST HAVE I BEEN.
IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT I HAVE WALKED IN YOUR STREETS, AND MY SPIRIT HAS ENTERED YOUR HOUSES,
AND YOUR HEART-BEATS WERE IN MY HEART, AND YOUR BREATH WAS UPON MY FACE, AND I KNEW YOU ALL.
AY, I KNEW YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN, AND IN YOUR SLEEP YOUR DREAMS WERE MY DREAMS.
AND OFTENTIMES I WAS AMONG YOU A LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.
I MIRRORED THE SUMMITS IN YOU AND THE BENDING SLOPES, AND EVEN THE PASSING FLOCKS OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOUR DESIRES.
AND TO MY SILENCE CAME THE LAUGHTER OF YOUR CHILDREN IN STREAMS, AND THE LONGING OF YOUR YOUTHS IN RIVERS.
AND WHEN THEY REACHED MY DEPTH THE STREAMS AND THE RIVERS CEASED NOT YET TO SING.
BUT SWEETER STILL THAN LAUGHTER AND GREATER THAN LONGING CAME TO ME.
IT WAS THE BOUNDLESS IN YOU;
THE VAST MAN IN WHOM YOU ARE ALL BUT CELLS AND SINEWS;
HE IN WHOSE CHANT ALL YOUR SINGING IS BUT A SOUNDLESS THROBBING.
IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST,

AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.
FOR WHAT DISTANCES CAN LOVE REACH THAT ARE NOT IN THAT VAST SPHERE?
WHAT VISIONS, WHAT EXPECTATIONS AND WHAT PRESUMPTIONS CAN OUTSOAR THAT FLIGHT?
LIKE A GIANT OAK TREE COVERED WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS IS THE VAST MAN IN YOU.
HIS MIGHT BINDS YOU TO THE EARTH, HIS FRAGRANCE LIFTS YOU INTO SPACE, AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT, EVEN LIKE A CHAIN, YOU ARE AS WEAK AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.
THIS IS BUT HALF THE TRUTH. YOU ARE ALSO AS STRONG AS YOUR STRONGEST LINK.
TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.
TO JUDGE YOU BY YOUR FAILURES IS TO CAST BLAME UPON THE SEASONS FOR THEIR INCONSTANCY.
AY, YOU ARE LIKE AN OCEAN.
AND THOUGH HEAVY-GROUNDED SHIPS AWAIT THE TIDE UPON YOUR SHORES, YET, EVEN LIKE AN OCEAN, YOU CANNOT HASTEN YOUR TIDES.
AND LIKE THE SEASONS YOU ARE ALSO,
AND THOUGH IN YOUR WINTER YOU DENY YOUR SPRING,

YET SPRING, REPOSING WITHIN YOU, SMILES IN HER DROWSINESS AND IS NOT OFFENDED.
THINK NOT I SAY THESE THINGS IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY SAY THE ONE TO THE OTHER, "HE PRAISED US WELL. HE SAW BUT THE GOOD IN US."
I ONLY SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDS OF THAT WHICH YOU YOURSELVES KNOW IN THOUGHT.
AND WHAT IS WORD KNOWLEDGE BUT A SHADOW OF WORDLESS KNOWLEDGE?
YOUR THOUGHTS AND MY WORDS ARE WAVES FROM A SEALED MEMORY THAT KEEPS RECORDS OF OUR YESTERDAYS,
AND OF THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE EARTH KNEW NOT US NOR HERSELF,
AND OF NIGHTS WHEN EARTH WAS UPWROUGHT WITH CONFUSION.

Almustafa, before parting from his people, makes many significant statements. It is almost as if a man is dying, and his last words contain his whole life's experience. He has not much time, but still time enough to say a few words which will be remembered with the sadness and with the glory and the beauty of his departure.
It is not a death; he is going back home. But he has to say a few things which were not possible to say before -- not that he was not prepared, but there was nobody to listen to them. Hearing that he is going, the whole city of Orphalese has gathered.
The words that are spoken at the time of departure become seeds in your being, almost without your knowing, because

you cannot go on playing games of postponment. The ship is ready to leave, the people may never see Almustafa again -- who knows about the future, what it contains? This man has been amongst them for twelve years; they have ignored him, laughed at him, neglected him. They are feeling deep down sad and sorry, because they had an opportunity, a spring that has come to them, but they were not open. Today, because the spring is going away, they have become suddenly aware. And remember, even when the spring goes away, it does not go suddenly. It lingers a little bit. A few flowers disappear, then a few more flowers disappear, and then all flowers are gone. Those who were not aware when there were flowers all around suddenly become aware that perhaps it may not be possible to see the same flowers and the same fragrance again. In this awareness their hearts are open.

His statements are simple -- but truth is always simple. If you are ready to listen it is the most simple thing in the world. If you are not ready to listen, it is the most complex thing in the world; your mind makes it complex, interprets it, makes meanings out of it which are not there and in this way misses the whole point. But when a man is dying or departing, and soon the winds will take the ship far away, beyond the horizon.... They feel now a gap which cannot be replaced. Although Almustafa will be gone, his words will go on ringing in their ears and in their hearts.

THE MIST THAT DRIFTS AWAY AT DAWN
LEAVING BUT DEW IN THE FIELDS, SHALL RISE
AND GATHER INTO A CLOUD AND THEN FALL
DOWN IN RAIN.

He is saying, "Don't be worried and don't be sad. The mist that gathers on the leaves of trees and on the ground in the night starts evaporating when the sun rises; it rises again, just to become a raincloud. So if you have missed this time, don't miss the next time. When the rain comes through all your hypocrisies, in your utter nudity dance with the rain and the sun and the wind. And you will understand more than is contained in any scripture, or in all the scriptures. You will understand that you are part of a dancing existence."

AND NOT UNLIKE THE MIST HAVE I BEEN.

"Though I am going now, soon I will be raining again. If you have missed me this time there is no need to be sorry. Be alert when I rain again, so that you don't hide yourself from me, but open your heart."

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT I HAVE WALKED IN YOUR STREETS, AND MY SPIRIT HAS ENTERED YOUR HOUSES.
AND YOUR HEART-BEATS WERE IN MY HEART, AND YOUR BREATH WAS UPON MY FACE, AND I KNEW YOU ALL.

The man of understanding, the man who is awake understands those who are asleep. But those who are asleep of course cannot understand the man who is awake. It is natural.

"I walked in the deep night in your streets, I have entered into your houses, I have loved you so much that your heartbeat has become my heartbeat and your breath was upon my face, and I knew you all...."
Next time, let my heartbeat become your heartbeat; next time, let your spirit enter into my temple; next time, let my breath reach to your face. Just as I have known you all, next time you all have to know me; then the circle will be complete.

AY, I KNEW YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN, AND IN YOUR SLEEP YOUR DREAMS WERE MY DREAMS.

All that I am leaving within you is my dreams -- deep down in your unconscious. At the right time they will start sprouting and becoming actualities.

AND OFTENTIMES I WAS AMONG YOU A LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

But you were too egoistic, you never looked down; otherwise you would have seen your face in the mirror of the lake. But this should not be so again. If your sadness for my departure is sincere, next time, however high your mountain is, it will be reflected in the mirror of the lake. I will come again, I will surround you as a lake again. Don't remain egoistic -- not to bend down, not to look in the lake -- because I cannot give you anything except a reflection of your real face, of your original face. Once you have seen your original face reflected in me, you will start searching for it within yourself.

I MIRRORED THE SUMMITS IN YOU AND THE BENDING SLOPES, AND EVEN THE PASSING FLOCKS OF YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOUR DESIRES....

But you were not aware.

AND TO MY SILENCE CAME THE LAUGHTER OF YOUR CHILDREN IN STREAMS, AND THE LONGING OF YOUR YOUTHS IN RIVERS.
AND WHEN THEY REACHED MY DEPTH THE STREAMS AND THE RIVERS CEASED NOT YET TO SING.

In many ways your streams have reached me, but still you remained untransformed -- because those streams were the laughter of your children in the streets, playing, and the longing of your youths were as rivers.
And when they reached my depth the streams and the rivers ceased not yet to sing.... They are still singing in me. I am taking the laughter, the innocence of your children, the flowers of your youth with me. Next time, let it not be one-way-traffic; you also allow me to sing within you, to dance within you, to become your being.

BUT SWEETER STILL THAN LAUGHTER AND GREATER THAN LONGING CAME TO ME.

Just your presence -- although you were asleep -- was sweeter and greater than any laughter. It does not matter

that you were asleep and you ignored me; it was just natural, I am not offended. I have felt more compassionate and more loving towards you -- who are bound to be kings but are living like beggars. Just looking at yourself in my mirror, you would have found your kingdom: the kingdom of God.

IT WAS THE BOUNDLESS IN YOU;
THE VAST MAN IN WHOM YOU ARE ALL BUT CELLS AND SINEWS;
HE IN WHOSE CHANT ALL YOUR SINGING IS BUT A SOUNDLESS THROBBING.

It was the boundless in you... it does not matter that you did not recognize me. I am worried about you, that you have not recognized the boundless in you. And that is your true self, your true reality. Without knowing it, all your knowing is rubbish.
The vast man in whom you are all but cells and sinews.... His vast man is nothing but the universal spirit, or in other words God. In that vast universal spirit you are not different from each other; you are part of one whole. It is only your sleep that gives you the idea that you are separate.
The moment you are awake, suddenly an immense revolution happens. You are in the trees and the trees are in you; you are in the ocean and the ocean is in you; you are in the clouds and the clouds are in you.
That is the great ecstasy of all the mystics: to find themselves the organic unity of the whole existence. But whether you know it or not, it is the reality. You have not

to create it, you have not to find it, you have just to be awake, and it is yours -- so simple is the method.

A man was brought to Gautam Buddha. He was a philosopher and a logician, but he was blind. The whole village had failed to convince him that there is such a thing as light. His arguments were very sharp. He said, "If there is light bring it before me -- I want to touch it and feel it, or beat it like a drum -- I want to hear the sound of light; or give it to me to eat, I want to taste what it is; or at least I can smell...."

Of course nobody was able... nobody has ever been able to touch the light, to taste the light, to hear the light, to smell the light. Light can only be seen. But the blind logician used to laugh. He said, "All this idea of light is for nothing but to prove me blind. You are all blind, and this light is nothing but your imagination."

The village was at a loss. Light is everywhere, all around, but how to prove it? That man went on destroying all their proofs. In fact, there is no proof for light -- except your eyes. And there is no proof for God -- except your own being. The logicians who have been proving God are as foolish as those villagers. God has not to be proved but experienced, the way light is experienced. So all that is needed is eyes, not arguments.

When Buddha came to the village, all the villagers came with the blind man. They thought, "We are villagers, we have not been able to prove light, but the greatest man of our times -- or perhaps of all times -- is present; he will certainly be able to help this blind man."

But Buddha was not so unintelligent as to provide proofs for light. He said, "You have brought him to the wrong

man. He does not need a philosopher, he needs a physician. I have got a physician with me, my personal physician; you take him to him. Light is not the question; the question is, if he can get his eyes cured he will not need any other argument."

It took six months for the physician to cure his eyes. And when he saw light, he said, "My God, I have been proving all those poor villagers wrong, and I was providing all kinds of arguments which appeared to me perfectly right. But light is not to be proved or disproved by an argument: either you see it, or you don't see it."

Buddha had moved to another village in these six months. He went to the other village, dancing... because a man who is blind misses almost all that is beautiful -- the flowers, the colors, the sunrays passing through the trees, the greenery -- he misses almost eighty percent of life; that's why you feel so much compassion towards a blind man.

You don't feel so much compassion towards a deaf man -- he is also missing a sense. And you don't bother at all if somebody cannot smell -- there are people who don't have the capacity to smell -- neither are you worried about a man who cannot taste. But whenever you see a blind man, a strange compassion arises in you. You may not be aware, but the fact is that the blind man is living only twenty percent of his life. Eighty percent of life comes through the eyes.

He was dancing in the sun, he touched the Buddha's feet and he told him, "If you had not met me I would have never seen the light, because they were always taking me to great philosophers, scholars, quoting scriptures, but that did not help. You were the first man who simply refused to tell

anything about light. Now I know at that time I had felt a little shocked, `People say the Buddha is very compassionate, but it does not seem to be true. He has refused even to talk with me.' But now I know your compassion. Only a physician was needed, medicine was needed, so that my eyes are cured. Once my eyes are cured, I can see: light is."

The same is the situation about God or godliness -- it cannot be proved by arguments. Atheists have always been the winners as far as arguments are concerned; no theist has been able to answer all their questions, and whatever arguments they have produced have been destroyed by atheists very easily. The reason is that God is the ultimate light, and for it you need clarity of vision, you need eyes moving inwards. Either you know God or you don't know -- there is no in between, no space to stand in between. And the whole humanity is trying to stand in between. They do not know God, yet they believe that God is; they are blind, yet they believe light is -- their belief is going to prevent the cure of their eyes. Hence I am against all beliefs; all belief-systems have been destructive and poisonous.

Never believe in anything. If people say, "God is," ask them the way to find Him, the way to see Him. If people say, "There is silence inside," ask them how to reach it. Don't argue about whether it exists or not, because in argument you will always win. But your winning is really a great failure.

Never believe in God; that is a hindrance in finding God. Seek, search... search for the eye that can see God; search for clarity and awareness that can dance with joy, finding

that existence is intelligent. That's the meaning of God -- that existence is not an idiot, that existence is not without intelligence, that existence is not without consciousness. Even the mountains have their own consciousness, the trees have their own consciousness; you may have different forms of consciousness, that does not matter.
Once you have become aware of your consciousness, slowly slowly you will become sensitive to the whole ocean of consciousness that surrounds you. You will also dance! Unless a religion brings you to such an ecstasy that you can dance madly, you have not understood religion at all.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST, AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.

He is using the word "vast man" so that he can avoid to use the word "God," because the word "God" has been misused by the priests for centuries to exploit people, to keep them blind. But the "vast man" is nothing but God. It is the whole infinitude of existence.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST....
Otherwise you are always suffering with inferiority. Even the greatest man suffers from an inferiority complex; even your so-called powerful people are nothing but deep down hiding their inferiority. Life is multidimensional. You see that somebody is a poet, and suddenly you feel inferior -- you are not a poet. You see a warrior, and you feel inferior -- you are not a warrior. You see a musician.... And it is not

only ordinary people; even the greatest of you, whose names are spread in your history books....
Napoleon Bonaparte was continuously feeling an inferiority complex. Now he was a great king, and he lost only one battle -- the last one. And that too he lost because of his inferiority complex; otherwise he went on winning all his life. But even while he was a victor, a great conqueror, his problem was that his height was only five feet five inches; even his bodyguards were taller. Those poor bodyguards... seeing them, immediately he would feel his wound.
One day he was trying to fix a photograph on the wall, but it was beyond his reach. His bodyguard said, "Wait sir, you need not trouble. I am higher than you, I can do it."
He said, "Higher? Change your word! You can say only `taller,' not `higher.'" He touched his painful nerve by saying, `I am higher than you.'
When he was a small child, six months old, taking a sunbath in the early morning, and his nurse had gone into the house, a wild cat jumped on him. She did no harm to the child -- she was really in a playful mood, and the child looked very beautiful. But she had no idea that she had created a great fear in the child. The nurse came running out, the wild cat escaped, but the fear that the wild cat created in him -- "I am even inferior to a cat" -- remained his life-long companion.
It was because of this fact that he lost his battle. Somehow the English general, Nelson, came to know that he was afraid of cats. He was not afraid of lions -- he could fight with the lion bare-handed. But the moment he saw a cat he started falling apart, he had a nervous breakdown. He again became a six-year-old child.

You will be surprised to know that Nelson came to fight Napoleon with seventy cats ahead of his army. And the moment Napoleon saw seventy cats -- one was enough, seventy was too much -- he lost his grip. He told to his general, "Now you arrange to fight; I have to retire, because now I cannot fight."

The general said, "But what is the problem?"

He said, "The problem? Those seventy cats."

And because he did not fight -- he went behind his ranks to avoid those cats -- he was defeated; otherwise Nelson had not the guts to defeat Napoleon. Nelson was no comparison to the great warrior Napoleon; but those cats were even bigger warriors.

In fact, psychoanalysts have come to the conclusion that the people who become interested in power -- either of money or of politics or of some other kind -- are the people who are suffering from an inferiority complex. They want to cover it up, and the only way to cover it up is to reach a powerful situation from where they can say to people, "I am not inferior to anybody," and they can convince themselves that they are not inferior to anybody. But they all suffer from inferiority.

Even a man like Adolf Hitler would not allow anybody to sleep in his room, because who knows -- in the night they may kill him. He had no friends, because a friend means somebody very close, and he was so afraid of somebody being so close that he can do harm, that he kept everybody as far away as possible; there was not a single man who would address him by his name -- no intimacy. He did not get married his whole life for the simple reason that a

strange woman sleeping in the same room... who knows what her intentions are? Just a knife and he can be finished. This man created the second world war, which killed six million people in all; a man who was so afraid of death killed six million people. On the surface you may not find any relationship between the two, but just go a little deeper, and you will find the relationship. By killing people he was proving to himself, "I am immortal. Everybody else dies...." Even though six million people were killed, his fear was not gone.

He married just three hours before he was going to take poison and die, because the enemies were winning. It is a strange story that no general of Adolf Hitler could say to him, "On a certain front we are losing." He would kill that general immediately -- shoot him. How can Adolf Hitler be defeated? That is impossible.

So Germany was losing on all fronts, but Adolf Hitler was told, "We are conquering, we are reaching to Moscow." In fact, Russian and American and British armies had reached Berlin where he was hiding in an underground cell. When bombs were falling on Berlin, his generals were reporting, "We are conquering all over the world; you are the greatest conqueror in the world." But how long can you hide the reality? Soon the bombs and their noise started reaching into his underground hiding place. Now there was no need for anybody to say anything. All is lost.

At that moment he asked for a priest and the woman who loved him and had always wanted to marry him, but he had been postponing. Now there is no time to postpone, and now there is no fear either -- he will never be asleep. The woman was brought, a priest was brought, and immediately

a ceremony... and the bombs are falling just outside! Buildings are collapsing, Germany has surrendered. But the generals of Adolf Hitler have made a special radio station; from that radio station there was only one connection, and that was the radio which Adolf Hitler used to listen to. They were still declaring from that station, "We are winning."

He got married and the next thing after marriage, unprecedented -- and perhaps nobody will do it again -- was to take poison and tell the generals, "When we are dead, pour kerosene oil and petrol and burn our bodies. We don't want our bodies -- even our dead bodies -- to be in the hand of the enemies." That's why Adolf Hitler's body has not been found. But what kind of marriage? -- just after the ceremony, a second ceremony of taking poison and being burned. Great leaders of man... but nobody has gone into analyzing their heart. There is bound to be an inferiority complex.

A man who is free from an inferiority complex has no desire for power, has no desire to dominate others, has no desire to kill others, has no desire to enslave people; he is so contented in himself. Not that he feels superior -- he is neither inferior nor superior. He is simply himself. He does not compare; there is no need to compare... you are a painter -- that's perfectly good. You are a poet -- that's perfectly good. Life needs variety, and whatever I am, I am perfectly satisfied. Life needs me too; otherwise I would not have been here, existence never produces anything unnecessarily.

IT IS IN THE VAST MAN THAT YOU ARE VAST...

The moment you become aware of oneness with the universe you become vast. That is the only way to get rid of inferiority and superiority, because there is nobody else to compare with. Only you are: you are the whole. The musician is part of you, and the poet is part of you, and the dancer is part of you. The trees are your hands and the fragrance of the flowers is your fragrance. You have become one, absolutely one with the ocean of life.

AND IN BEHOLDING HIM THAT I BEHELD YOU AND LOVED YOU.

I have not loved you as separate individuals, I have loved you because I saw the infinite in you, and I have loved the infinite in you. It does not matter whether you are a thief, a murderer, a beggar or an emperor; I have seen the same vast existence expressing in different forms. Seeing the vastness of life and oneness of life, I have loved you. That love is not addressed to individuals; it is addressed to the whole unity. In fact, the man who knows, "I am one with the whole," is loving himself. In loving you, he is loving himself.

One of the great Jewish philosophers of this century, Martin Buber, has written a book, "I and Thou." His whole life he worked on a certain methodology called "Dialogue between I and Thou." His book is beautiful. He writes with grandeur; he is one of the best persons to use words -- but he knows nothing, because there is no I AND Thou. I IS Thou. If I were to write the book, the title would be, "I is Thou"; not "and." That "and" shows his ignorance -- he has

not experienced; he has thought about it. There is no question of dialogue.

I have been condemned around the world because I don't allow dialogue, my words are monologue. The people who have been condemning me, that my words are a monologue, think that it is a criticism. I don't think it is so; it is a compliment. I am grateful to all those people who say that my discourses are a monologue. What else to do? -- because there is nobody else. You are me, I am you. Dialogue is impossible, only monologue is possible. I am speaking and I am hearing also. I am speaking from one body and I am listening from all your bodies -- dialogue is not possible. I am sorry to say something against Martin Buber, I love the man, but when the question of truth arises, one has to say it.

FOR WHAT DISTANCES CAN LOVE REACH THAT ARE NOT IN THAT VAST SPHERE?

Once you are aware of your vastness, then love can reach any distance, then there are no distances for love. The farthest star -- which has not even been discovered by physicists yet -- your love will be reaching; where physics is bounded, love is not. Feeling one with the whole, your love has reached to the whole -- to the flowers and to the thorns, without any discrimination. And only a man of such infinitude of love we have called The Enlightened One, the Blessed One, the Awakened One.

WHAT VISIONS, WHAT EXPECTATIONS AND WHAT PRESUMPTIONS CAN OUTSOAR THAT FLIGHT?

The flight of love to the whole is the ultimate flight. Physicists say that light travels the fastest, that is the ultimate speed -- one hundred eighty-six miles per second. But I say unto you, love travels so fast that is does not take any time to reach from one planet to another planet. When I look with eyes of love to you, do you think love takes time in traveling and reaching to you? Light may be, in the material world, the fastest phenomenon; but love is of the spirit, it does not take even any time. Moving from one star to another, the fastness is such that no time elapses. In fact, the moment you are aware of the wholeness, suddenly your love has become spread all over existence; there is no question of travel, it is already there. But physicists won't understand love and its speed.

LIKE A GIANT OAK TREE COVERED WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS IS THE VAST MAN IN YOU. HIS MIGHT BINDS YOU TO THE EARTH, HIS FRAGRANCE LIFTS YOU INTO SPACE, AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS.

It gives you everything for which you have been longing and longing for centuries, for thousands of births. It makes you immortal, because existence is immortal. To remain separate creates mortality; but to become one with it, you also become immortal.

... AND IN HIS DURABILITY YOU ARE DEATHLESS. YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT, EVEN LIKE A CHAIN, YOU ARE AS WEAK AS YOUR WEAKEST LINK.

Almost in all the languages similar kinds of proverbs exist. But Kahlil Gibran is right,

THIS IS BUT HALF THE TRUTH. YOU ARE ALSO AS STRONG AS YOUR STRONGEST LINK.

You are the valley and you are the peak; you are the dark night and you are the full noontide. In you dualities meet -- not as enemies but as complementaries, not as oppositions or contradictions but in deep friendship, hand in hand, they dance within you.
The weakest part of you is connected with the strongest part in you; you are both. And it is good that you are both, because there are things which only the weakest part in you is capable of, and there are things which only the strongest part in you is capable of. And you need both; otherwise you will be monotonous, you will become a boredom unto yourself. You can become a delight unto yourself because you have all the possibilities, the whole spectrum of the rainbow, all the colors. In unity, in oneness the weaker is no more weaker, and the stronger is no more stronger -- they have melted into one.

TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.

The foam is very frail, momentary; it is there now, and after a moment it is gone. It is just air bubbles. But don't judge the ocean by the foam -- although the foam is also beautiful. On the high waves the foam comes running towards the shore; it looks as if the wave is crowned, crowned with the purest diamonds, pearls; it looks like the mountain peaks crowned with snow. But as it comes closer and closer to the shore, you know it is just foam -- don't judge the ocean by the foam.

All your actions are just foam, very frail. Somebody is angry -- that is just a momentary phenomenon, it has come and it will go; somebody is beautiful -- but it is foam.

One of my sannyasins in Germany is a topmost model, a very beautiful girl. I have given her the name Gayan. Gayan means the song. Just a few days ago she sent me one of her pictures. She works as a model, and the picture is certainly very beautiful; she has become more beautiful since she has been meditating, because all her silence is now radiating from her beautiful face. But sending me the picture she must have remembered one of my stories.

A king asked his advisors, "I need a very small advice, which contains all wisdom. I want to keep it under the diamond of my ring, and I will see it only as a last resort." They worked hard, but they could not manage to find a small sentence which contains all wisdom. They went to a sage, a mystic, who lived in the mountains and asked him. Without thinking for a single moment he wrote a sentence, and he said, "Fold it -- you are not supposed to read it -- and give me the ring; I will fix it underneath the diamond. Tell the king he should not look at it out of curiosity, but

only when he is in such despair that there seems to be no way out. Then he should open it, and this will give him the insight, the door, the exit out of his despair."

Many times the king was curious, his advisers were curious.... In one sentence, without thinking for a moment, the mystic had written the message, folded the paper, and put it under the diamond of the ring; but he had prohibited the king to open it out of curiosity. It was a promise, and the king managed not to open it.

After just fifteen days, his country was invaded and he lost the battle. He was running alone on his horse to save his life in the mountains, and he reached a point which was a dead end. Below there was a valley, thousands of feet deep; to fall into it was to be scattered into pieces. And he could not turn back, because he could hear the hoofs and the sound of the enemy coming closer. Suddenly he remembered his ring. This is the situation -- he cannot go ahead, he cannot go back. It is a small narrow mountainous path and the enemy is very close, they are following; soon they will be here. Before they are here he has to read the message.

He opened the diamond, took out the message. It was a very simple message, just four words: "This too will pass." A great silence descended over him. "Everything passes." He waited there, and strange as it may seem the sound of the enemy and their horses started receding; they had followed another path from the crossroad. He came back, collected his armies again, fought with the enemies, and took back his kingdom.

The day he took back his kingdom was a great day of celebration. The whole city was decorated, there were

firecrackers, and flowers were showered on the king. He felt very egoistical that finally he has defeated a great enemy who has bigger armies, a bigger kingdom. But then he suddenly remembered, "This too will pass."

And just the remembrance that this too will pass... and his ego disappeared, his being became humble.

Gayan must have heard my story. On her beautiful picture -- in which she looks so innocent, just like a flower -- on the side she has written, "Osho, this too will pass."

Beauty is foam, but don't judge; ugliness is also foam -- don't judge; stealing is also foam -- don't judge. All your actions are nothing but foam, and the ocean is vast. Only people who don't understand life are continuously judging -- who is good, who is bad, who is evil, who is a saint. The man of understanding knows that the murderer, the sinner, are just part of the same existence as the saint, as the enlightened. Neither the enlightened is higher nor the murderer is lower; they both are doing their job. Whatever existence wants them to do, they are doing.

In a drama you don't judge. If somebody is a murderer and somebody is a great saint you know perfectly well that both are actors, and when they go behind the curtain they will be sitting on the same table, drinking tea -- the murderer and the saint. On stage the murderer seems to be condemned, evil, and the saint seems to be divine; but it is only foam. Real life is so vast that it cannot be judged by small actions. The man of true understanding has no judgments; he simply loves. Whether you are a saint or a sinner is not his business; whatever you are, do it perfectly well, do it with totality and intensity; whatever existence wants you to do, allow -- don't come in between. To judge you...

TO MEASURE YOU BY YOUR SMALLEST DEED IS TO RECKON THE POWER OF OCEAN BY THE FRAILTY OF ITS FOAM.
TO JUDGE YOU BY YOUR FAILURES IS TO CAST BLAME UPON THE SEASONS FOR THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Sometimes spring comes earlier, sometimes a little late; sometimes rains come and sometimes they don't come, and sometimes they come so much that they create floods. But don't judge; they are not doing anything on their own accord. If existence brings the floods, if existence brings the spring a little late, then leave it to existence. Perhaps that is what is needed. Remember one thing -- existence is wiser than you, because it is the collective intelligence of all. A single man's intelligence cannot be more than the collective intelligence of the whole existence.

AY, YOU ARE LIKE AN OCEAN,
AND THOUGH HEAVY-GROUNDED SHIPS AWAIT THE TIDE UPON YOUR SHORES, YET, EVEN LIKE AN OCEAN, YOU CANNOT HASTEN YOUR TIDES.

What can you do? You are the ocean, but you cannot hasten your tides; they will come according to the collective intelligence of existence. That collective intelligence has been known as God.

AND LIKE THE SEASONS YOU ARE ALSO,

AND THOUGH IN YOUR WINTER YOU DENY YOUR SPRING...

Because the winter never comes to know the spring -- they never meet -- in your winter you deny your spring. In your day you deny your night, in your dreams you deny your day, in your day you deny your dreams -- because they never meet. But they both belong to you.

YET SPRING, REPOSING WITHIN YOU, SMILES IN HER DROWSINESS AND IS NOT OFFENDED.

Even in winter the spring is asleep within you. In its drowsiness it is waiting for its time to wake up, and it smiles at your denial -- but it is not offended.

THINK NOT I SAY THESE THINGS IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY SAY THE ONE TO THE OTHER, "HE PRAISED US WELL. HE SAW BUT THE GOOD IN US."
I ONLY SPEAK TO YOU IN WORDS OF THAT WHICH YOU YOURSELVES KNOW IN THOUGHT.
AND WHAT IS WORD KNOWLEDGE BUT A SHADOW OF WORDLESS KNOWLEDGE?

Kahlil Gibran is saying, "You also know what I am saying to you, maybe not so clearly...." Even what a Gautam Buddha says you know already, but you don't have the right words to express it. In your silent heart you will understand, "It seems that what he has said I have heard

before, it seems I have known it before" -- of course not so clearly, not so strongly, just a faint, faraway echo....
And what is word knowledge but a shadow of wordless knowledge? If you are silent, you will immediately understand the master, the prophet, the savior -- or whatever name you give to him -- because he is giving words to your silence. He is bringing out your silence in articulate ways through his words, through his presence, through his gesture.

YOUR THOUGHTS AND MY WORDS ARE WAVES FROM A SEALED MEMORY THAT KEEPS RECORDS OF OUR YESTERDAYS,
AND OF THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE EARTH KNEW NOT US NOR HERSELF,
AND OF NIGHTS WHEN EARTH WAS UPWROUGHT WITH CONFUSION.

"Whatever I am saying to you," says Almustafa, "you know it too, but you are not aware of it. You have forgotten it; otherwise we all know from the very beginning everything that is going to happen to you." You have known and dreamt from the very beginning of the heights that you are going to reach, but you are so much occupied in ordinary, trivial life that you go on forgetting the essential truth of your being.
The English word "sin" I like very much, not in the same meaning as Christians use it, but in its original meaning -- the original meaning is so beautiful. Sin in its original meaning means forgetfulness. Do you see the difference? The sinner is only one who has forgotten his truth --

nothing to be condemned, he just has to be reminded. When you use sin as a condemnation then it is not a question of reminding him, but of throwing him into hellfire. The priests seem to be the most cunning profession in the world; they destroy a beautiful word with such significance.

Forgetfulness is the truth of man. That's the only difference between him and the Awakened One -- the Awakened One has remembered. Hence Gautam Buddha continually uses a word, sammasati. It means "right remembrance." If forgetfulness is your sin, then -- right awareness -- remembering is your virtue. And then the whole religion takes a new color -- no hell, no paradise, no priests, but a simple understanding: what you have forgotten you can remember.

It happens sometimes that you say, "I remember it, it is just on my lips, but still I cannot say it; I know that I know it, but somewhere it is lost." It happens almost to everybody. You are trying to remember the name of a friend, and it is just on the tip of your tongue. You know it, you are perfectly certain you know it; you remember even the face of your friend, you remember your conversations with the friend, but somewhere his name has got blocked.

The more you try, the more difficult it becomes, because you become more tense, and in tenseness your mind becomes more and more narrow. Finally, just out of frustration, you drop the idea. You go into the garden and start watering your roses, and suddenly it is there, you have remembered the name -- and now you were not trying. Because you were not trying you became relaxed; the

tension disappeared. The mind became broad; otherwise it was a very narrow street, and any small word may have been blocking the name from coming to the lips. Now the mind has become broad and relaxed; it has become a super-highway. Now the forgotten word suddenly comes to your lips.

The same is the situation about religion, about truth. The difference between the saint and the sinner is not great, perhaps just of one inch. The saint has remembered and the sinner is going to remember; given chance and opportunity he will remember it. Hence I say unto you that any saint who condemns sinners is not a saint at all, because he does not understand anything. Only a saint who is respectful of the sinner too is a real saint, because he knows, "The difference is not much. What has become aware in me is going to become aware in him, sooner or later. If today I am a saint, tomorrow he may be a saint."

Condemnation is impossible, judgment is impossible. All judgment is ugly, all condemnation is ugly. And your religious scriptures are full of condemnation, full of judgment.

Get rid of all that is ugly. Be more human, more loving, more compassionate, and perhaps you can create the atmosphere in which others can also remember it. This is my work here -- not to change you, not to mold you into a certain ideal, not to give you ten commandments, "You should do this and you should not do this." That is not my business; that is the business of a priest.

I am not a priest. I am just one amongst you. I have remembered, hence I know you also have the capacity to remember; one day I was also in the same situation -- I had

forgotten myself. I know both the situations, the forgetfulness and the remembering; you know only one, the forgetfulness. So it is just a question of being a little more relaxed, a little more silent, of a little more alertness, a little more consciousness, and just in a single moment the sinner disappears and the saint arises. Forgetfulness is sin, and remembering is virtue.
My work is somehow to go on nagging you to remember. Even if you are annoyed, I know that when you remember you will feel sorry that you were annoyed. When you remember, I know you will feel grateful that a man you were annoyed with went on nagging you, unconcerned about your irritation, your annoyance; he went on and on and finally... the moment. The spring is everybody's birthright -- to remember and blossom.

Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #21
Chapter title: Become again an innocent child
8 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM. I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM:
AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.

IT IS A FLAME SPIRIT IN YOU EVER GATHERING MORE OF ITSELF,
WHILE YOU, HEEDLESS OF ITS EXPANSION, BEWAIL THE WITHERING OF YOUR DAYS.
IT IS LIFE IN QUEST OF LIFE IN BODIES THAT FEAR THE GRAVE.
THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.
THESE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS ARE A CRADLE AND A STEPPING STONE.
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.
VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING.
OTHERS HAVE COME TO YOU TO WHOM FOR GOLDEN PROMISES MADE UNTO YOUR FAITH YOU HAVE GIVEN BUT RICHES AND POWER AND GLORY.
LESS THAN A PROMISE HAVE I GIVEN, AND YET MORE GENEROUS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ME.
YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MY DEEPER THIRSTING AFTER LIFE.
SURELY THERE IS NO GREATER GIFT TO A MAN THAN THAT WHICH TURNS ALL HIS AIMS INTO PARCHING LIPS AND ALL LIFE INTO A FOUNTAIN.
AND IN THIS LIES MY HONOUR AND MY REWARD,-
THAT WHENEVER I COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO DRINK I FIND THE LIVING WATER ITSELF THIRSTY;

AND IT DRINKS ME WHILE I DRINK IT.
SOME OF YOU HAVE DEEMED ME PROUD AND OVER-SHY TO RECEIVE GIFTS.
TOO PROUD INDEED AM I TO RECEIVE WAGES, BUT NOT GIFTS.
AND THOUGH I HAVE EATEN BERRIES AMONG THE HILLS WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME SIT AT YOUR BOARD,
AND SLEPT IN THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE WHEN YOU WOULD GLADLY HAVE SHELTERED ME,
YET IT WAS NOT YOUR LOVING MINDFULNESS OF MY DAYS AND MY NIGHTS THAT MADE FOOD SWEET TO MY MOUTH AND GIRDLED MY SLEEP WITH VISIONS?
FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:
YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.
VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE,
AND A GOOD DEED THAT CALLS ITSELF BY TENDER NAMES BECOMES THE PARENT TO A CURSE.

Kahlil Gibran is making his most profound statements. Hence, don't just listen to them: unless you drink them and let them become your blood, your bones and your marrow, you will not get the whole meaning and their beauty.
The first statement is of such tremendous importance that it is very difficult to find another statement which will be of equal importance.

WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM. I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM.

Usually the disciple thinks -- and has been made to think for centuries -- that the master gives his wisdom to him. That is absolutely untrue. The master simply takes away all that you think wisdom but which is not wisdom, only borrowed knowledge... it looks like wisdom but is phony, because it is not rooted in your experience.

The true master, or the true wise man, takes away all that is false in you -- and your wisdom is false, your knowledge is false. You know nothing of life, you know nothing of God; all that you know are mere words without any content, hollow, rotten, but just because they have been handed to you by your parents, by your teachers, by your priests, you have been preserving them as if they are great treasures. In fact, they are the burdens that don't allow you to fly in freedom in the open sky of existence.

The master takes away everything that is false in you -- and what is not false in you? Your whole personality is given by the society. You came into the world innocent, full of wonder, knowing nothing but longing to know everything. The society has filled your minds with all kinds of knowledge. And one thing has to be remembered here: Knowledge is significant when it grows within you; it becomes poisonous and dangerous and murderous when it is forced upon you.

All that you know -- have a look at it. Has it grown within you? Or has it been forced upon you? Is it a conditioning

from the outside, or just an overflowing of your own being, of your own spring of life?

You don't know anything about your own being. Hence the true wise man takes away all your wisdom and leaves you again in the same space as you were born -- in wonder, knowing nothing. From there, your authentic journey can start.

I am reminded of one of the great mystics, Bodhidharma. Nearabout fourteen hundred years ago he went to China. He had been invited by Emperor Wu of China; the emperor had even come to the boundaries of his empire -- and his empire was perhaps the greatest empire of those days -- to receive Bodhidharma. He touched his feet, but the questions that he asked prevented Bodhidharma from entering his empire.

His questions were not irrelevant; all so-called religious people ask them, and all so-called religious saints answer them. The emperor had asked, "I have made thousands of temples for Gautam Buddha, and I have thousands of scholars continually translating words of Gautam Buddha into Chinese. I have opened many monasteries, and the whole of China is now under the great influence of Gautam Buddha. What will be my reward for all this?"

Bodhidharma stared at the emperor and said, "You will fall in hell."

The emperor said, "Have I done anything wrong?"

Bodhidharma said, "Whatever you have done is right, but if doing it in itself is not your reward, then you have missed the whole point. Making a beautiful temple, a beautiful statue of Buddha... if that is not your reward and you want something else, then you are doing business -- it is not

religion. In religion the very action in itself is either reward or punishment.

"I know you have opened your vast treasures for the spread of the message of Gautam Buddha, but you are waiting to have greater treasures in future life, in paradise as a reward -- you are bargaining with existence. I am not a businessman. You have invited the wrong person."

The emperor said, "But I have invited many monks and they always said, `Great will be your reward because great is your virtue.'"

Bodhidharma said, "I will not enter into your kingdom, I will remain outside. The day you understand that every action is in itself its reward or punishment, I am available to you, you can come."

He stayed outside the boundaries for nine years.

Bodhidharma was a very strange man -- but a very beautiful man, so truthful and so straightforward.

Emperor Wu could not sleep the whole night, and in the morning he was back. And he said, "Forgive me, you have given me such a shock, but I needed it, I was living under an illusion. You have broken my illusion. I'm ready to learn."

Bodhidharma said, "There is nothing to learn. You have to be ready to unlearn! You already know too much, and all that you know is false. If you want to be in contact with me, think of unlearning. That is the beginning of wisdom."

Unlearning is the beginning of wisdom. All your priests and popes go on telling you, "Learning brings wisdom." But a man like Bodhidharma or Socrates or Gautam Buddha will not agree with these people, they will agree with Kahlil Gibran: the function of the master is to help

you unlearn everything so that you become again an innocent child.
After nine years, when Bodhidharma came back to India, thousands of people had become his disciples. He had chosen four of them for the final fire-test, because out of those four, one would be chosen as his successor to continue his work in China.
There was great silence, although thousands of disciples were sitting there. They knew that those four people were worthy of it, but it was very difficult to tell who was the most worthy....
Bodhidharma asked the first man, "Tell me the essence of wisdom."
And the man said, "The essence of wisdom is that the kingdom of God is within you."
Bodhidharma said, "You have my flesh, but the flesh is not very deep. You are not chosen to be my successor. What you have said has a faraway echo of truth in it, but it is too faraway an echo."
He asked the second disciple, "You tell me -- what is the essence of wisdom?"
And he said, "The essence of wisdom is meditation, being absolutely silent."
Bodhidharma said, "You have my bones, but you don't have me. You cannot be my successor."
And he turned to the third man and asked the same question, "What is the essence of wisdom?"
The third person said, "The essence of wisdom is to bring your potential to its ultimate actuality, to blossom, to bring flowers to your being."

Bodhidharma said, "You have my marrow, but still you are not yet capable of being my successor. You are very close, but even closeness is a distance."
He turned to the fourth man, and he asked the same question. And the fourth man had tears in his eyes and he collapsed at Bodhidharma's feet, not saying a single word.
Bodhidharma said, "I understand your silence. But these thousands of people will not understand it. You have to bring your experience into words. Say it!"
And the man with tears said, "I don't know."
And Bodhidharma said, "You are going to be my successor, because the person who can say `I do not know' has already reached to the door of the temple of wisdom, he is already standing at the door. His innocence, his not-knowing, is the beginning of knowing."
Kahlil Gibran says,

WISE MEN HAVE COME TO YOU TO GIVE YOU OF THEIR WISDOM.

They were not truly wise, nor was what they gave you authentic wisdom; they only went on transferring borrowed knowledge from one generation to another generation. Neither was it their experience, nor the experience of those who had given it to them.

I CAME TO TAKE OF YOUR WISDOM.

That's why a true master is going to be condemned by the whole world, for the simple reason that he does not give anything to you -- on the contrary, he goes on taking things

away from you. He leaves you utterly naked, in a state of innocence like a child. Only from there your real growth starts. Only from there is the true beginning.

AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.

What is greater than wisdom? Innocence is greater than wisdom, because wisdom is only a collection of empty words.
Innocence is a transformation of your whole being, as if you are cleaned of all dust -- you have just taken a shower. The freshness of innocence, the youthfulness of innocence, slowly slowly deepens and makes you aware of your immortality. That's why he said:

AND BEHOLD I HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH IS GREATER THAN WISDOM.

Wisdom will not do. It is good for scholars and the priests and the preachers and the popes and the shankaracharyas and the imams -- but it is not enough for a true seeker. The true seeker wants not to know the truth, he wants to become it. He does not want to see God, he wants to feel God in his own being.
God as an object is for those who are collecting knowledge, wisdom, scripture. God as your own subjectivity, as your own being, is greater than wisdom... when the seeker himself is the sought, when the observer himself is the observed, when you and God are not two, divided by knowledge, when you are not separate from God but in

your every breath is the fragrance of godliness and in every beat of your heart is the music of the ultimate.
Wisdom is for those who want to become respectable cheaply. The true seeker is not after respectability, not after Nobel prizes, not after any reward -- here or hereafter. The true seeker wants not to know, but to be. And the difference is immense.
To know love is one thing.
To be love is totally different.
And the difference is unbridgeable.
You can know love by going into a big library and finding everything that has been said about love. And you can collect all the great statements about love -- still you have not known love, still your heart is empty of love. Your head is full with words about love -- but your heart is not satisfied by knowing about love. Your heart wants to become love. Without becoming love, what is the use of knowing about it?

IT IS A FLAME, A SPIRIT IN YOU, EVER GATHERING MORE OF ITSELF.

Wisdom is not something that you gather from scriptures and holy books. It is a flame, it is a spirit, it is your very being which goes on gathering up more and more of itself. You go on becoming not more and more knowledgeable, but more and more rooted in the earth, centered in your being. Out of this grows the ultimate flower called enlightenment. Enlightenment is not knowledge, it is being.

WHILE YOU, HEEDLESS OF ITS EXPANSION,
BEWAIL THE WITHERING OF YOUR DAYS,
IT IS LIFE IN QUEST OF LIFE IN BODIES THAT FEAR THE GRAVE.

What is the seeker doing? It is life in quest of more life, it is dance that wants to become more perfect, it is silence that wants to become deeper.
In the depth of silence there is a soundless song, the song celestial; there is a music without any instruments -- a music that is just part of your being. It is not something added from the outside, it is something that grows from inside.
Every being is pregnant with God. Just as the child grows in the mother's womb, God grows within your being. Clean yourself of all rubbish that you have gathered so that your God can have enough space to grow. It needs all the space that is available in existence... less than that will not do.

THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.

Remember... don't be afraid of death because there are no graves here.

THESE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS ARE A CRADLE AND A STEPPING STONE.
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.

If you enter into yourself, you will be surprised -- entering into yourself you have entered into the immortality of life. You will find your ancestors, your forefathers, and you will also find your children's children, hand in hand, dancing within you. Life is spread on both sides -- the past and the future -- and the present moment in you contains both.

If you can be just here and now, without any thought, any disturbance, totally centered, in that very centering you will find that you are only a link between an eternal life. The chain goes backwards, containing all your forefathers from the very beginning, and it goes forwards, containing those children who have not yet been born -- but their seeds are there.

To know the present is to know the past and it is to know the future. And then you will be able to say: THERE ARE NO GRAVES HERE.... There is only life eternal. Graves exist because of our ignorance, because we have never entered into our own life. We have remained always outside of our own life -- that's why the graves exist; otherwise there will be no graves.

I started telling my people that when some sannyasin leaves the body there is no need to be sad and sorry, rather dance and celebrate. Celebrate even the death, because death is false; celebrate that one friend has passed into the future, into a new body. But nobody dies, nobody has ever died.

That's the meaning... when Jesus was asked, "Will you say something about Abraham, the oldest, the most ancient father of humanity?" And Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I was."

He is not saying anything about Abraham; he is saying, "Even before Abraham" -- and Abraham was almost two

thousand years before Jesus -- he says, "Even before Abraham was, I was."
The same can be said... even before my children's children and their children will be, I will be. I am spread all over existence. Where can there be graves? There are no graves.

VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING....
WHENEVER YOU PASS BY THE FIELD WHERE YOU HAVE LAID YOUR ANCESTORS LOOK WELL THEREUPON, AND YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELVES AND YOUR CHILDREN DANCING HAND IN HAND.
VERILY YOU OFTEN MAKE MERRY WITHOUT KNOWING.

Because it is such a profound truth, the eternity of your life, whether you know it or not, once in a while it explodes -- in your joy, in your dance, in your music. You don't know what it is which takes a grip of you, of which you become possessed: it is the life eternal within you.
The painter does not know -- I am talking about the authentic painter, not the technician -- the painter does not know who is painting through his hands, neither the poet knows who is writing through his hand.
When Coleridge died, he left nearabout forty thousand poems incomplete. His whole life his friends were saying, "These poems are so beautiful, why don't you complete them? And it is not much work! Some poem is missing only one line or two lines or three lines, it is almost complete. Just compose one line more, and it will be part of the eternal literature of humanity."

But Coleridge always said, "I have never written anything. Whenever I am possessed, something pours from me. Sometimes the poem is complete; sometimes, before the poem is complete the possession has disappeared. Coleridge is there. I have tried; I can deceive the whole world, but I cannot deceive myself. Just to compose one line more and make the poem complete... nobody is going to find out unless a man reads who has the same poetic experience as me; only he will find that all these lines have come from the beyond, but one line -- the last line -- is written by somebody else. And I don't want to deceive myself, or the future humanity."

It happened... when one of the greatest Indian poets of this century, Rabindranath Tagore, translated his poems into English -- for which he was awarded the Nobel prize -- he was a little hesitant, because everything else is easy to translate, but poetry is very difficult to translate.

Every language has its own nuance, every language has its own different taste, its own different song -- no other language can catch up with it. It may be possible to translate prose from one language to another language almost exactly, but poetry is a different matter; so he was a little shy, He was well educated in England, so it was not that English was a strange language to him -- it was almost his second mother-tongue. But still the mother-tongue is mother-tongue; there is no way to substitute it.

He went to England; he had friends who were great poets. Before publishing those poems, he wanted first to read them to a small gathering of poets. Yeats, one of the great English poets, called a meeting of all the poets of London

in his own home -- he was already a Nobel prizewinning poet -- and Rabindranath read his poems.
Everybody was surprised and was shocked too, that if these poems had not been translated, the world would have never known about them -- and they have a totally different dimension, which no other English poet has ever touched. But Yeats was silent. He was the greatest poet in that meeting.
Rabindranath said, "You have not said anything about it."
Yeats said, "The poems are great, but at four places... four words only are not yours. Somebody else has helped you."
Rabindranath could not believe his ears, because it was true. Out of his hesitation he had shown to a great Christian missionary, C. F. Andrews -- before he left for England -- he had shown his poems, and asked, "Do you see any grammatical, linguistic mistakes in them?"
C. F. Andrews was a great scholar, but he was not a poet. He had looked through the poems, and only at four places he said, "These words are grammatically wrong. Everything is absolutely correct as far as grammar and language are concerned, but these four words have to be changed."
He suggested four other words of the same meaning, and Rabindranath simply changed those four words. It became more grammatical, more correct as far as language is concerned -- but he could not deceive Yeats and his poetic sensibility. He pointed to exactly those four words in the whole book of poems and he said, "These words are perfectly right as far as grammar is concerned, but whoever suggested them is not a poet."

Rabindranath said, "You surprise me! These words were suggested to me by a great scholar, known worldwide, C. F. Andrews."
Yeats said, "It does not matter who suggested them; he knows language, he knows grammar, but he does not know anything of poetry. You please just write your own words that you had put originally."
He placed his own words, and Yeats said, "Now it is perfect -- not grammatically, but poetry is not grammar. A prose composition has to be grammatical; poetry soars higher than grammar, higher than language. Now it is perfectly right. These are the words of a poet."
It is without knowing... when you are dancing you may get possessed -- not possessed by something from outside, but by something from inside which was asleep, and in your dance became awake. And you will be surprised, wondering from where is this dance coming, from where is this song coming? From where this silence and this joy...? Uncaused, it is simply overflowing in you.
This overflow happens to everybody once in a while -- but without your knowing; otherwise these rare moments can be of tremendous importance. They can become a transformation of your whole life.
If you know from where the spring has suddenly exploded, from where this fragrance has come like a cloud surrounding you, if you go to its roots, its source, you will find not only your life but life as such. Remember, those who have found life have found life as such -- not yours, not mine. They have found simply the pure life that moves from form to form, life to life, plane to plane.

OTHERS HAVE COME TO YOU TO WHOM FOR GOLDEN PROMISES MADE UNTO YOUR FAITH YOU HAVE GIVEN BUT RICHES AND POWER AND GLORY.
LESS THAN A PROMISE HAVE I GIVEN, AND YET MORE GENEROUS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ME.

There have been others who have come with golden promises, and you have given your great riches, power and glory to them. Less than a promise have I given to you, yet more generous have you been to me.
What does Kahlil Gibran mean by saying that people have been more generous to him? He means, "You have given me a deeper thirst for life. Being amongst you, I have become more and more a seeker, a searcher. You may not be aware that you have given me this search, this seeking, but looking at you asleep, a desire to wake up has arisen in me. Looking at your anger, a desire has arisen in me -- is there some place where one transcends anger or transforms anger into compassion? Looking at you and living with you, I have seen that people are simply vegetating -- not living. Each of you has reminded me that I have not to waste my life like you; I have to find the source of life before death knocks at my doors."
Do you see the beauty of the man? Nobody has given anything to him, but he is still saying:
Less than a promise I have given... I have not given anything to you...yet more generous have you been to me.
"You have not given me your treasures, power, glory, but...you have given me my deeper thirsting after life. The more I have watched you, the more I have become aware

that there is not much time to lose; I have to go after a great search, and stake everything that I have to find the truth of life. I don't want to die like everybody else; I want to die just to find a better life, a deeper life. You have given this to me -- although you are not aware of it."

It happened... when I came back from the university, completing my education, my whole family was worried about only one thing -- that I should get married. My father was very cautious, because he knew me, and once I have said "No," then there is no way to change it into "Yes." First he tried to find out from others, so my uncles asked me, his friends asked me.

I said, "I can see it is not your question, because you have never been interested in my life. Why should you suddenly be interested in my getting married? -- you don't have a daughter; so I can very easily infer somebody else's hand behind it."

They said, "This is great; now we understand why your father is afraid to ask directly."

I said, "Tell my father that I will not give my answer to his agents."

They said, "You are condemning us as agents?"

I said, "You are agents."

Then my father approached his best friend, who was a Supreme Court advocate, a very well-known arguer, logician, law expert.

My father said, "Perhaps you can convince him about marriage."

He said, "Don't be worried; I have never lost a single case in my life. I am a born winner. Whenever I take a case in my hands, you can remain certain that victory is ours... so I

will take the case in my hands. You don't be worried, I am coming to your home this coming Sunday."
My father told me that his friend wanted to see me. I said, "I would love to see him. I know why he wants to see me, but tell him that this is not going to be an ordinary case in the Supreme Court. Inform him to come very ready -- he should do all his homework."
My father said, "What homework?"
I said, "You simply tell him!"
So he phoned him and said, "He is saying first do your homework, and when you are ready, he is willing to give you time. If you want the next Sunday, there is no hurry."
He was furious; he said, "What homework? I am coming today. I cannot wait even for Sunday; this is a challenge!"
So he came.
I was standing outside. I received him and I touched his feet, because he was my father's very intimate friend. I took him inside and I asked him, "What is the matter? Why do you want to see me?"
He said, "There is no matter; it is a simple thing. You have come from the university and you have topped the university. Now we can find the most beautiful girl -- the best educated, from the best family -- for you. Are you ready for marriage or not?"
I said, "Before I say yes or no, I want to ask you a question."
He said, "What question?"
I said, "I want to know, are you happy with your marriage? And be honest, because it is a question of my whole life. I know you and I know your wife, so don't deceive me,

because if you say anything that is not right.... I have phoned your wife too."
He said, "What? What have you said to my wife?"
I said, "I have told your wife that your husband is coming to convince me for marriage, and I will get into an argument with him. If I win the argument, he will have to divorce you; if he wins the argument, I am ready to get married... because you have to stake something also."
He said, "My God, now I understand what you mean by homework! I am going home!"
My father said, "What happened?"
He said, "I don't want to get involved with this matter. My life is already a torture, and this boy will create so many problems -- he has already phoned my wife! Now I am trembling; she will be ready at the gate."
I said, "I am coming with you."
He said, "No need!"
I said, "It is a government road, you cannot prevent me. It just happens, that you are going ahead, I am going behind -- a coincidence."
He said, "It is a strange difficulty I have taken upon myself; I had never thought that it would become a problem. I had come simply to convince you to get married, and you are ready to argue -- but I have to put something stake. I cannot divorce my wife! I have children, and my wife... I may have won all the cases in the Supreme Court, but as far as my wife is concerned, she is always the winner. You just leave me alone; I will never mention marriage."
I told my father, "Listen to him. He is saying that he will never mention even the word marriage. That's why I was

saying, `I can give you time. Have yourself completely prepared; consult all your law-books, consult your wife.'" And I followed him. Many times he stopped, and he said, "I am telling you you go back."

I said, "Nobody can remove me from the road -- it is a public place. You stop, I stop; you move, I will move."

He said, "You are a strange fellow. I have never thought that you are so dangerous."

I said, "I just want to see the scene -- what happens -- just to teach you a lesson. You yourself are tortured by your marriage, and a thousand and one times you must have thought, `It would have been better if I had not married.' Tell me the truth, then I can go back; otherwise you will have to confess before your wife. It is better just on the road; we are alone."

He said, "This is something; I had come to convince you, and you are making a mockery of me and my life."

I said, "You wanted to destroy my life, knowing perfectly well that your marriage has destroyed your life; it has become a prison to you. If you had really been compassionate and kind, you would have suggested to me, `Never get married.'"

He said, "I was not even aware that I was doing something wrong, but now I understand; just forgive me and go back. It is true -- never get married!"

I said, "You have to tell it to my father too; otherwise I am coming! I will not only see the scene, I will support your wife -- and I know perfectly well that she has beaten you many times."

He said, "You know too much about my life."

I said, "I am in great intimacy with your wife. She loves me. She tells me everything that happens in the house -- that today she has beaten you and you have gone to the court to beat somebody else. In fact, listening to her I have become aware of the truth of the proverb, `Every great man has a women behind him.' I know why he becomes great -- because the woman is behind him, beating him, the poor fellow has to beat somebody else! Naturally he becomes great; continually being beaten, he becomes famous."

He said, "I am coming with you; I will tell your father, `Don't mention marriage. He is never going to be married, because he has seen too much.'"

I have seen so many people -- my relatives, my uncles, my friend's fathers, my professors, but I have never found a single person who was happy in marriage. And I am grateful to all those people because they saved me from marriage; otherwise I may have fallen into the same well. Since then my whole work has been to pull as many people as possible out from the well, and once they are out of the well they are so happy.

Just today Anando was showing me a press-cutting. Some newspaper has done a survey of how many people are against me, and how many people are for me: sixty percent of men are against, forty percent are in favor; ninety percent of women are against, ten percent are in favor.

Anando said, "Why this difference?"

I said, "It is natural. I am wondering about the ten percent of women who are in my favor! The ninety percent who are against me is a very simple fact: they are worried about their husbands. If I am here, sooner or later their husband can be caught into my net, and once somebody is caught

into my net, I pull him out of the well. Their women try hard to pull them back.... Secondly, the women are more against me because I have so many beautiful women with me; they must be feeling very jealous, and they must be feeling afraid that their husbands may become interested in some other women -- because Poona is famous for beautiful women. And the forty percent of men who are in my favor must be tortured by their women, and they are waiting for me to help them get out of the well."

Marriage is one of the great prisons created by the past. By the end of this century, all advanced countries are going to drop the very institution, because in Germany and other Western countries population is decreasing. It is just the opposite of the East, where population is expanding with such a rate that has never happened before. By the end of this century, India will be ahead of all nations. China has been traditionally ahead of all nations, but by the end of this century China is going to be defeated by India -- India is producing at a greater rate.

Germany is worried, because every month its population is decreasing by over five thousand. People are living longer. The average age of men is seventy-four and of women seventy-nine -- that is average; many people have gone beyond a hundred. So older people are increasing, but new children are not coming. Who is going to work? Who is going to be educated? Who is going to be enrolled for the army? And a greater fear -- that the East is increasing with such vastness that soon its population will start moving into other countries. No barrier will be able to prevent it.

In Germany, at least two thousand immigrants are entering every day. And the fear is that soon Germans will be the

minority, and the immigrants will be the majority; they will have the government in their hands. All kinds of propaganda is being done to produce more children, all kinds of incentives, but nothing is working. And the reason is, unless they dissolve marriage there is not going to be any increase in population, because married people get bored; they are no longer interested in each other. And they have better things to do than to produce children.

It is the poor people who produce children, because that is their only entertainment. They can't go to see a movie because it costs money; they can't go to purchase a television set -- it costs money. Sex is the only free entertainment. But in richer countries there are many things; many drugs are available which give you more than any sexual relationship can give you. Although those drugs are banned, it does not matter -- underground, everything is available everywhere. Sex is the oldest drug, a biological drug. But people have found better drugs than sex -- why should they fall backwards?

These countries must understand a simple phenomenon: Dissolve marriage, and let men and women move freely. Children should belong to the state; the state should take care of them. And then, when a new woman meets a new man, naturally they would like to make love, they would like to have a child... if the state is going to take care of the child.

So two things: The family has to disappear, marriage has to disappear; and children have to be taken care of by the state. People have to be free, not imprisoned; otherwise Western societies are in danger of disappearing. Soon floods of people... and you cannot prevent it when it

becomes floods of people. When one person wants to go to Germany you can prevent him, because he wants the visa and this and that. But when thousands of people move from one country to another country, who is going to prevent them? And how are you going to prevent them?

By the end of this century, this country will have almost one billion and eighty million people. Right now it has only nine hundred million people. It will have doubled the amount just within these few years. This century has not many years left, it is eighty-seven -- only seventeen years and India will have doubled its population. That population India cannot contain; even this population is difficult.

And it is a natural phenomenon -- when population becomes too much, it is going to move into countries where population is small. No visa can prevent, no passport can prevent -- no question of all these nonsense things -- no boundaries can prevent. It is a question of life and death.

And when such situations arise, then naturally you have to understand that many things will have to be changed; otherwise you have to suffer the consequences.

But people go on living unconsciously.

In America, drugs were being used in the colleges, in the universities, but now they have moved to the primary schools; small kids -- eight years old, ten years old -- are using drugs. Just today I could not believe that twelve-year-old boys committed thousands of murders last year, thousands of rapes, made thousands of efforts to assassinate -- although they did not succeed -- but thousands they killed. Thirteen-year-olds have done more harm; fourteen-year-olds are at the top in murders, in damaging people's lives, in rape. And all these great leaders -- Ronald Reagan

and company -- what they are doing for these children? And how is it happening? They are simply sitting, not knowing what to do.

The situation seems to be quite out of hand, but it can be solved so easily. The question is of awareness, of knowing. These sleepy people themselves don't know what they are doing. If you go on creating nuclear weapons to destroy the whole humanity, what is wrong if your children start killing people? It is the same -- only they are doing it on a small scale; you are going to do it wholesale, on a large scale -- destroying the whole of humanity. But nobody even seems to think about why these children are doing it.

The reason is that people are afraid to say the truth; they know what happens when you say the truth. I know by my own experience! You say the truth to help people, and the same people become your enemies -- such is their deep sleep, such is their ignorance.

All that is needed is mixed hostels of boys and girls, and rape will disappear. If you allow the boys and girls to make love... and there is no harm, because only after a certain age a girl can become pregnant, and before that there is no problem. Let them play, let them enjoy -- they will not rape. And nowadays after the age when the girl can become pregnant, pills are available. Every school should supply the pills; the teacher should explain how to use the pill.

In the past there was a pill which you had to take before making love, so once in a while you may be in a situation that you have not taken the pill but your boyfriend has come, your girlfriend has come. People are so sleepy; they think that it is not going to happen to them, and once in a while it does no harm to make love without the pill; so

there have been thousands of accidents all around the world. Now they have come up with a new pill which you can take after making love -- that is safer. And they have also come with a pill that the man can take -- no need for the woman to take it; if one of the two takes the pill, there is no possibility of pregnancy....

Rapes will disappear. And you will be surprised that, with rape disappearing, these people -- who are murdering people using knives and who are crippling people -- will also disappear. It is one of the oldest findings of Sigmund Freud that the people who use weapons for killing people really don't know it, but they want to enter the body of a woman. Unaware, they try to enter the body with a weapon. But to say any truth which can redeem humanity is to create all kinds of antagonism against yourself.

My whole life I have been doing only one work -- how to influence people and create enemies! I think by the end I will have the whole world queued against me. And whatever I am saying, they are going to do -- but then it will be too late.

I was the first -- in the commune in America -- who talked about the disease AIDS; I warned the commune, told the whole commune of five thousand sannyasins, to go through the test... it is simply your compassion that you should not spread such a disease to those whom you love. All the news media made a mockery of it -- televisions, newspapers, radios, all laughed about it, saying that I was creating an unnecessary fear. Now the same measures are being taken by all the nations all over the world, and nobody even remembers that I was the first to take those measures, and

that they had laughed about them. And the same is going to be the situation about other matters.
I started speaking in 1951, when India had only four hundred million people, and I was stoned, because I told people to use birth control. At Amritsar my train was prevented for two hours... and a crowd of people on the station platform would not allow me to get down there, because I was going to talk about birth control. If they had listened to me, India would not have produced five hundred million people in these thirty years. From four hundred million it has gone to nine hundred million. In the coming seventeen years, it is going to double again; but to talk about birth control is irreligious.
I don't understand that we are living in twentieth century... we are still crawling, darkness in darkness, far back in a very primitive stage where we are groping for light. And if somebody shows us light, naturally -- we have lived in darkness so long -- our eyes cannot tolerate the dazzling light. They become closed. They go back again into darkness.

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MY DEEPER THIRSTING AFTER LIFE....

But those people are not aware when and where they have given it. Just watching them, Almustafa has learned that he is living in a crowd of dead people, and before he himself also becomes dead it is better to find the source of life.

SURELY THERE IS NO GREATER GIFT TO A MAN THAN THAT WHICH TURNS ALL HIS AIMS INTO PARCHING LIPS AND ALL LIFE INTO A FOUNTAIN. AND IN THIS LIES MY HONOUR AND MY REWARD....

Nobody has given him anything; but if a man is intelligent, without your knowing he will learn much from your sleep, from your behavior out of unconsciousness, and he will try to live a different style of life. Naturally such a man will say: and in this lies my honour and my reward.... You have given me much -- much more than you have given to those who have been promising you golden rewards in the afterlife. I have not given you any promise. And in this:

THAT WHENEVER I COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO DRINK I FIND THE LIVING WATER ITSELF THIRSTY;
AND IT DRINKS ME WHILE I DRINK IT.

It is a very metaphoric, very symbolic, statement. He is saying, "Whenever I come to the thirsty water, it is not only that I drink it, it is not only my need, it is also the need of the thirsty water. As I drink it, it drinks me." It is always a give and take. It is never a one-sided phenomenon.

SOME OF YOU HAVE DEEMED ME PROUD AND OVERSHY TO RECEIVE GIFTS.
TOO PROUD INDEED AM I TO RECEIVE WAGES, BUT NOT GIFTS.

Almustafa says, "Certainly I am proud, and I will not receive any wages, but that does not mean that I will not receive a gift -- a gift is out of love. I will not receive wages because I am not your servant or your slave. If you give out of your abundance, out of your love, as a friend, I am always available."

AND THOUGH I HAVE EATEN BERRIES AMONG THE HILLS WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME SIT AT YOUR BOARD,
AND SLEPT IN THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE WHEN YOU WOULD GLADLY HAVE SHELTERED ME,
YET IT WAS NOT YOUR LOVING MINDFULNESS OF MY DAYS AND MY NIGHTS THAT MADE FOOD SWEET TO MY MOUTH AND GIRDLED MY SLEEP WITH VISIONS?

"I have not accepted your invitations to sleep in your houses and I have not accepted your invitations to eat at your boards because I want to be an individual, and I don't want to feel any obligation -- because all obligations turn into chains; all obligations finally become expectations. But your invitation has made my sleep sweeter, my days beautiful, my sleep full of visions and dreams."

FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:
YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.

The best gift is that which is given without any idea that you are giving it. The moment the idea of giving comes into it, the gift turns sour.

FOR THIS I BLESS YOU MOST:
YOU GIVE MUCH AND KNOW NOT THAT YOU GIVE AT ALL.
VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE,
AND A GOOD DEED THAT CALLS ITSELF BY TENDER NAMES BECOMES THE PARENT TO A CURSE.

Whenever you do something good, do it out of love -- not out of duty.
I used to go to many clubs to speak. In one Rotary Club they had a motto, which was placed just in front of me, `We serve.' I had not gone to speak to them about service, but I said, "Now I have forgotten what I had come for. I am going to speak about this motto that is in front of me in golden letters, `We serve.' If you are aware of your service, it is not service; it is a very cunning way of enslaving the other person. To me, duty is a four-letter, ugly word -- obscene."
Never do anything out of the idea of duty, because it means you are forcing yourself, it means you are fulfilling a certain demand from the other side, it means you are following a certain discipline taught by the society to you. Only act out of love.
Then only your act is beautiful and is a blessing.

VERILY THE KINDNESS THAT GAZES UPON ITSELF IN A MIRROR TURNS TO STONE.

You should do things not to be rewarded, not to be remembered, not to have people be grateful to you. You should do because you enjoy doing -- and your reward is complete, beyond your action you are not expecting anything... otherwise even the best act becomes ugly. The most beautiful face, if it goes on constantly gazing into the mirror, becomes stone.

Whenever I see women carrying their bags with their mirrors in them I feel so sorry, because this is possible only for an ugly woman. A woman who is really beautiful does not need, at every stop of the bus, to open her bag and look at her face as if she has forgotten who she is.

Mulla Nasruddin was trying for half an hour to catch two flies which were disturbing him in the room. Finally he got hold of both of them, and he told his wife, "I caught both of them; one is male, the other is female."

The wife said, "Flies -- and you have found their sex too?"

He said, "It was very simple -- the female fly was sitting on the mirror for two hours continuously, and the male fly was reading the newspaper. It is just pure logic to infer who is male and who is female." Both remain glued -- one with the mirror, one with the newspaper.

It is not bad to look into a mirror, but to carry a mirror and after just ten, twelve minutes open the bag and look at the mirror -- that shows some fear that you are not beautiful. Beauty is beauty, even in its utter nudity.

Why are people so much against nudity? They may talk about great reasons -- spiritual, moral etcetera -- but the

real fact is, most of the people are so ugly in their nudeness that they cannot stand nude, and if somebody is standing in nudeness it is a challenge. Your clothes are not made just to protect your body from seasons, they are also made in such a way that your body goes on looking beautiful. Any society that becomes really beautiful starts having less and less clothes -- there is no need to hide. One hides only the ugly part.

It is a strange psychology of man that he becomes interested only in the parts which you are hiding. If you see a Mohammedan woman with her veil on her face then everybody stops working, everybody wants to have some glimpse of what kind of woman is going by. She may be ugly, but the veil creates the illusion in the minds of people... who knows what she is hiding behind it?

Whenever a Mohammedan is married, the first question the wife asks to her husband is, before whom in the family she can remove her veil. She cannot remove her veil with all members of the family, only with the few people that her husband tells her.

When Mulla Nasruddin got married, the same question was asked by the woman.

He said, "First let me see your face, then only I can decide before whom you should open your veil and before whom you should not. How can I say anything without seeing your face?"

So she turned up her veil, and he said, "Close it. Close it! Except me, you can open it before anybody! Just forgive me; take revenge with the whole world, but I am just your poor husband. You are completely free, with only one exception -- and that is me."

One should not be too much aware of his good deeds; otherwise that very awareness kills them. The story is told about a famous Sufi mystic of Egypt, Junnun. God became so much interested in Junnun -- that's how the story goes -- that he came to see him and asked Junnun, "You can ask for any power and I promise that you will have it."
Junnun said, "I want only one thing: Wherever I walk, if trees are without leaves they should immediately have green leaves and flowers; if the well is dry it should immediately have a fullness of water; if people are poor, they should become rich" -- those kinds of things he said -- "but with one condition: all this should happen behind me, not in front of my eyes. When I have passed, all these miracles should happen behind me so that I never know what I am doing, so nobody else knows who has blessed them. I want to remain anonymous.
"If you can manage that, then give me the power to do goodness; but I should not become aware that it is happening, and nobody should become aware that I am the cause of it. I must be always behind my back."
I have loved the story. It is just a story, but it carries the same meaning as what Almustafa is saying.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #22
Chapter title: A peak unto yourself
9 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
AND SOME OF YOU HAVE CALLED ME ALOOF,
AND DRUNK WITH MY OWN ALONENESS,
AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."
"HE SITS ALONE ON HILLTOPS AND LOOKS DOWN UPON OUR CITY."
TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.
HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?
HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?
AND OTHERS AMONG YOU CALLED UNTO ME, NOT IN WORDS, AND THEY SAID:
"STRANGER, STRANGER, LOVER OF UNREACHABLE HEIGHTS, WHY DWELL YOU AMONG THE SUMMITS WHERE EAGLES BUILD THEIR NESTS?
"WHY SEEK YOU THE UNATTAINABLE?
"WHAT STORMS WOULD YOU TRAP IN YOUR NET,
"AND WHAT VAPOROUS BIRDS DO YOU HUNT IN THE SKY?
"COME AND BE ONE OF US.
"DESCEND AND APPEASE YOUR HUNGER WITH OUR BREAD AND QUENCH YOUR THIRST WITH OUR WINE."
IN THE SOLITUDE OF THEIR SOULS THEY SAID THESE THINGS:

BUT WERE THEIR SOLITUDE DEEPER THEY
WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT I SOUGHT BUT THE
SECRET OF YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN,
AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES
THAT WALK THE SKY.
BUT THE HUNTER WAS ALSO THE HUNTED;
FOR MANY OF MY ARROWS LEFT MY BOW ONLY
TO SEEK MY OWN BREAST.
AND THE FLIER WAS ALSO THE CREEPER;
FOR WHEN MY WINGS WERE SPREAD IN THE SUN
THEIR SHADOW UPON THE EARTH WAS A
TURTLE.
AND I THE BELIEVER WAS ALSO THE DOUBTER;
FOR OFTEN HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN
WOUND THAT I MIGHT HAVE THE GREATER
BELIEF IN YOU AND THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE
OF YOU.
AND IT IS WITH THIS BELIEF AND THIS
KNOWLEDGE THAT I SAY,
YOU ARE NOT ENCLOSED WITHIN YOUR BODIES,
NOR CONFINED TO HOUSES OR FIELDS.
THAT WHICH IS YOU DWELLS ABOVE THE
MOUNTAINS AND ROVES WITH THE WIND.
IT IS NOT A THING THAT CRAWLS INTO THE SUN
FOR WARMTH OR DIGS HOLES INTO DARKNESS
FOR SAFETY,
BUT A THING FREE, A SPIRIT THAT ENVELOPS
THE EARTH AND MOVES IN THE ETHER.
IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO
CLEAR THEM.

VAGUE AND NEBULOUS IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS, BUT NOT THEIR END,
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.
LIFE, AND ALL THAT LIVES, IS CONCEIVED IN THE MIST AND NOT IN THE CRYSTAL.
AND WHO KNOWS BUT A CRYSTAL IS MIST IN DECAY?
AND SOME OF YOU HAVE CALLED ME ALOOF AND DRUNK WITH MY OWN ALONENESS,
AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."

This is the way all the mystics have been misunderstood by the people who are fast asleep -- people who do not know themselves, but are very eager to judge others. Every mystic is bound to be condemned by the masses as alone and drunk with his own aloneness.
To be alone and to be drunk with your own aloneness is what meditation is all about.
Be in the world, but don't be of it.
Be with people, but don't let them become part of you.
When Junnaid, a Sufi mystic, went to see his master for the first time, his family was on the one hand crying, and on the other hand feeling proud that one of their sons was going in search of truth.
The whole town had gathered to say goodbye to him and to give him all their blessings. They were sad also that he was going, and perhaps he may not return again, so their joy and their sorrow were a mixed phenomenon. They had tears

in their eyes, but those tears were not of misery. There was sadness, but there was joy also.

It is very rare that someone goes in search of truth, devotes his whole life to it. Junnaid was naturally thought to be their pride, to be their glory. When he reached the forest, the master looked at him and said, "You can come in, but leave the whole crowd out."

Junnaid looked back, because he was alone, there was no crowd. He looked back. There was nobody. He said to the master, "I have come alone. I have left the crowd far away on the boundary of my village."

The master said, "Don't look behind -- close your eyes and look within. The crowd is there!"

Junnaid closed his eyes and was surprised. All the people he had left behind -- friends, mother, father, brothers, neighbors -- were all present there. Although it was only a memory now, the mind was full of the memory of the crowd that he had left behind. He opened his eyes and asked forgiveness. He said that he is very new on the path and he does not understand its language: "You are right. I am not alone. My head is full of the crowd I have left behind."

The master said, "Then wait outside the gate -- however long it takes. The day you feel the crowd has dispersed from your mind, you can come in. But remember, you cannot deceive me."

Junnaid waited outside almost for one year. It is so difficult to get rid of your thoughts. It is very easy to leave the crowd and go to the forest, but the real problem is not the crowd outside you; the real problem is the crowd within you, which will go with you to the forest. You will not be

alone. Your memories will surround you. And as far as mind is concerned, they are as real as the real people outside.

But Junnaid was a man of great patience. He sat outside the door where people leave their shoes and go in to see the master. Having nothing to do, he used to polish the shoes of the people who had left them outside. That became his meditation. He became so concentrated, so deeply involved in cleaning and polishing the shoes... slowly, slowly, the crowd faded away. And that blessed day came when he looked inside and there was no one... but before he could enter the temple, the master was standing behind him. And he said, "I congratulate you. You were patient enough -- not only patient enough, but you managed to create a device of meditation of your own. Just now I became aware that the crowd is gone -- all the noise is gone. Now I will take you with me inside the temple, with great respect. You have attained aloofness and you have learned the art of being alone.

"Now, even if you go to the marketplace, you will still remain aloof, because once a person has tasted the wine of aloneness he cannot be lost. That taste is so sweet, so transcendental that everything in the world becomes, in comparison to it, almost illusory, a hallucination. But the masses cannot understand it."

Without being aloof, and without being drunk with your own aloneness, there is no beginning -- beginning of the great pilgrimage that will bring you to yourself.

AND YOU HAVE SAID, "HE HOLDS COUNCIL WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST, BUT NOT WITH MEN."

It has been observed for thousands of years that mystics feel closer to the trees, closer to the mountains, closer to the rivers, even closer to the animals than to man, because man is the only sick animal on the earth. His psychology is beclouded, his mind carries junk, his senses are dull. If you say something, he hears but he does not listen.

In the dictionaries both words mean the same thing -- but not in existence. Hearing is a simple phenomenon -- just because you have ears you hear. Listening is a profound change. When you hear without any thoughts in your mind, in utter silence, then hearing becomes listening; otherwise whatever is said to you, you hear it, but your thoughts get mixed with it. They interpret it according to their own conditioning.

One night it happened... Gautam Buddha had told his disciples that the last thing and the first thing in the morning has to be meditation. Begin the day with meditation. As the sun rises, rise to the heights of meditation, of silence; and as the sun sets, go deep into meditation in your own inner depths where even sunrays cannot reach. This way you will know your heights and your depths. A man who knows his heights and his depths becomes complete.

This was a routine thing, so Buddha did not need to repeat it every day. He simply used to say when he gave his evening sermon and the sun was setting and darkness was descending.... Rather than saying go and meditate, he would say, "Now is the time to do the last thing before you go to sleep... disperse."

One night a thief was in the congregation, and a prostitute. They all heard the same words: "Now the darkness is descending -- go and do the last thing before you go to sleep." All the sannyasins went to meditate, and the prostitute suddenly remembered that this man is certainly a magician, "How has he discovered my profession? -- that the darkness is descending; go now, do the last thing before you go to sleep."

And the thief said, "My God! I was thinking that nobody knows me here, and this man" -- there were almost ten thousand sannyasins, and the thief was hiding in the crowd -- "how has he managed to know about me? It is true, darkness is descending and this is the time of my profession. I should do it first, before I go to sleep."

The next day in the morning Buddha said, "You hear the same words, but you interpret them according to your own mind." This is not listening.

Listening is when your mind does not interpret, does not interfere, when it stands out of the way and lets the words reach directly to the heart; the heart does not know any interpretation. It simply has one capacity and that capacity, is of recognition. If something is true, it recognizes it as true; if something is wrong, it recognizes it as wrong -- without any deliberation, without any thinking.

Just as you open your eyes, if it is light there is no question of deciding; you know, you recognize. If it is dark there is no question of thinking; again you recognize. The heart has an inbuilt capacity to recognize the truth, but the mind comes in between and does not allow things to reach to the heart.

Psychologists say today that whatever you hear is almost eighty percent changed by your mind. It is not a small percentage. And with eighty percent of it changed, the twenty percent remaining is also in a different context. It has lost its old context; its meaning cannot be the same. Hence, the mystics feel it is easier to talk to the trees or with the animals or with the birds. Saint Francis, one of the most authentic men Christianity has produced, used to talk to the animals. He would come to the bank of a river and he would call to the fishes, "Listen, I'm here..." and the fishes would jump out of the water to greet him -- this has been observed by thousands of people. He would go to a tree, hold the tree like a friend holds the hand of another friend, and would talk with the tree.

People used to think that he was a little insane -- this is nonsense talking to the trees. But now modern research about trees says that trees are more sensitive than you are. Of course their sensitivity has a different dimension.

If a woodcutter comes with the idea of cutting a certain tree, that tree goes into a nervous breakdown. And now we have developed machines, something like cardiograms, which are attached to the tree. It has baffled the scientists because the man has not said that he is going to cut a certain tree, he has only the idea, but the idea in some mysterious way is transferred to the tree even without him having spoken. The cardiogram graph which was going very smoothly, suddenly becomes disturbed. The tree is freaking out! And if the gardener comes to water the same tree, even before he has reached the tree, the cardiogram becomes even smoother, more symmetrical -- a friend is coming!

It seems that trees are sensitive to your innermost thoughts. There is no need to say anything, they understand; they listen to the subtle vibrations in your mind. Certainly, soon the whole science will be clear... but as I see it, every thought is nothing but a vibration, and you are radiating, broadcasting certain vibrations around you. Because people are dull; their minds are retarded. They have thick skulls; and those vibrations don't reach them.

It happened in Switzerland, after the second world war.... A man had been shot in the head. The bullet was removed, but as they removed the bullet, a strange phenomenon started happening: the man became sensitive to the nearest radio station. Without any radio, he was listening to the music, the morning news, and he had no way to turn it off. He was going crazy. From early morning till late at night, he was continuously listening to the broadcast.

He told his nurses and doctors, and they wouldn't believe him; they thought the man had gone mad. But he said, "Please, just give me a chance to prove it. You can keep a radio somewhere in the hospital, fixed on the nearest radio station, and I will say what is being broadcasted. You can listen on the radio to see whether I am saying the same or not."

The suggestion was perfectly intelligent. The experiment was done, and the doctors were amazed. The bullet had somehow changed the mechanism in his ear. It had become so sensitive that the thought waves.... They are passing just by here, now, from all over the world, from all the radio stations, and it is good that you cannot hear all of them; otherwise you will go insane, so it is a protection. But that

man was asking to be helped; otherwise he would go insane.

His ear was operated on, and although he became deaf in one ear, he was happy that the radio station had stopped. But it has given the clue that it is possible not to have to carry your transistor, keeping it close to your ears, moving on the road.... Just a small mechanism may be possible soon which you can fix into your ear. Nobody will know -- just like an earplug -- and it may have certain stations on it. Whatever you want to listen to, you can listen to, and whenever you want to stop, you can take the plug out.

The possibility now exists that any day your ears can be made very sensitive. But that man showed another possibility, that ears are already sensitive. Somehow, just to save your sanity, nature has closed them to subtle vibrations that are passing by. Trees don't have any ears; they feel those vibrations all over their body, each leaf, each branch, the whole trunk, feels it. Don't think that trees are dead; don't think that you can cut them and you are not harming them. Even when you pluck a flower, you are unaware that you have hurt the tree, you have created a wound in it.

If the mystics have been holding counsel with the trees of the forest, there is nothing to be surprised about. The mystics have always been aware that anything that grows is alive, and anything that is alive must have some ways of sensitivity.

You try to befriend a tree -- go every day to talk to the tree, sit by the side of the tree, touch the tree the way you would

touch your beloved -- and within a few days you will see a great transformation happening. When you come, even if there is no wind, the tree starts dancing. When you come, the tree releases its fragrance for you. When you touch it, you can feel that there is no longer the same feeling of coldness; it is warm, it is welcoming you.

In the East, because mystics have been working on every possible mystery for thousands of years.... This was the reason why Mahavira and Buddha both said that unless a fruit falls on its own accord, you don't have any right to take it off the tree. That is violence. When it falls on its own accord, it is a gift. The tree is giving to you out of abundance. Don't cut a tree.

You will be surprised... because of this experience of Mahavira, the followers of Mahavira even today don't cultivate. They stopped cultivation completely, because if you cultivate, you have to cut the trees one day, and that will be great violence. People have laughed about it, and even the Jaina monks have no answers which can convince people. What I am saying is according to my own experience. I have lived with trees, and strangely enough, they have a tremendous sensitivity.

When I used to teach in the university, there was a long row of beautiful trees called gulmohars. It has red flowers, and particularly in summer the flowers are so much that you cannot see the green foliage. It is all red, as if the whole tree is afire.

There was a great row, at least twenty trees on both sides of the road approaching the college. I had chosen one tree, which had the biggest shadow -- which was perhaps the most senior tree -- and I used to park my car there. But I

never forgot to touch the tree and to say hello to it, good morning to it. People thought, "That man is crazy saying good morning to the tree, and he never bothers to say good morning to the vice-chancellor."

The vice-chancellor's room was very close to the tree, so he used to stand up whenever he heard my car reaching the tree and he would look and he would giggle to himself, "That man is crazy. I wonder what he is teaching to the students. He is saying hello to the tree, he is saying good morning to the tree, and yet when I pass him in the corridor, I have to say good morning to him; otherwise he simply goes on silently."

But a strange thing happened... out of twenty trees, nineteen trees died from a certain kind of disease. The only tree that survived was my tree. Even the vice-chancellor began to think about it... that when all the trees have died, and they are without leaves and without flowers, dead wood, why does that particular tree continue to blossom, grow, have flowers?

One day he said to me, "I don't believe it, but my wife said to me that it is because that tree has a friend. And just as man cannot live without love, no tree can live without love." He said, "I don't believe it. It is all nonsense, it is just a coincidence. What do you think?"

I said, "I cannot say anything about it. It is a secret between me and the tree."

When I resigned, my car stopped coming to the university, and for the last time I said good-bye to the tree. After one year, I was in the city and I wanted to see the tree... how it was. When I went there, it was dead. And when the principal heard my car, he could not believe that after one

year... why have I come? I went directly to my tree. I said hello to it, I said good morning to it, but there was nobody to hear, nobody to listen. I touched the tree and felt no vibration, no warmth.

The vice-chancellor was looking from the window. He came out, stood with me by the side of the tree, and he said, "Just forgive me. I never believed -- still there is suspicion in me -- but the fact is, that when you left, that tree started dying.

We cannot understand how it survived for nine years when the other trees died, and it could not survive even one year. Perhaps I am just a suspicious man, but there is something to it. I had to concede, seeing that tree dying every day... I have remembered you, and if anybody can save that tree, it is you. But you were not in the city." For the whole year I had been going around the country.

I said, "I also feel immensely sad. If I had known that that tree would die, I would not have resigned. Just for the sake of the tree, I would have remained in the university, but I was not thinking that she was going to die."

Mystics have been laughed at. But remember, slowly, slowly science is coming very close to mysticism -- and the last laugh is going to be that of the mystics.

"HE SITS ALONE ON HILL-TOPS AND LOOKS DOWN UPON OUR CITY."

TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.

HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?

HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?

"You criticize me," said Almustafa, "because I go on the hilltop far away from the city, and sitting, from the hilltop I look into the valley and all over the city."

This is strange. If you want to be acquainted with the city, you should be in the city, you should move in its streets, you should meet the people who live there. Almustafa said that the law of nature is different than you think. Unless you are on a height and a great distance away, it is impossible to see the city, to see the people, and to understand the people.

This is the difference between a Sigmund Freud and a Gautam Buddha: Sigmund Freud is trying to understand man by living with man, in the crowd. Gautam Buddha is also trying to understand man, but from a hilltop. A certain distance and height are needed.

Only the higher can understand the lower.

Sigmund Freud was a great intellectual, but had the same problems as he was trying to solve for others. He had the same competitiveness, the same idea of greater-than-you, the same ego, and whenever he found somebody coming very close to him in understanding the human psyche, he dropped him from his school.

Carl Gustav Jung was first expected be the successor of Sigmund Freud, but he became too close. Sometimes he argued with Sigmund Freud, and argued BETTER than Sigmund Freud. That was enough. Sigmund Freud could not tolerate a disciple -- he could be dangerous. After Freud -- Jung was young, Sigmund Freud was getting old -- Jung

was to turn the whole movement of psychoanalysis in his own direction, not according to Sigmund Freud.

It is very strange of people that they want to dominate while they are living, and they also want to dominate while they are dead. There is a medical college in England, which was founded by a certain man, very rich, and he presided over all the meetings of the medical college staff. He made a will that "I will continue to preside, even after my death; so my body has to be preserved and kept in the chair of the president." You will be surprised -- it is still there.

It seems insanity knows no limits. The man is dead, has been dead for almost two hundred years, and everything from his body has been removed. To preserve it, other chemicals have been filled in the body, special treatment has been given to his skin. Still he has shrunken. But he is not worried about it; he goes on presiding over the meeting in the president's chair. Nobody can sit there except him, since he is the founder and he has put in all his money.

Sigmund Freud was even afraid of what was going to happen after his death, because Carl Gustav Jung seems to have different ideas, sometimes more important. So Freud expelled him from the movement of psychoanalysis. The man who was going to be the successor was expelled... and he founded another school -- analytical psychology.

Totally different, moving in a very different direction, another man, Alfred Adler, was thought to be a possible candidate to succeed Sigmund Freud. But he also had his own ideas. He did not agree with Sigmund Freud that sex is all. He said that man's basic thing is "will to power," that he can sacrifice sex to attain a more powerful status. And we know it is a fact -- politicians can renounce sex, saints can

renounce sex, rich people don't have any time for sex. Instead of sex, he proposed a new psychology based on the "will to power." Sigmund Freud expelled him immediately from the movement, so Adler founded another school.
This cannot happen with a Gautam Buddha, because the lower cannot understand the higher. His height was such a sunlit mountain top, and the distance was so far away that nobody ever even asked him, "Who is going to succeed you?" There were many great intellectual followers, and there were even a few enlightened followers, but the height of Buddha was such that even the enlightened ones could not think to be his successors.
Nobody succeeded Gautam Buddha, nobody succeeded Mahavir. The very question never arose, because nobody reached to the height from where you can see into the very depth of human beings.
He is right when he says:

TRUE IT IS THAT I HAVE CLIMBED THE HILLS AND WALKED IN REMOTE PLACES.
HOW COULD I HAVE SEEN YOU SAVE FROM A GREAT HEIGHT OR A GREAT DISTANCE?
HOW CAN ONE BE INDEED NEAR UNLESS HE BE FAR?

This looks like a contradictory statement, but it is not: you can be near only if you are very far. The distance creates a magnetic pull, so you come close once in a while, and again you go apart.
Your basic reality is far away from the other, but on certain points of love, of friendship, of disciplehood, you can come

very close. It is a flexible phenomenon: going far, coming close, and going far again.

If any relationship wants to remain always fresh, always young, always new, then man has to learn the secret of flexibility. Husband and wife living together for years are bound to get bored -- the same face, the same geography, the same topography. How long can you go on exploring the same woman or the same man? -- unless you are so idiotic that you go on forgetting every day what has happened, unless you don't have any memory mechanism. And sometimes even a very intelligent person may not have his memory mechanism functioning well.

It is well-known about Thomas Alva Edison that he discovered one thousand inventions. He is unparalleled in the whole history of science and nobody has been able to surpass him in inventions. Most of all that you see -- electricity, the camera, the tape recorder, the radio -- they all have signatures of Thomas Alva Edison.

But Edison had no memory; he had tremendous intelligence, but his memory was almost nil. One day he was working on something, so deeply involved.... His wife brought his breakfast and put it just by his side so as not to disturb him, so that whenever his work was finished, he would find the breakfast. Meanwhile a friend came, and saw him absorbed. Thinking not to disturb him... but then he saw the breakfast; so he thought "While he is working, I should take the breakfast."

So he finished the breakfast, and when Edison was finished with his work, he looked at the friend and said, "When did you come?"

The friend said, "I have just come." Edison looked at the empty plates and said, "You came a little late, I have taken my breakfast. Otherwise we could have eaten together."
One day Edison was going to lecture in a different part of the country, at a university. Saying good-bye to his wife, he kissed the maidservant, thinking she was his wife, and waved to the wife. Just in time, his chauffeur interfered and said, "You are missing, you are confusing... you have kissed your maidservant, and you are waving to your wife."
Edison said, "My God! You should have reminded me earlier. I am so absorbed in my work, and I see these two women continuously in the house so many times that I don't remember who is who. It is not the first time."
A flexible relationship where you come close and you move away has not been developed. That is one of the misfortunes of humanity. I would like to contribute to the future a concept of flexible relationship -- not fixed and dead.
Rabindranath, in one of his novels, AAKHARI KAVITA, which means, "the last poem" -- it is not a book of poetry, it is a novel; just the name is "The Last Poem" -- the hero in the novel wants to be married to a highly cultured and educated woman who is very rich and very beautiful. The woman is willing, but with a condition.
The condition -- she has a big lake, just by the side of her palace -- is that: "I will make you another palace on the other side of the lake, miles away; you cannot see from one palace to the other palace. I will give you a boat, but we will live in separate houses, and we will never invite each other -- we will let it always be accidental -- you are boating, I am boating, and suddenly we meet on the lake.

You have gone for a morning walk, I have gone for a morning walk, and suddenly we meet under the trees -- but NO invitation. This way our relationship will remain always young, always fresh, always a honeymoon -- a continuous honeymoon."

The man could not understand. He said, "What kind of marriage is this? Unless we live together, this is not marriage."

The woman said, "Then it is up to you. But I cannot live with you, because I know living together is going to kill what is most important between us. And I don't want to kill it. Even if you marry someone else, it does not matter. I will remember you in my dreams, in my memories, and those golden moments that have passed between us, but I will not allow a fixed relationship."

Rabindranath is giving you the idea of a flexible relationship. In fact, not relationship, only a love affair that goes on and on -- and you never go to the registrar's office to get married.

Unless you are far, you cannot be near. If you remain always far, love will die. If you remain always near, love will die. Love can survive only in a continuous flowing relationship -- no bondage, no chains, no imprisonment. I have loved that novel very much. It is not a novel, but perhaps a dream for the future humanity.

AND OTHERS AMONG YOU CALLED UNTO ME, NOT IN
WORDS, AND THEY SAID:
"STRANGER, STRANGER, LOVER OF
UNREACHABLE HEIGHTS, WHY DWELL YOU

AMONG THE SUMMITS WHERE EAGLES BUILD THEIR NESTS?
"WHY SEEK YOU THE UNATTAINABLE?
"WHAT STORMS WOULD YOU TRAP IN YOUR NET,
"AND WHAT VAPOROUS BIRDS DO YOU HUNT IN THE SKY?
"COME AND BE ONE OF US,
"DESCEND AND APPEASE YOUR HUNGER WITH OUR BREAD AND QUENCH YOUR THIRST WITH OUR WINE."

Almustafa is saying, "I am grateful for your invitations, but I could not follow them because I know something more than you are aware of. I am in your midst, but I am not one amongst you -- because my search is different, because my challenge takes me to the heights which are unattainable."
Keiko's mother was saying to me, "You have so many women here, and I don't want my daughter also to be just one of them."
I said to her, "Everybody here is an individual. Although they are living with others, still everyone is alone -- because the very search is inwards. People have come here to meditate, and in meditation you are alone. You may be sitting with thousands of people, but the moment you close your eyes and enter into your own world, you are alone. My whole effort is to destroy the crowd in you and make you an individual -- a peak unto yourself.
You can confer with other peaks, you can sit with other peaks, you can share with other peaks, but still your aloneness remains pure and virgin. A man can only be really proud if his aloneness is virgin. Otherwise, he

becomes a slave, he becomes a cog in the wheel. And that's my whole fight against the whole world.
All the religions have reduced people into crowds -- Catholics, Protestants, Hindus, Mohammedans -- these are all crowds. My people are not a crowd; each has his own individuality. That's why I don't give you any discipline, I don't give you any ideal, I don't give you any shoulds. I only explain to you how to be aware.
In your awareness, you will find your shoulds, you will find your ideal, you will find your path, you will find your goal and your source -- but that is going to be individual.
The spiritual pilgrimage is a flight from alone to alone.
It is not a crowd phenomenon.
Religion has nothing to do with the crowds; it is basically and definitively individual. But it is difficult to understand.
Keiko's mother was so full of Buddhism; she is an expert in tea ceremony. But I wonder what kind of tea ceremony she must be performing, because she was so angry, even talking to me. I was watching her hands, and she was making her hands into fists, controlling herself, as if she was going to hit me. She was distorting her hands....
And I always watch the hands, because you are not aware of what you are doing with them, but they basically show your innermost being. Your words may be lying, but your hands have not learned yet how to lie. They are more innocent.

She was talking to me, as if she were very cultured, but her hands were showing her barbarous spirit.

IN THE SOLITUDE OF THEIR SOULS THEY SAID THESE THINGS:
BUT WERE THEIR SOLITUDE DEEPER THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT I SOUGHT BUT THE SECRET OF YOUR JOY AND YOUR PAIN.

If you had gone deeper in your own solitude, you would have discovered that I am searching not only my source of life, joy, and pain, but also the source of your life, joy, and pain -- because they are not different things.
At the source, we are one.
Just as in the ocean, all the rivers become one.
And have you watched a very strange phenomenon? For millions of years, thousands of great rivers have been pouring themselves into the ocean. But they have not been able to take the saltiness out of the ocean; they have not been able to make the water sweet. The ocean is so vast that millions of rivers for millions of years have not changed its saltiness even a bit. It remains the same -- all those rivers disappear into one source.
We are all rivers moving with a different pace, moving in different territories, but always moving towards the ocean -- where you will become one with the whole, where you will suddenly know that the rivers which were separate from you are no longer separate.

AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES THAT WALK THE SKY.

Kahlil Gibran says, "You are asking me `Why do you go on high tops? What are you searching there in your loneliness?'"
And Almustafa said, AND I HUNTED ONLY YOUR LARGER SELVES THAT WALK THE SKY... because those are mine also. Searching myself, I have been searching you too.

BUT THE HUNTER WAS ALSO THE HUNTED....

This is a very significant statement. J. Krishnamurti went on all his life repeating only one statement: The observer is the observed, the knower is the known; they are not two. As long as you think they are two, you are in darkness and ignorance. The moment you see that the hunter is also the hunted, that there is no duality between the hunter and the hunted, between the knower and the known, between the observer and the observed, between me and you.... The distance is illusory, because in our very source we are one.
FOR MANY OF MY ARROWS LEFT MY BOW ONLY TO SEEK MY OWN BREAST.

"... I was thinking of some faraway target, but I found later on that my arrows left my bow only to seek my own breast. I am wandering far, just to reach to my home, just to reach where I have always been."
So the question of search is basically of awakening. If in the night you sleep and you dream that you are in Rome, and if suddenly somebody wakes you up, are you going to say to him, "Wait! I have to catch a flight from Rome to Poona -- because right now I am in Rome." No, the

moment you are awake, Rome disappears. You find you are in your bed, in your room in your house, you have never gone to Rome.
This is our actual situation. We think we have gone somewhere, far away from ourselves. No, absolutely no... you are only dreaming that you have gone far away. The moment you wake up, you suddenly find that you have always been here, and you will always remain here.
Here and now is the only existence.
There is no other existence.

AND THE FLIER WAS ALSO THE CREEPER;
FOR WHEN MY WINGS WERE SPREAD IN THE SUN
THEIR SHADOW UPON THE EARTH WAS A
TURTLE.

A beautiful metaphor: When my wings were under the sun, far away in the sky, my shadow was just a turtle on the ground. It was my shadow. However distant it may be, it belonged to me.
The problem is that you have become identified with the turtle, the shadow, and you have forgotten "the flier under the sun," which is your reality. The moment you understand that getting identified with your shadow is the only problem....
One early morning, a fox came out of its hole, very hungry, searching for breakfast. The sun was rising and the fox made such a long shadow that she said, "My God! It seems I need at least one elephant, if not two, for my breakfast." She started searching for elephants, but she was not able to find any. At noontime the sun was just over her head, and

she again checked about the shadow. There was no shadow -- the shadow was just underneath her, even smaller than her. She said, "What happened? Has hunger reduced me to such a small creature? Now if I can get just a rabbit, that will do."
It is a parable from Aesop. Aesop has written only parables, but they carry so much meaning that each parable can become a light for you to find yourself.
With what are you identified?
Drop all identification, and suddenly you will find your reality.

AND I THE BELIEVER WAS ALSO THE DOUBTER....

People ordinarily divide; they say somebody is a believer, and somebody is a doubter. They don't know how you can believe if you don't doubt. What are you going to believe if you don't doubt? And what can you doubt, if you don't believe? They are two sides of the same coin.
Every believer has repressed his doubt by belief, and every doubter has repressed his belief by his doubt. There is no difference. At the most, the difference is that you are standing on your head, and somebody is standing on his feet. But what is the difference?
I have heard that the first prime minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, used to do a headstand every day in his park, on the lawn. And a donkey that was representing other donkeys was sent with a message. They said, "We are a majority, and the minority is ruling us. Donkeys in India are three times more in number than men -- and most of the men only look like men, but they belong to the donkeys."

The donkeys were very angry. They had a national conference and chose the most articulate donkey who was able to speak for them . This donkey had become articulate because his master was very addicted to newspapers, and from the early morning he was reading newspapers, and the donkey would stand by his side. By and by, the donkey also started looking in the newspaper. Slowly, slowly he learned what was in the newspaper since the master had the habit of not reading silently, but reading aloud. Many people read aloud; unless they hear it, they don't believe their eyes. So the donkey became, by and by, almost a scholar. He was chosen to go to pandit Nehru and tell him, "A minority is ruling the country and we donkeys are in the majority. This is not democracy. We demand our rights!"

There were two policemen at the gate -- the gatekeepers -- but they did not bother about the donkey. If there was some man they would have stopped him, but it was only a donkey... and if he is enjoying a little walk in the garden, let him enjoy. They were tired, almost sleeping -- the whole night standing there -- and they were just waiting for others to take their place.

So the donkey entered and he found Jawaharlal standing on his head. The donkey said to him, "Good morning, Sir." Jawaharlal jumped; he had never heard a donkey speak. He looked all around... who is speaking? The donkey said, "Please forgive me. Don't get angry, I am a speaking donkey."

Jawaharlal said, "The whole day in the parliament -- who do you think I am dealing with? And if speaking people behave like donkeys, what is strange about a donkey speaking? So go on and say what you want."

The donkey said, "We want our basic right that the constitution provides -- but nobody bothers with our majority."

Jawaharlal said, "Who allowed you in? This is not the time for me. First you should take an appointment. You are disturbing my exercise."

The donkey said: "I came in front of the eyes of two gatekeepers, and they did not stop me. Perhaps they thought that a donkey could do no harm. He cannot assassinate the prime minister; he has no firearms. He is just a poor donkey.

"But they had no idea that I am a scholar. And if I am not heard, all the donkeys are going on a strike. We will block all the roads and all the traffic, and then you will understand. And I am not going to take an appointment: you will have to take an appointment to meet me. I am going -- good-bye."

It is said that Nehru was never shocked as much as he was shocked when the donkey started speaking. But what is the difference?

People are able to speak, but if their speech is not arising from a deep well of silence, it is just the same as a donkey's.

Donkeys can be loaded with the Koran, and the Bible, and the Gita, and the Vedas, and the Torah, and they can carry all that load. Do you think that will make a donkey a great scholar? If your head inside is only carrying ideas of others, there is not much difference. The load is in your head and the load on the donkey is on his back. In fact he is less loaded than you are, because on the back there is a limitation -- but in your head there is no limitation.

Scientists say that a single human brain can contain all the libraries of the world; that much is the capacity of the load that you can carry. The donkey cannot carry all the libraries of the world. so just having a different body, just standing on two feet, does not make any basic and fundamental difference. The only difference comes when your still, small voice from within is heard, and that is heard only when the mind is completely silent, empty.
Right now the mind is full and your heart is empty.
The reverse should be the case.
Your mind should be empty -- a passage -- and your heart should be full. The mind should be just a servant to the heart -- then it is a beautiful mechanism. But it has become the master. Then it is a very ugly situation.

FOR OFTEN HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN WOUND THAT I MIGHT HAVE THE GREATER BELIEF IN YOU AND THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF YOU.

He is saying that you go on hiding your wounds -- but you cannot hide your wounds from me. OFTEN, HAVE I PUT MY FINGER IN MY OWN WOUND... to feel how much pain you must be carrying, to know what kind of wound everybody is carrying. But why should there be a wound, rather than a flower? The wound is not your destiny, but blossoming in the spring is your destiny.

AND IT IS WITH THIS BELIEF AND THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT I SAY,

YOU ARE NOT ENCLOSED WITHIN YOUR BODIES, NOR CONFINED TO HOUSES OR FIELDS.
THAT WHICH IS YOU DWELLS ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN AND ROVES WITH THE WIND.

With my experience in going to the mountains, to the forests, I can say with certainty that you are not confined to your bodies. Your real being is vast. It can contain the whole sky within it.

IT IS NOT A THING THAT CRAWLS INTO THE SUN FOR WARMTH OR DIGS HOLES INTO DARKNESS FOR SAFETY,
BUT A THING FREE, A SPIRIT THAT ENVELOPS THE EARTH AND MOVES IN THE ETHER.

You are nothing but essential freedom, and unless you come to realize it, you have wasted your life. In the East, the best word for the ultimate experience is MOKSHA, and MOKSHA means "absolute freedom," freedom from all fetters -- body, mind -- anything that confines you -- thought, prejudice, knowledge -- anything that makes a limitation to you.
Only innocence can be as vast as the sky, because innocence has no limits.

IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO CLEAR THEM.

Remember this statement. Because mystics are helpless, they can only speak in vague words. Words are not capable

to express their vast experience -- they are too small -- hence they have to use vague words, symbols, metaphors, poetry, parables.
IF THESE BE VAGUE WORDS, THEN SEEK NOT TO CLEAR THEM.... There are thinkers and philosophers who are doing only one work -- they try to make the words of mystics clear, solid. But they destroy... they destroy the mystery. The vagueness of the words has the mystery.

VAGUE AND NEBULOUS IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS, BUT NOT THEIR END,
AND I FAIN WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.

No true mystic, no true wise man, can say, "I am the end." He can only say, "I am the beginning," because nobody has ever reached the end.
We live in an infinite, eternal existence.
The end is not possible -- only growth, and more growth. You are always coming closer and closer and closer, but you never reach. But the beginning is beautiful -- just as the early morning is beautiful. And wisdom has no sunset.

AND FAIN I WOULD HAVE YOU REMEMBER ME AS A BEGINNING.
LIFE, AND ALL THAT LIVES, IS CONCEIVED IN THE MIST AND NOT IN THE CRYSTAL.
AND WHO KNOWS BUT A CRYSTAL IS MIST IN DECAY?

Remember your mystery.

That is one of the crimes that science is committing... the whole program of scientific knowledge is to know everything, and to know it clearly -- crystal-clear. In another way it can be said: Science is a demystification of existence. But by demystifying existence, it destroys all beauty, all truth, all that is not material. Science is good for the objective world.

Religion is mystery.
Science is demystifying.
Avoid letting your inner experiences be demystified. Let them remain a mystery, because only as mystery can they breathe, can they expand, can they grow. The moment you demystify them, you kill them.
That's why science has not come to the conclusion yet that there is a soul within you -- because they will believe in the soul only if they can find it by dissecting you, cutting you into fragments, and catching hold of your soul and bringing it out. Then they will say, "Yes, there is a soul."
It is as stupid as taking a roseflower to a scientist. You say, "It is beautiful," and he will say, "I will find out," and he takes all the petals out, cuts them, dissects them, and says, "I don't see any beauty." By his very dissection, he has destroyed the beauty. By the very dissection, he destroys the human soul. Everything that is beautiful, everything that is alive, is beyond science.
Where science ends, religion begins.
Almustafa is right: REMEMBER ME always AS A BEGINNING.
It is true about religion itself.
It is always a beginning.

It is always a sunrise, and there is no sunset.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #23
Chapter title: Doors to the mysterious
9 February 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
THIS WOULD I HAVE YOU REMEMBER IN REMEMBERING ME:
THAT WHICH SEEMS MOST FEEBLE AND BEWILDERED IN YOU IS THE STRONGEST AND MOST DETERMINED.
IS IT NOT YOUR BREATH THAT HAS ERECTED AND HARDENED THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BONES?
AND IS IT NOT A DREAM WHICH NONE OF YOU REMEMBER HAVING DREAMT, THAT BUILDED YOUR CITY AND FASHIONED ALL THERE IS IN IT?
COULD YOU BUT SEE THE TIDES OF THAT BREATH YOU WOULD CEASE TO SEE ALL ELSE, AND IF YOU COULD HEAR THE WHISPERING OF THE DREAM YOU WOULD HEAR NO OTHER SOUND.
BUT YOU DO NOT SEE, NOR DO YOU HEAR, AND IT IS WELL.

THE VEIL THAT CLOUDS YOUR EYES SHALL BE LIFTED BY THE HANDS THAT WOVE IT,
AND THE CLAY THAT FILLS YOUR EARS SHALL BE PIERCED BY THOSE FINGERS THAT KNEADED IT.
AND YOU SHALL SEE
AND YOU SHALL HEAR.
YET YOU SHALL NOT DEPLORE HAVING KNOWN BLINDNESS, NOR REGRET HAVING BEEN DEAF.
FOR IN THAT DAY YOU SHALL KNOW THE HIDDEN PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS,
AND YOU SHALL BLESS DARKNESS AS YOU WOULD BLESS LIGHT.
AFTER SAYING THESE THINGS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM, AND HE SAW THE PILOT OF HIS SHIP STANDING BY THE HELM AND GAZING NOW AT THE FULL SAILS, AND NOW AT THE DISTANCE.
AND HE SAID,
PATIENT, OVERPATIENT, IS THE CAPTAIN OF MY SHIP. THE WIND BLOWS, AND RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS;
EVEN THE RUDDER BEGS DIRECTION;
YET QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN AWAITS MY SILENCE.
AND THESE MY MARINERS, WHO HAVE HEARD THE CHOIR OF THE GREATER SEA, THEY TOO HAVE HEARD ME PATIENTLY.
NOW THEY SHALL WAIT NO LONGER.
I AM READY.
THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.

THIS WOULD I HAVE YOU REMEMBER IN REMEMBERING ME:
THAT WHICH SEEMS MOST FEEBLE AND BEWILDERED IN YOU IS THE STRONGEST AND THE MOST DETERMINED.

Almustafa is giving his last words to the people amongst whom he has dwelt for twelve years. But such is the compassion of the man of wisdom that, although he was ignored, neglected, laughed at -- and sometimes even condemned -- he is still feeling a great love and a great compassion for the same people who have always misbehaved with him.
When Al-Hillaj Mansoor, a Sufi mystic, was killed by the fanatics and the bigots, there were thousands of people who could not believe that when a man is being killed in such a cruel way -- not even Jesus was killed in such a cruel way -- he can stand aloof. First they cut his legs, then they cut his hands, then they took his eyes out -- piece by piece. But all this time, when blood was flowing from every part of his body, he was smiling. Somebody asked, "Why are you smiling?"
He said, "I am smiling because you don't know what you are doing, you are fast asleep; if you had been awake, you would have understood my smile. My smile indicates that you are not killing me; you are killing yourself. By destroying my body I am not destroyed, but by destroying my body you are destroying the only example you had amongst you of your future glory, of your future growth, of your future actualizations.

"When I say you are destroying yourself, I simply mean this: you are removing from your being the person who could have awakened you. You are so afraid. It is out of fear that you are killing me, out of fear that `This man is going to wake everyone up' -- and you don't want to wake up. You are so much invested in your sleep, and in your dreams, you don't want to know the truth."

Almustafa has no complaint against these people, but only a deep compassion -- and this has been the case with all the mystics.

Just three years ago I predicted that if you don't change your rotten ideas about human energy, about sex, about man's natural growth, three fourths of humanity will die of AIDS. I said this in a world press conference -- nobody believed me. They could not see any sign anywhere to support my idea -- maybe a few people are going to die of the disease, but not two thirds of the whole humanity.

Just today my personal physician, Dr. Amrito, has sent me a report telling me, "For the first time, medical science is supporting Your prediction, because there are many places in America where homosexuality has reached the point of seventy percent" -- my prediction was only for sixty-six percent. And the same is happening in Africa; perhaps the percentage is even greater there, just medical research is missing.

Anando, one of my secretaries, has also brought a few press cuttings to show me. I have been insisting continually for years that your so-called religions are responsible -- wholly responsible -- for this destructive disease that is going to grip the whole world. Perhaps even before nuclear weapons

and Ronald Reagan destroy you, this disease will have already destroyed you.

In those cuttings there were reports that many Catholic priests have been found suffering from AIDS. Many Catholic priests in America have been expelled -- just so they disappear; the church will go on giving them salaries, but it wants to hide the fact that its priests are homosexuals. It was not one case; there have been dozens of priests all over America who have been found suffering from AIDS. Two priests, who are courageous enough, have even come out in public and declared, "We are suffering from AIDS, and we don't think that homosexuality is against the Catholic religion."

I agree with them. In fact, the Catholic religion, and other religions, are all for homosexuality. No religion is against homosexuality; in fact it is because of their continuous emphasis on celibacy that they have created a perverted humanity. One cannot believe that there are places where seventy percent of the people have become homosexuals, and the number is reaching that level in other places also. But such is the blindness of man, and such is his deafness. He will never listen to the truth when there is time enough to do something about it. Now it is almost beyond our powers; we can simply just be helpless observers.

You will not believe that, a few days ago, thirty police officers attacked a homosexual club in the middle of the night, and they were all wearing rubber gloves. When the news was published that all those thirty police officers were wearing gloves, the head of the police department denied it. But there were photographs, and finally, he had to take back his denial. He said, "They were wearing gloves to

protect themselves from hepatitis." This is something absolutely new; nobody has ever heard that you can protect yourself from hepatitis by wearing gloves; what can gloves do? Hepatitis cannot be prevented by gloves! Certainly, those thirty police officers were also involved in homosexuality; that attack on the homosexual club was just an excuse to enter there.

It is very strange that man is never ready to understand a truth when it is time to do something. By the time he recognizes it, it is too late.

Now, at the moment of departure, when Almustafa is standing on the deck of his ship, people are ready to listen to him. He was amongst them for twelve years. Nobody even bothered about what this strange man is carrying within his heart; nobody allowed him to be part of the city of Orphalese. He remained there for twelve years, but he was a stranger.

When, in America, my commune of sannyasins was destroyed, I was talking to the jailer where I was confined for three days. He was a beautiful man. He was not part of the conspiracy. In fact, they had put me in another jail which was part of the conspiracy, and I insisted in the court, "You change the jail! I won't bother about getting bailed out or not, but I cannot be in that jail. You have two jails in the city; I choose the other jail, because in the first jail they have not even given me a pillow, or a blanket; not even something to spread on a steel bench -- a naked steel bench -- have they provided me." I had been sitting the whole night, and whenever I asked them they said, "We don't have any pillows, we don't have any blanket." I said,

"That jail seems to be part of the conspiracy. You shift me to the other jail."
They were not thinking of this, so they had not been able to pressurize the other jailer beforehand; it was sudden. I was transferred to the other jail, and the jailer told me, "I know you are innocent, I have heard the whole proceedings. There is no reason at all to arrest you, but unfortunately you are a stranger here. That is your only crime."
I asked him, as we became more and more friendly, "How long you have been in America? -- three generations, four generations? How long has Ronald Reagan been in America -- two generations, three generations? -- because America is not even three hundred years old. You are as much a stranger as I am. In fact, you are more of a stranger, naturally, because you have been here longer; you have been a stranger for one hundred years, I have been a stranger only for three years. It is simple arithmetic."
He laughed, he said, "That's right."
But they have destroyed the native Americans, and forced them into certain concentration camps, into jails, into jungles -- they call them reservations. Those people can live only in the reservations. Those are the real owners of America, they are the only Americans, and the people who are pretending to be Americans... none of them is American. They have come from all the countries of Europe -- somebody is from Spain, somebody is from Portugal, somebody is from England, somebody is from Italy, somebody is from Germany. They are all foreigners.
So I said, "Do you think being a foreigner for two hundred years gives you certain privileges? I am a new foreigner, you are an old foreigner; there should not be any

antagonism -- we both are foreigners. In fact you are invaders, and we are not invaders. You have forced the people to give their land to you; we have purchased the land, we have paid the price."
He said, "Once in a while, we have also paid prices."
I said, "I know. You purchased the whole city of New York for thirty silver pieces -- you call it a price? Is this business? You force those poor people to vacate the land just for thirty silver pieces. It is the same price that was given for Jesus Christ to Judas by the Jews; I think they paid too much -- just for a single man, thirty silver pieces; you must have killed thousands of people to vacate the land that is now New York, and those who were ready to leave -- the chief particularly -- you paid thirty pieces. You call it a price?"
He said, "I am sorry, it is not a price."
But to be a stranger is a crime. If man is a stranger to other men, then with whom you are going to be friends, with whom you are going to be brotherly, with whom you are going to show your love?
The people of Orphalese told Almustafa again and again, "You are a stranger, you should not be here, you don't belong to us. Rather than talking to us, you talk to the trees; rather than being with us, you go to the mountain top. You are not only from some other land, you are a totally different kind of human being. Most of the time you are silent; most of the questions you don't answer. And whenever you answer, your answer does not fit with the tradition, with the orthodoxy, with the way we have lived forever."

But he has not taken any offense. No mystic has ever felt offended; whatever you have done -- even if you have killed and poisoned -- he was not angry at you.

IS IT NOT YOUR BREATH THAT HAS ERECTED AND HARDENED THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BONES?

And the breath is a stranger, it comes from the outside, from faraway lands. You may not even know from where it is coming, but "Is it not breath that hardens your bones, that gives circulation to your blood, that takes out all the poison, all the carbon dioxide which, if accumulated, will kill you? Is it not the breath that gives you oxygen and life?" But the breath is a stranger. A Gautam Buddha comes into the world like a breath, like a spring.

AND IS IT NOT A DREAM WHICH NONE OF YOU REMEMBERS HAVING DREAMT, THAT BUILDED YOUR CITY AND FASHIONED ALL THERE IS IN IT?

Remember one thing: whatever Sigmund Freud says about dreams is only a partial truth because all the beautiful structures in the world.... The Taj Mahal must have been a dream in the mind of a creative artist. And the man, the emperor, collected the greatest sculptors and stone cutters from all over
Asia.... It took almost thirty years; one thousand sculptors, and ten thousand laborers were working for thirty years continually. And what was the reward to the dreamer whose dream became a reality?

Perhaps you are not aware what happened to all those creators who were part of creating the Taj Mahal... the most beautiful structure in the world. On a full moon night, it again becomes almost like a dream. On a full moon night, seeing it, you have a doubt -- are you dreaming, or is it real...?

The hands of one thousand artists, who had labored their whole life, were cut by the emperor, because the emperor never wanted them to make another structure which could be better than Taj Mahal, or even could be equal to Taj Mahal. This was the reward....

Everything that you see in the world -- the scientific progress, the technology, the great structures, the great gardens -- were once nothing but a dream. Today, when you fly in the sky in an airplane, you never think that you are flying in the dream of two young fellows, the Wright brothers. And they were condemned... they were not very experienced, one was twenty, another was twenty-two, young boys, but the dream possessed them that, if birds can fly, there must be a mechanism that can replace the wings of the birds. A simple idea... but they were poor.

Their father used to run a bicycle shop, he used to sell bicycles, he used to rent them. And in the basement of their house, he used to throw all parts of bicycles which had become useless, rotten. At night those two boys, hiding in the basement, were trying to create a flying machine out of the useless parts. The family thought they were mad, and the whole city laughed, but undeterred, they went on working.

The day their first flying machine was ready, they were afraid to tell anybody. They took the machine outside the

house in the night, when everybody was asleep, and in the morning, with the rising sun, they tried it for the first time. It flew not very far, just sixty feet high, not for very long, just for one minute it remained in the air -- but that was enough; the principle was found. If a machine can rise to sixty feet, it can rise to six thousand feet; if a machine can remain for one minute, it can remain for hours. The basic principle had been found.

Then they informed the whole city -- even their parents came to see. Nobody believed these crazy boys -- the whole day they sleep, and the whole night they work, and who has ever heard that out of the useless parts of bicycles, you can make an airplane? The whole town gathered, and again they succeeded to give them the show. Then from all over the world, people who were interested in flying machines were rushing towards the place.

The house of the Wright brothers became almost a mecca. Great scientists came to pay respect to them, saying, "We have also been dreaming about it, but we never believed in our dreams so confidently. You are exceptional. You believed in your dream, you trusted in your dream; it is your trust that has transformed the dream into a reality."

Almustafa is saying, "You simply ignored me as a dreamer. When I was telling you that my ship has to come, you used to laugh; you used to ask me, `When is your ship coming -- because a year has passed, two years have passed, eleven years have passed -- when is your ship coming? But I trusted in my dream, I never bothered about your doubts, I was absolutely certain that the ship will come. I could not predict the date, and now you see it has come -- and seeing a dream becoming reality, now you are ready to listen to

me, but it is too late. You will remember me, I know, when I am gone. So remember me as... that which seems most feeble and bewildered in you is the strongest and most determined.
A dream is very feeble, very fragile, but if you give your trust to it, it can become a reality. You have the capacity and the energy to transform a dream into a truth.

COULD YOU BUT SEE THE TIDES OF THAT BREATH YOU WOULD CEASE TO SEE ALL ELSE. AND IF YOU COULD HEAR THE WHISPERING OF THE DREAM, YOU WOULD HEAR NO OTHER SOUND.

If you start hearing the whispering of your dream -- which is fluttering its wings within your heart -- you will not hear any other sound. You will be so possessed by it that you will be ready to sacrifice anything. And a man is man only when he can dream of the unattainable; dogs and cats also dream, but dream only of flies.
I have heard once a dog and a cat were arguing. The cat was saying, "Last night I dreamt that mice are raining from the sky -- so many mice!"
The dog laughed. He said, "You idiot cat, don't you know that whenever it rains it is always bones, never mice? I also dreamt last night. So shut up and don't tell anybody, but the truth is, I've seen with my own eyes that bones were raining all around. It was such a joy."
You also dream. But is your dream something that leads you beyond yourself; or do you dream about money, power, prestige, respectability -- then you are dreaming

only of bones and mice. Those who are cats will be dreaming of mice, those who are dogs will be dreaming of bones. But you are not man, unless you dream of something unattainable... and that dream of the unattainable is not disregarded in the morning as just a dream, but it becomes your very life, your very search. The question is not whether you will find the unattainable or not. But in trying to find it, you will become a solid integrity, an individual. Remember the emphasis: it is not necessary that you find the unattainable. But, taking the challenge, whatever is lying dormant in you will become active, whatever has never been used you will have to pull together in yourself. Because it is a question of reaching the unattainable, you have to be total and intense and quick and strong.
I don't care whether you reach the unattainable or not, but in trying to reach it you have become your potential, your original face. You have come to blossom.

BUT YOU DO NOT SEE, NOR DO YOU HEAR, AND IT IS WELL.

Almustafa is saying, "You do not see, you do not hear, but I am not condemning you; and it is well -- because you are asleep. I am not saying that you are doing wrong, I am simply saying that you are missing an opportunity."

THE VEIL THAT CLOUDS YOUR EYES SHALL BE LIFTED BY THE HAND THAT WOVE IT.

Hence, don't be worried. If your eyes are covered with a veil, wait! You will find those hands which will take it away. I could have done it -- you did not allow me. Remember me in this way: when another stranger from another land, from the faraway beyond comes, don't keep yourself distant. Come close to him. Let him remove the veil that is making you blind,

AND THE CLAY THAT FILLS YOUR EARS SHALL BE PIERCED BY THOSE FINGERS THAT KNEADED IT.

Remember me always as one who loved you -- even though you could not see, even though you could not hear -- who accepted you as you are, because my trust in the future is infinite. Today you may not see, but tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow.... You have eyes, so sooner or later you are going to see; and you have ears, so sooner or later you are going to hear.

AND YOU SHALL SEE,
AND YOU SHALL HEAR,
YET YOU SHALL NOT DEPLORE HAVING KNOWN BLINDNESS.

This is what compassion is.
That small word "compassion" contains so much...yet, says Almustafa, you shall not deplore having known blindness. Never deplore it, never repent it.

... NOR REGRET HAVING BEEN DEAF.

Perhaps it was part of your growth; perhaps you needed it, perhaps the time was not ripe, perhaps your eyes and your ears were waiting for their spring to come, so I don't condemn you. And I want you to remember not to condemn yourselves, because once a man starts condemning himself he loses respect -- dignity -- in his own eyes.
So when you start seeing and hearing, and when you start moving towards a faraway star in search of truth, don't complain of those days which have passed without any growth, without any progress. Perhaps you were getting ready, perhaps you were getting stronger, perhaps that rest was needed. This is compassion, so that you don't regret.

FOR IN THAT DAY YOU SHALL KNOW THE HIDDEN PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS,
AND YOU SHALL BLESS DARKNESS AS YOU WOULD BLESS LIGHT.

In that day of understanding, in that day of the dawning you will be able to see that is not only the light that is needed -- the darkness is also essential. You will be able to bless both: the light and the darkness. They are not contraries, they are complementaries; neither can exist without the other.

AFTER SAYING THESE THINGS HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM, AND HE SAW THE PILOT OF HIS SHIP STANDING BY THE HELM AND GAZING NOW AT THE FULL SAILS AND NOW AT THE DISTANCE.
AND HE SAID:

PATIENT, OVERPATIENT, IS THE CAPTAIN OF MY SHIP.
THE WIND BLOWS, AND RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS;
EVEN THE RUDDER BEGS DIRECTION;
YET QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN AWAITS MY SILENCE.
AND THESE MY MARINERS, WHO HAVE HEARD THE CHOIR OF THE GREATER SEA, THEY TOO HAVE HEARD ME PATIENTLY.
NOW THEY SHALL WAIT NO LONGER.
I AM READY.
THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.

One cannot experience anything before its right time, one cannot become fulfilled earlier than his destiny decides. Understanding this gives great patience.
These words about the captain who is patient, over-patient, are really about everybody's being -- which is over-patient. Lives pass, but your being never shows impatience. It waits and waits till you yourself realize that the time has come and now the journey has to start. It waits till whatever you have to say, you have said; and whatever you have to do, you have done; and whatever you have to live, you have lived. Till the moment you feel, "I am ready," existence waits for you -- with tremendous trust, that it does not matter when you say, "I am ready."
But unless you say, "I am ready," the realization cannot happen. And in your readiness,

THE STREAM HAS REACHED THE SEA, AND ONCE MORE THE GREAT MOTHER HOLDS HER SON AGAINST HER BREAST.

The river disappears into the ocean from where it has arisen.

Religion is the search of your original source from where you have arisen; it is not going in search of something far away. It is going in search of something that you have left behind. It is going deeper within you -- because still from the same source the flame of light is getting its nourishment. You will not find it anywhere else.

Those who look outwards look in vain.

Only those who are tired of looking outside, who are tired of continuous failure, close their eyes and start looking inwards. That is the beginning.

The moment you have found the source within you from where life radiates in all directions -- to your body, to your eyes, to your hands, to your legs -- when you have found that center, you have found the door to the divine, you have come to the oceanic feeling. With great force the idea grips you that, "I am ready," and the stream can take a jump -- a quantum leap -- dropping the source and entering into the shoreless, limitless, ocean.

This small book of Kahlil Gibran is far more valuable than any scripture of any religion, so don't just read it as poetry. Read it as if it is opening doors of mysteries for you -- and particularly for you, who are here, in search of something unattainable, who are here because of a dream, who are here, not out of curiosity, but with a sincere longing, an

authentic desire, to become what you are supposed by nature to become....
Only then is there blissfulness; the moment you have become that which was hankering in your seed, longing in your seed to sprout and become a tree and blossom and be full of flowers and fragrance.... Otherwise you cannot find blissfulness. And a man who has not found blissfulness, has not lived at all. He was born, and he died, but he never lived in between.
Unless, between your birth and your death you reach to the peak of enlightenment, you have not given respect to your own potentiality; you remained playing with toys and forgetting the real treasure.
At least my people have to be continuously alert. This is a mystery school; it is not for all and sundry, it is only for those who are ready to sacrifice everything for finding the truth of their life -- because the truth of their life is higher than their life itself.
So, whatever you are doing here, just like an undercurrent there should always remain the alertness "Am I growing or not?" "Am I coming closer to my dream or not?"
It is enough that you go on coming closer and closer to the dream, it is not needed that you reach the dream.
Just by coming closer and closer to the dream, you go on becoming your real self. The dream is only an excuse.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.

The Messiah, Vol 2
Chapter #24

Chapter title: We shall speak again together, I shall come back to you
10 February 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE.
THIS DAY HAS ENDED.
IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.
WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.
FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU.
A LITTLE WHILE, AND MY LONGING SHALL GATHER DUST AND FOAM FOR ANOTHER BODY.
A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.
FAREWELL TO YOU AND THE YOUTH I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU.
IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY WE MET IN A DREAM.
YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.
BUT NOW OUR SLEEP HAS FLED AND OUR DREAM IS OVER, AND IT IS NO LONGER DAWN.
THE NOONTIDE IS UPON US AND OUR HALF WAKING HAS TURNED TO FULLER DAY, AND WE MUST PART.

IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.
AND IF OUR HANDS SHOULD MEET IN ANOTHER DREAM WE SHALL BUILD ANOTHER TOWER IN THE SKY.
SO SAYING HE MADE A SIGNAL TO THE SEAMEN, AND STRAIGHTAWAY THEY WEIGHED ANCHOR AND CAST THE SHIP LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS, AND THEY MOVED EASTWARD.
AND A CRY CAME FROM THE PEOPLE AS FROM A SINGLE HEART, AND IT ROSE INTO THE DUSK AND WAS CARRIED OUT OVER THE SEA LIKE A GREAT TRUMPETING.
ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST.
AND WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE WERE DISPERSED SHE STILL STOOD ALONE UPON THE SEA-WALL, REMEMBERING IN HER HEART HIS SAYING:
"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."
FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE.
THIS DAY HAS ENDED.
IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.
WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.

A man of trust, love, and surrender never loses hope. He is a chronic optimist; otherwise, mystics would have stopped speaking to you, because what have you given to them except pain, suffering, condemnation, death? But they go on hoping against hope; their longing to bring you the spring of life is too great -- even all of you together cannot destroy it. You have destroyed many mystics -- -crucified them, poisoned them, stoned them -- but still they died with blessings on their lips.

FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE. THIS DAY HAS ENDED.

This life is closing, but hope has not ended -- it knows no ending. For thousands of years the story has been repeated again and again. Your blindness, your deafness are infinite, and the compassion, and love, and trust of the mystics is greater even than your blindness and deafness. That's the only hope for humanity.
The mystics know they are talking to the walls, but they go on talking; they know they are not being listened to, but they go on knocking on your doors. They know you are annoyed, irritated -- why do these strangers disturb you? But it is impossible for these strangers, these people from the other world, to stop loving you. There is nothing that you can do to kill their love, to crucify their compassion. Even when Jesus was crucified, still he promised to his followers, "Don't be worried. Soon I will be with you again" -- as if crucifixion was just a trivial matter. When Gautam Buddha was dying, thousands of his disciples were crying and weeping, and he said to them, "Wash your tears

because whenever you need, I will be with you. In your prayers, in your meditations, you will find me always amongst you."

Before departing, Mahavira said to his disciples, "Whenever five of you will be together in meditation, there will also be a sixth -- invisible though he will be. You may not be able to see me, but I will be able to see you -- and that's what really matters. I have been with you for eighty-two years, and you have not seen me; I have been in a material body, and you went on missing me. So your seeing is unimportant; what is important is my seeing you.

"But you will feel my presence more because I will be no longer confined in my body; I will surround you like a cloud, I will overwhelm your hearts, and you will know I have come because suddenly the whole climate will be different. The moment I am present amongst you, you will become absent. My presence will dispel your presence just as light dispels darkness." And these were the people who had tried many times to kill him. And the same is the story in different contexts, but again and again.

Man seems to be stubborn, adamant, but the mystics are more stubborn and more adamant than you are; whatever you do is not going to prevent them. They will go on working for the evolution of your consciousness -- they are still working, and you are still doing the same stupid things you have done before. It is a strange story of love and hate. From the side of mystics, it is love; from the side of the masses, it is hate. But it cannot be changed.

Perhaps it is a law of nature: The masses don't have anything else to give. They are so full of poison that they can give only poison. And the mystics are also helpless;

they are so full of love and nectar of life that they can give only that.
The story between the masses and the mystics has never been unfolded clearly... what has been happening? Why did you have to poison a Socrates? Why did you have to kill a Jesus? Why did you have to murder a Mansoor? Not that you were aware of doing it. If you had been aware, it would have been impossible to do it. In your sleep, in your unconsciousness, you go on doing things that are ugly, degrading, to humanity, not worthy of man. And out of the mystic's superconsciousness he goes on showering flowers on you -- irrespective of what comes in return.

FARE YOU WELL, PEOPLE OF ORPHALESE. THIS DAY HAS ENDED.

I am going... my ship is ready, I am ready. I lingered long enough amongst you, hoping that somebody may hear, somebody may be touched, somebody may become aware that the stranger is not a stranger -- he's the very heart of your hearts, that he's not only outside you, he's inside you too.

IT IS CLOSING UPON US EVEN AS THE WATER-LILY UPON ITS OWN TO-MORROW.

He has used a beautiful metaphor -- the water-lily opens with the sun. As the sun rises in the morning, the water-lily opens its petals. When the sun comes in the middle of the sky, the water-lily comes to its full opening, and as the sun starts descending, the water-lily starts closing. By the time

the sun sets, the water-lily closes its petals upon itself -- "upon its tomorrow," says Almustafa. But the sun will rise tomorrow again, so nothing is lost if this day is lost.
If you have not been able to open this day, don't be worried. Tomorrow when the sun rises, you may open your heart -- you may yourself become a water lily.

WHAT WAS GIVEN US HERE WE SHALL KEEP, AND IF IT SUFFICES NOT, THEN AGAIN MUST WE COME TOGETHER AND TOGETHER STRETCH OUR HANDS UNTO THE GIVER.

The giver is one -- the existence. If this day has not been a day of fulfillment, we will meet again...and together stretch our hands unto the giver.
Almustafa is saying, "Whatever I have given to you, those were not my words, and whatever I have given to you was not my possession. I was only a messenger here, delivering a message from the ultimate. But if you have not heard it, there is nothing to be worried about." He is giving them the final blessing; he is worried that they may regret.... He is feeling a deep sadness because they will miss him; only now will they miss him.
"We will stretch our hands together unto the giver another day. We are beings of eternity; days come and go, we are always here. So whatever is gone, let it be gone. If I have even sown in you the seed of longing for the unknown and the unattainable, that's enough. Another day, we shall meet together, and stretch our hands to the giver."

FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU:

"You are very forgetful, so forgetful that you have forgotten yourself too. I know that soon I will become a faded memory, and you may even start doubting whether there was such a man -- or have I only been hallucinating?"
And this is not mere poetry. When the Western scholars started translating Eastern scriptures, they could not believe.... Their conditioning was Christian and Christianity believes that God created the world only six thousand years ago. Their Christian conditioning caused great trouble because they came across scriptures which are ten thousand years old, and according to some, ninety thousand years old.
If a great scripture was born ninety thousand years ago, the civilization must have come of age; otherwise that scripture could not have been born. Humanity must be older than the scriptures. And they are so cultured that even in ninety thousands years we have not been able to create another language which is as perfect as Sanskrit. You cannot find a single flaw, a single loophole, in it. This cannot happen in one day; this takes time -- thousands of years -- to develop.

Your forgetfulness is such that any idiotic conditioning can be imposed on you, and once the conditioning is imposed on you, you try to figure out everything according to your conditioning. The Christian scholars were amazed, but they somehow tried to fix everything within six thousand years. About scriptures it was easy, but what to do about cities? In Mohanjodaro and Harapa they found seven layers. As the excavation went on, it became more and more puzzling. It seems Harapa and Mohanjodaro suffered seven

calamities -- perhaps earthquakes, perhaps floods, there is no way to say. But one thing is certain, that the first layer is seven thousand years old -- what to say about the seventh layer? It cannot be that within just a few days, a great culture, a great city would arise, would be destroyed by some calamity, and another city would be raised on top of it. These seven layers show that Harapa must have existed thousands of years earlier than seven thousand years ago -- the top layer is seven thousand years old.

There was a time when they had stopped digging after the first layer. To their conditioning, more was impossible; even this was impossible, because every scientific investigator said that all these things were seven thousand years old -- it didn't fit into the Christian framework. So they stopped, thinking that this was all.

But a few of the excavators felt that a little more excavation was needed, to be completely sure that this was the only layer that had existed. And they found another layer underneath it, another vast city; then they went on digging. Even the seventh layer, which must be at least fifty or sixty thousand years old, is amazing.

I have been to the place. It is amazing because it shows that somehow those people had reached even higher standards of technology, science, culture, because the roads were as wide as the roads of New York -- and such wide roads are not needed if you don't have vehicles, traffic.

Varanasi is said by the Hindus to be the oldest Hindu city, and you can see the difference. A car cannot enter the older part, the roads are very narrow -- people were simply walking; sunlight almost never enters in those roads, and on both sides there are high buildings. The road is so narrow

that only a small rickshaw can enter, and it is always one-way traffic -- two rickshaws cannot pass each other. Why in Harapa and Mohanjodaro did they make sixty foot wide highways? -- very straight, beautiful crossroads?

Another amazing thing was that they had a water supply system -- which is not even available today to thousands of villages in India. They had a certain arrangement that water could reach through pipes to every house, and they had rooms with attached bathrooms.

Just one hundred years ago, there was a case before the Supreme Court of America because someone learned from the continent -- Europe -- that a bathroom could be attached to the bedroom. This was really comfortable -- otherwise, people were accustomed to outhouses. A man first built an attached bathroom in America only one hundred years ago, and the Christian archbishop of America dragged him to the court. He was condemned all over America -- "He is dirty, he has a bathroom attached to his bedroom." Traditionally, the bathroom has to be a little far away, at the back of the house.

Just now, one architect has come up with the idea which surpasses all. Although nobody is ready to give him a contract, his idea is beautiful. I have seen the drawings and pictures that he has made of a possible bathroom. He does not make an attached bathroom to the bedroom, he makes a big bathroom which includes the bedroom. That seems to be the future -- why attached? And why should the bedroom be given so much importance? He has made such a beautiful bathroom that it seems almost like a decoration. And it can be that your bedroom is in the bathroom -- it is very comfortable.

But certainly if somebody tries it, Christianity will drag him again to the court. "This is going too far! Attached -- okay, we can forget about your attached bathroom; at least there is a dividing wall and a closed door. But to have the bathroom, and the bedroom together.... And he is calling it "a bedroom in the bathroom," he is not even calling it "a bathroom in the bedroom." The importance is on the bathroom....

But in Harapa and Mohanjodaro they had attached bathrooms, they had swimming pools, they had a beautiful drainage system. Christianity and Christian scholars were simply baffled -- what to make of it?

The idea that the world was created only six thousand years ago is a very small framework. One bishop came up with a very novel idea to explain everything. He said, "God created these cities at the same time as he created the world, and he created them in such a way that when you discover them you will find that they are seven thousand years old, fifty thousand years old.... What is impossible for God? This was done as a test of your faith."

Mind can be so cunning... simple proofs are there, but it will still go on with its conditioning. It will never think that perhaps the conditioning is wrong.

We have been here for thousands of years, and we have forgotten all. All of us once in a while have glimpses, but we simply push them aside as illusions, hallucinations, dreams, daydreams. We never take note that perhaps they are rays coming from the beyond to remind you.

Almustafa is right,

FORGET NOT THAT I SHALL COME BACK TO YOU.

A LITTLE WHILE, AND MY LONGING SHALL GATHER DUST AND FOAM FOR ANOTHER BODY. A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.

Kahlil Gibran is very authentic and sincere. He may not be an enlightened being, but he is not far away -- perhaps one step more. But he is so authentic and sincere, that sometimes it seems unbelievable...

All these people... even a man like Jesus, did not allow any women as apostles, although he was born of a woman. Jesus had no respect for women, not even for his own mother. One day he was speaking in a village in the marketplace, amongst a small crowd, and somebody from the outside of the crowd shouted "Jesus, your mother is waiting here."

And the words that came out from Jesus' mouth... one hopes they had not come out that way; it degrades Jesus. Jesus said, "Tell that woman" -- he does not even use the word `mother' -- "Tell that woman that my father is high above in the skies. On the earth nobody is my father, nobody is my mother; my real home is far away in the sky." It must have hurt the woman immensely.

He was loved and trusted the most by one prostitute -- one of the most beautiful in Judea, Mary Magdalene -- and her sister, Martha, and another woman, Maria, but they were not allowed to be his apostles, his messengers. And the most surprising thing is that when he was crucified, all his men apostles disappeared; nobody wanted to be there because somebody may recognize that these are the

intimate followers of Jesus, and the same may be their fate -- crucifixion.

But these three women -- Jesus' mother whom he had called "that woman", and the prostitute who was condemned by the whole Judea, Mary Magdalene, and Maria -- did not leave the place. Not only did they not leave the place, they remained close to the body of Jesus, and when the body was taken down from the cross, those three women took care of it; they carried the body into the cave. But still Christianity has no respect for women.

It seems to be absolutely unbelievable that people who are born of women -- their blood, their bones, their marrow, everything is from the body of the mother -- have condemned woman consistently.

Gautam Buddha... it is very difficult to find anything to criticize in him, but if you think about women.... For twenty years, he continually denied initiation into sannyas for any woman; no woman could become a disciple. It is a strange kind of male chauvinistic attitude, and it becomes more unbelievable when you see it in a man like Gautam Buddha or Jesus -- and the same is the case with Mahavira. All the founders of religions have a strange disease of condemning women.

There must be a very fundamental reason why they condemn women. You condemn something only if you are afraid of it. You are afraid because the woman can still fascinate you, she can still be attractive to you. These people were afraid that the woman's presence may destroy many people, take them astray. And anyway, woman is not equal to man according to their ideas. The miracle is that in

the churches, in the temples, in the synagogues... everywhere you will find only women worshipers.
I say unto you that to enter into a church, or a temple, or a synagogue, or a mosque, is against your dignity. These are the people who have condemned woman for thousands of years. Now it is time that the whole womankind -- that is half of the people on earth -- should boycott all these religious priests, and all their scriptures, and all their temples. Enough is enough!
But Almustafa does not condemn the woman, he says,

A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME.
FAREWELL TO YOU AND THE YOUTH I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU.
IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY WE MET IN A DREAM....

Soon it will become a memory, a dream.

YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.
BUT NOW OUR SLEEP HAS FLED AND OUR DREAM IS OVER, AND IT IS NO LONGER DAWN.
THE NOONTIDE IS UPON US AND OUR HALF WAKING HAS TURNED TO FULLER DAY, AND WE MUST PART.
IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.

Again the same hope -- that if we meet again, you will sing me a deeper song. They have not sung any song to him; they have treated him as an outcast, perhaps a little mad. But people like Almustafa are never irritated by your unconscious behavior. They go on appreciating you for things which you have never done in the hope that perhaps the appreciation may bring what is appreciated.

YOU HAVE SUNG TO ME IN MY ALONENESS, AND I OF YOUR LONGINGS HAVE BUILT A TOWER IN THE SKY.

Now it is simply his compassion, his hope, his encouragement.

IF IN THE TWILIGHT OF MEMORY, WE SHOULD MEET ONCE MORE, WE SHALL SPEAK AGAIN TOGETHER, AND YOU SHALL SING TO ME A DEEPER SONG.

Be prepared... forget me not. The day will come when we will be together again, and this time your song will be deeper.

AND IF OUR HANDS SHOULD MEET IN ANOTHER DREAM WE SHALL BUILD ANOTHER TOWER IN THE SKY.
SO SAYING HE MADE A SIGNAL TO THE SEAMEN, AND STRAIGHTAWAY THEY WEIGHED ANCHOR

AND CAST THE SHIP LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS, AND THEY MOVED EASTWARD.

It has to be remembered that the ship moves eastward. The East has been for centuries -- or perhaps forever -- the holy, the sacred source of life. Not only the sun rises in the East, a Gautam Buddha also rises in the East. The East has produced thousands of mystics. In comparison, the West is very poor. Just as the West has created great scientists, the East has produced great explorers of one's own being. Still, in its most degraded state, in its darkest era, the East attracts the seeker -- almost like a magnet. Those who want to seek the truth, those who want to know themselves, suddenly feel an attraction towards the East. And their attraction is not unfounded.

The East is poor, starving, but even the poorest man in the East dreams the golden dream of self-realization, even the beggar who sleeps on the street has a dream to realize himself one day. From the emperors to the beggars, all are joined together in a single search. Such a concentrated effort has never been done anywhere else. The West goes on working on things, objects, creating beautiful technology -- but forgetting completely who is going to use it.

Albert Einstein died in a very sad state because he felt guilty for Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

It was Albert Einstein who wrote to President Roosevelt of America that "You cannot defeat Germany and Japan unless you have some superior sources of energy to destroy them. You need atomic bombs, and I am capable of creating atomic bombs. They are a totally different world.

Your ordinary bombs turn only into firecrackers." Just one bomb was enough to destroy a city like Hiroshima, where one hundred thousand people lived -- within seconds -- and the same happened with another bomb on Nagasaki. Roosevelt was immensely pleased; he immediately invited Albert Einstein. And there was reason in the unconscious of Albert Einstein itself, why he wanted to deliver the knowledge to Roosevelt. He was a Jew, and Germany had killed almost one million Jews. In fact, if he had remained in Germany, working on the atom bomb, then the atom bomb would have been in the hands of Adolf Hitler -- and the whole history would have been totally different. But he escaped, although there was no fear for him, because he was so absolutely needed by Adolf Hitler that he would not have touched him.

Einstein was given the promise, "No harm will happen to you," but when he saw millions of his people disappearing into smoke, in gas chambers, he could not believe this man and his promise. Most probably he thought, "Once the atom bomb is created, I will also be turned into smoke from a chimney in a gas chamber. And before the Germans learn the whole technology of atomic energy, it is better to escape with all the secrets; otherwise, this man is going to rule over the whole world."

Writing a letter to Roosevelt... he may not have thought about it, but it was a revenge. He did not think that the atom bomb would be used. He was thinking that just creating it, and making it known to the world, "If Germany and Japan do not surrender, then the atomic bomb is going to be used" -- that would be enough.

There was no need to use it, since Germany surrendered even before it was made aware that the atom bomb had been created. Japan was going to follow within a week at the most, because Japan was nothing but a shadow of Germany. But now the man who was the President of America, Truman, could not resist the temptation to use the atom bomb -- knowing perfectly well that the country was going to surrender without it.

Even his own generals said that it would be an absolutely useless destruction of innocent people who were not participating in war -- civilians, children, old people, old women -- why destroy them? And the defeat was almost certain... but Truman was not going to listen. Albert Einstein had even written a letter saying that there was no need to use the bomb.... But this was a different time, when Roosevelt had invited him immediately after receiving his first letter, that was a different time. Now the power was in the hands of another President of America; perhaps Albert Einstein's letter had been thrown into a wastepaper basket. Einstein died in deep sadness and sorrow. He has never thought clearly and consciously what the consequences of it would be. Giving power to the politicians is dangerous. Once they have power, they are totally different people. When they don't have power they are public servants, they come to you saying "We want to serve you." But when they have power, they don't even recognize that you have any value. Albert Einstein's last words were: "If there is another life, as the people of the East say, then I would not like to be a scientist again. I would rather be a plumber than be a physicist."

In the past the East has come very close to creating all the technology that exists today, but they stopped -- it was the consciousness of the mystics.

For example, the printing machine was first developed in China three thousand years ago. Gunpowder was also developed in China three thousand years before, but they never used it. They listened to Lao Tzu, and Chuang Tzu, and Lieh Tzu who said "These are ugly and inhuman things. It is better to stop this kind of research; it is going to lead ultimately to the destruction of the whole humanity." This was said twenty-five centuries ago... and China stopped.

Arithmetic was discovered in India five thousand years ago, and without this arithmetic no atom bomb can be created, no nuclear weapon can be created. You can see the impact of the Indian arithmetic in the numbers of every language; that shows the source from where arithmetic has come. For example, nine in Sanskrit is Nov eight in Sanskrit is astha, seven in Sanskrit is septa, three in Sanskrit tri, two in Sanskrit is dwa, dwa has moved to Latin as "duo", and from "duo" comes the English two.

Although they had discovered the whole basis of arithmetic, they stopped. Strange... why did these people stop? They had the genius, and they had discovered things that the West has discovered only now.

In the ancient Indian medicine, there are such accurate descriptions of all kinds of surgery -- brain surgery included -- but they stopped, they said, "All these things are going to lead man more and more outward. It is better, before man has gone too far away from himself, to stop. Man's basic reason to be here is not to create atom bombs,

not to create nuclear weapons; his basic reason to be here is to find himself, to know himself."
It is significant that the ship moves Eastward.

AND A CRY CAME FROM THE PEOPLE AS FROM A SINGLE HEART, AND IT ROSE INTO THE DUSK AND WAS CARRIED OUT OVER THE SEA LIKE A GREAT TRUMPETING.

When mystics are alive they are condemned; when they are dead they are worshiped. If you find any mystic being worshiped while he is alive, remember -- he must be dead. In fact, he may be breathing, but just breathing is not life; he may be eating, but just eating is not life.
Life consists of all that is beautiful -- of the songs of the mountains and the trees, of the silence of these birds singing, just out of abundance -- of the flowers, of dances, of love, of meditation. Life consists of all great treasures; it is not only breathing and eating and sleeping.
Saints who are worshiped while alive -- you should have another look at them, they must be dead. People cannot worship them if they are really alive. People worship them only when they are dead, because the dead cannot love, the dead cannot dance, the dead cannot sing, the dead cannot enjoy, the dead cannot laugh. The dead cannot become my disciples.

ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST.

Kahlil Gibran has tremendous respect for the woman because she is the mother of all. She is closer to the life sources than man.

ONLY ALMITRA WAS SILENT, GAZING AFTER THE SHIP, UNTIL IT HAD VANISHED INTO THE MIST. AND WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE WERE DISPERSED, SHE STOOD ALONG UPON THE SEA-WALL, REMEMBERING IN HER HEART, HIS SAYING:

Almustafa had said,

"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."

If we have any sensibility, any intelligence, the woman should be respected, because all your mystics are born out of her womb. She is the mother of all your poets, all your singers, all your painters, all your scientists, all your mystics. Is it not very weird that she should be condemned by all the cultures everywhere, reduced to a subhuman status? And it is being done by her own sons.
People have been asking me again and again, "Why are so many women part of your movement?"
I have said, "It is natural, because I am the first one who has given the woman a higher status than man. She is the mother of Mahavira, of Gautam Buddha, of Jesus; she should be worshiped."
The Women's Liberation Movement is asking only for equality -- and I am saying that equality is not enough. Woman is far superior to man. No man has given birth, has

carried a child in his womb, has suffered the long nights and days of pain, without any complaint, has given birth in tremendous agony. But the woman has accepted it all, sacrificed all her desires for pleasure, comfort, accepted all suffering, because a new birth, a new life, a new guest, is coming to her.
It is worth it, all this suffering is worthwhile because who knows -- the new guest may become a Gautam Buddha, a Kahlil Gibran, a Rabindranath, a Dostoevsky, a Tolstoy. The woman is capable of waiting in silence, of suffering in silence, in favor of life.
Almitra is rejoicing remembering that he said:

"A LITTLE WHILE, A MOMENT OF REST UPON THE WIND, AND ANOTHER WOMAN SHALL BEAR ME."

Whoever bears him is going to be a woman, and Almitra finds herself identified with all women of the whole world. It doesn't matter who is going to bear him. What matters is: it is going to be a woman. A woman will give birth again to the messenger of God.
Okay, Vimal?
Yes, Osho.